

Scoop! Boo Mitchum's Own Story!

modern screen

PER

DELL
A DELL MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 1948

Betty
Carrable



"Darling... Darling



...we'll be so elegant tonight! That heavenly plant Dad gave us, and our handsome new silverware gleaming and shimmering all over our table!"

Ever since you were a tyke, you've heard about Oneida and 1881 ^R Rogers ^R. The patterns they're crafting today show the distinction you'd expect of these silverwise old names. And your set's wear-areas are heavily reinforced with solid silver. The more you use it, the lovelier it will get! Start now to give your luxury-loving soul 3-times-a-day pleasure! Ask about an easy-payment plan for the patterns below—also Surf Club* (not shown). 5-piece place setting, \$4.50. Complete services for 8 from \$39.75.

Shown below: a really complete 64-piece service. Cabinet Chest included. 16 teaspoons, 8 soup spoons, 8 hollow-handle knives, 8 forks, 8 salad forks, 8 butter spreaders, 2 tablespoons, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon, 1 cold meat fork, 1 gravy ladle, 2-piece steak set. \$59.75. No federal tax.

Recognize that bride-y look that Nancy's wearing?

For young people who take pride
in living nicely

1881
^R ROGERS ^R
SILVERPLATE
by
ONEIDA LTD. SILVERSMITHS



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"Dentists say the IPANA way works!"

DN1993
M334

Junior Model Joan Murray shows how it can work for you, too



Sitting pretty is dateable Joan Murray, radiant 17-year-old model of Harrison, N. Y. This popular lass has a smile that wins her top honors—modeling or dating!

Of course, Joan follows the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth . . . *because dentists say it works!* Her professionally approved Ipana dental care can work for you, too—like this . . .



"**The Ipana way** is easy—and fun," Joan tells friend Peggy. Dentists say it works . . . and it's simple as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist*, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums—you can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Try this for healthier gums, brighter teeth, an *Ipana* smile. Ipana refreshes your mouth and breath, too. Ask your dentist about Ipana and massage. See what it can do for you!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS* SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes

Healthier gums, brighter teeth

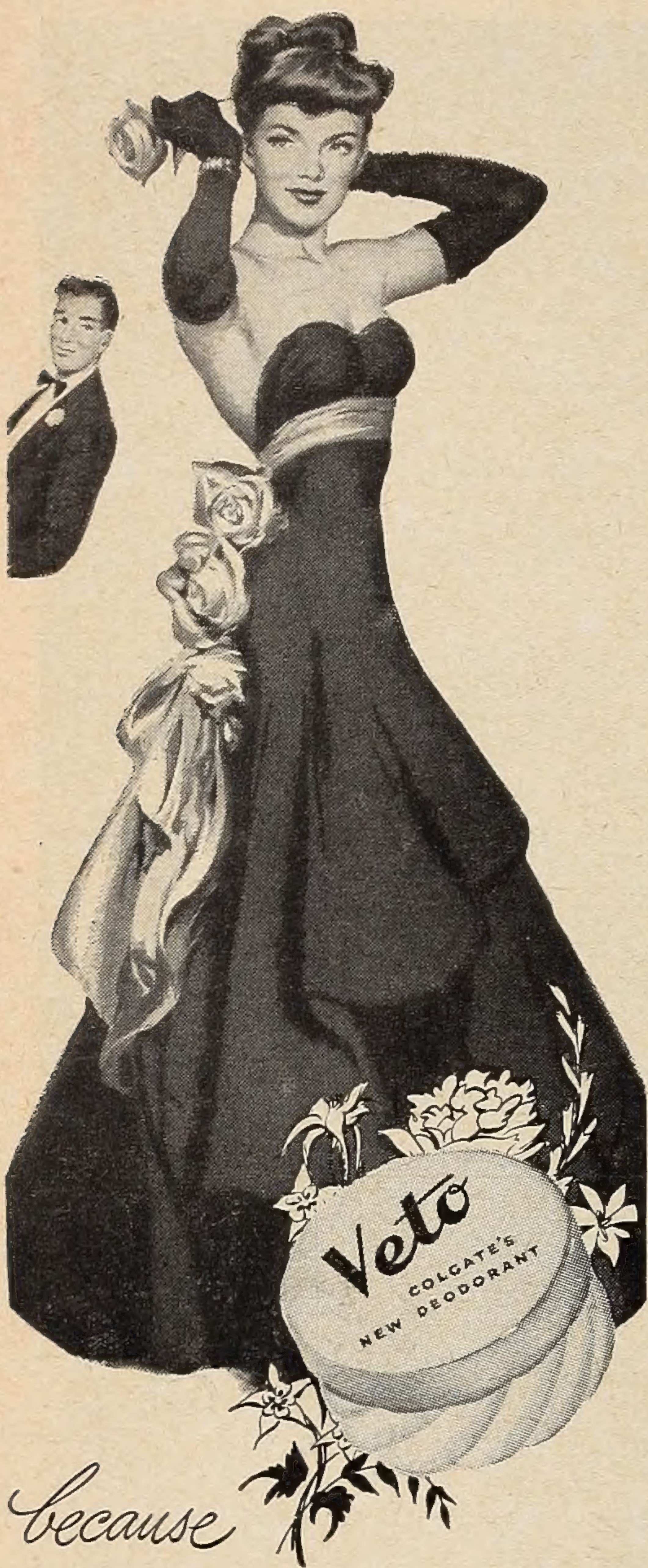


Product of Bristol-Myers

*Latest national poll

P.S. For correct brushing, use the DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush with the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it!

You can say "yes" to Romance



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Veto says "no"—to perspiration worry and odor! Soft as a caress... exciting, new, Veto is Colgate's wonderful cosmetic deodorant. Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use, keeps you lovely all day! Veto stops underarm odor instantly, checks perspiration effectively.

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TRUST ALWAYS TO VETO

IF YOU VALUE YOUR CHARM!

DECEMBER, 1948

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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A BIG NEW M-G-M SMASH HIT!

THE SENSATIONAL STORY OF A NUMBERS KING WHOSE NUMBER WAS UP!

JOHN GARFIELD
puts his Body and Soul
into his greatest role

"FORCE OF EVIL"

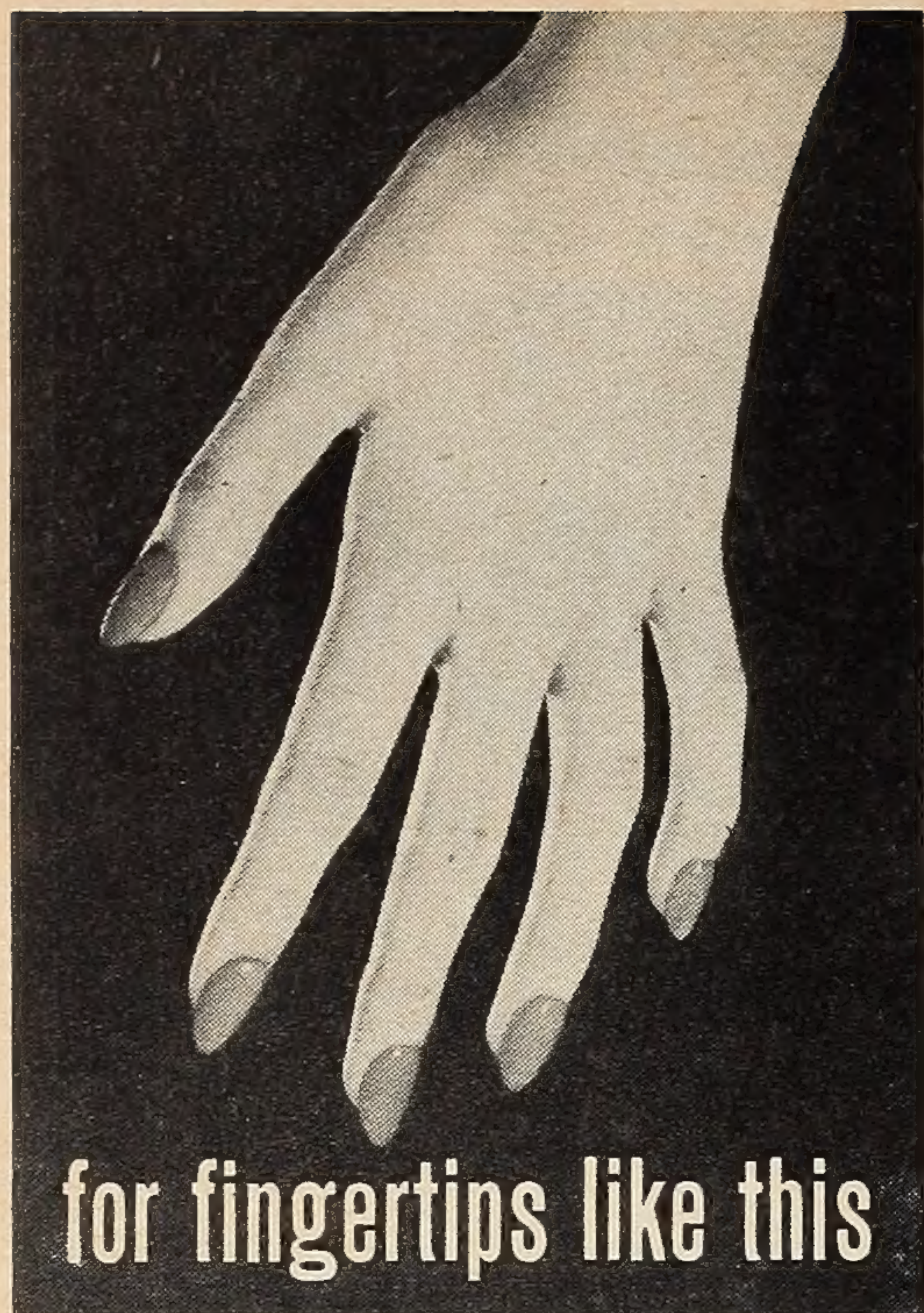


The ENTERPRISE Studios present The ROBERTS Production
with THOMAS GOMEZ and MARIE WINDSOR and introducing

BEATRICE PEARSON

Screen Play by ABRAHAM POLONSKY and IRA WOLFERT • Based upon the novel "TUCKER'S PEOPLE" by Ira Wolfert

Directed by ABRAHAM POLONSKY • Produced by BOB ROBERTS



for fingertips like this

Take a good searching look at your fingers. Are they soft and lovely as you dream they can be? Or are the cuticles ragged—the skin dry and rough? Try this tip for the loveliest fingertips you've ever had!



do this!

Massage rich, creamy 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream on and around your cuticles . . . see how supple and pliant they become . . . how soft and silky they feel. You'll find 'Vaseline' Cuticle and Nail Cream a delight to use . . . it's full of soothing emollient oils, fragrant with "Forget-Me-Not." And you'll find there's nothing better for preventing cuticle hangnails!

New! **VASELINE CUTICLE**
TRADE MARK®
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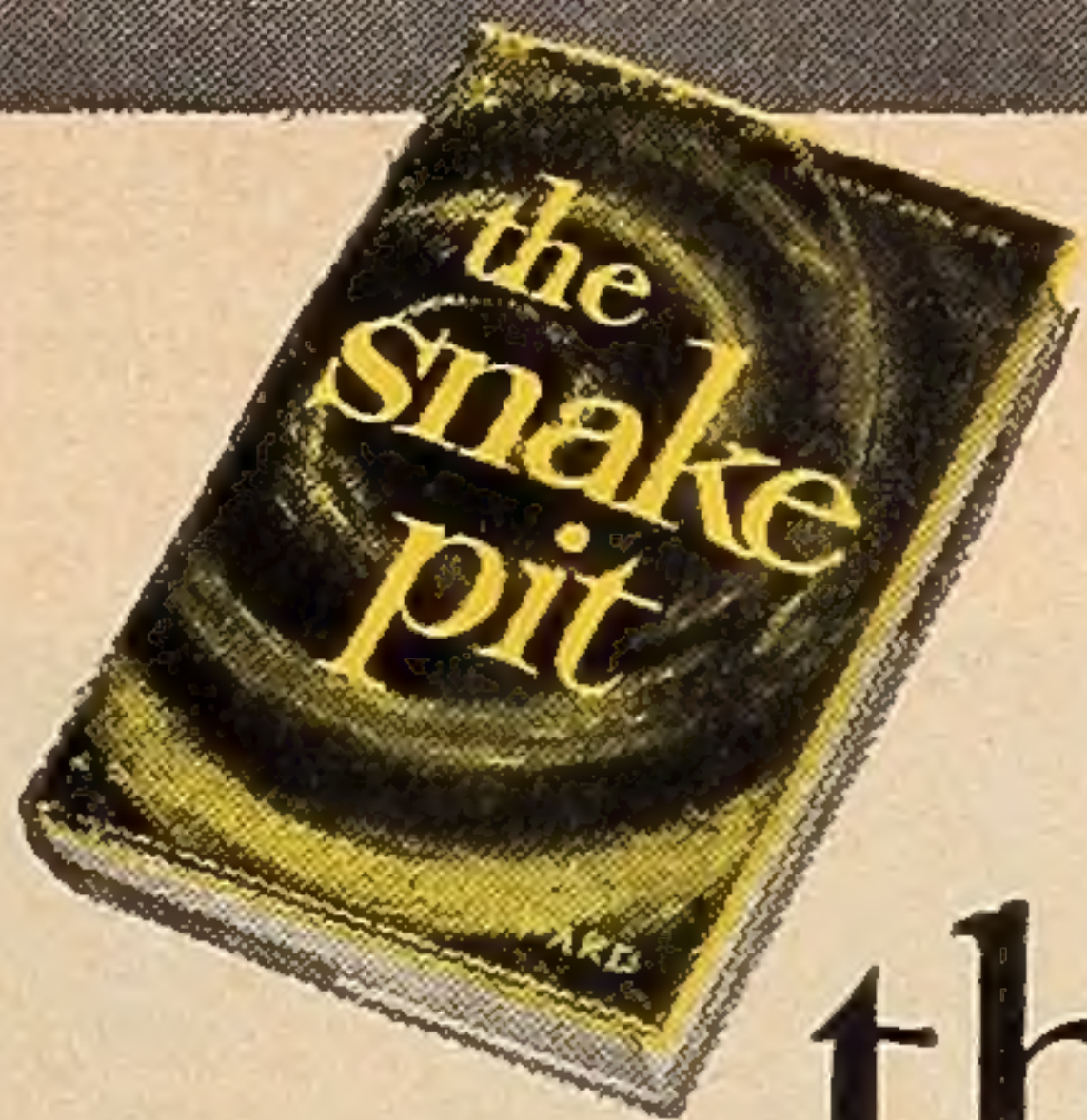
To our Readers

THERE'S A fourteen-year-old girl in Hollywood, name of Joan Evans. Right now Joan is being groomed for stardom by Samuel Goldwyn. She has the title role in a movie called *Roseanna McCoy*, and she has Joan Crawford for a godmother and sponsor. We figure she can't lose. But what really brings Joan Evans to our mind is her aunt, K. Roby Eunson, who is MODERN SCREEN's newest contributor. Aunt Roby is in Paris—and she was there when Rita Hayworth was thereabout with Prince Ali Khan at her side and half the men of France trailing behind. You'll find Roby's view of "Rita's Royal Romance" on page 40. Good reading it is, too—although what we especially want to tell K. is: "Please stop sending us those frantic messages from the Eiffel Tower. Yes, we've heard about your niece. We think she's wonderful. . ."

WHICH BRINGS us around to Ingrid Bergman and Hedda Hopper, who are also wonderful. Hedda came striding into our office the other day. "Shy?" she said, "My eye! Recluse? Pooh! Mystery woman? Huh!" "We never thought you were, Hedda," we ventured cautiously. She brushed us aside. "Not me—Bergman, the Divine Swede!" "We know," we said. "You *don't* know!" Hedda said. "Wait till you learn the real story. . ." Whereupon she made us learn it—as you may, too, if you turn to "Ingrid Bergman Talks," the item on page 28 of this issue.

ON PAGE 36, there's a piece about the Glenn Fords. What isn't in the story, our Roma Burton could tell you. Roma, our Western Editor, was at the Fords' house with the photographers and young Reba and Bonnie Churchill. She was standing in the bedroom, admiring it, when suddenly she noticed flames crawling up the drapes. Her amazement was only equalled by that of the photographers. Before Glenn could point an accusing finger, the fire was out and blame had been placed on some errant flash bulbs. It was, nevertheless, the hottest assignment Roma's ever covered. . .

ROMA, INCIDENTALLY, is able to cope with such situations partly because she's five feet seven and stems from a family of comparative giants. Her two youngest brothers (she has three) are probably the biggest men on the California State Highway Patrol. They have been known to tag the cars of MODERN SCREEN staff members for perfectly illegal parking—a thing which surprises no one. Roma doesn't like to talk about herself, but if you threaten her, she'll tell you she went to Santa Monica Junior College, did publicity for RKO and Goldwyn, and in 1946 switched to us. We've been happy ever since. . .



the snake pit has been filmed!

With all the emotional impact and
penetrating insight that made
the best-selling novel the most powerful
book of our time—the story now
comes to the screen!

Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

OLIVIA de HAVILLAND THE SNAKE PIT

also Starring

MARK STEVENS
LEO GENN

with

Celeste Holm • Glenn Langan

and Helen Craig • Leif Erickson • Beulah Bondi • Lee Patrick • Howard Freeman • Natalie Schafer • Ruth Donnelly • Katherine Locke • Frank Conroy • Minna Gombell

Screen Play by Frank Partos and Millen Brand • Based on the Novel by Mary Jane Ward

20th
CENTURY-FOX

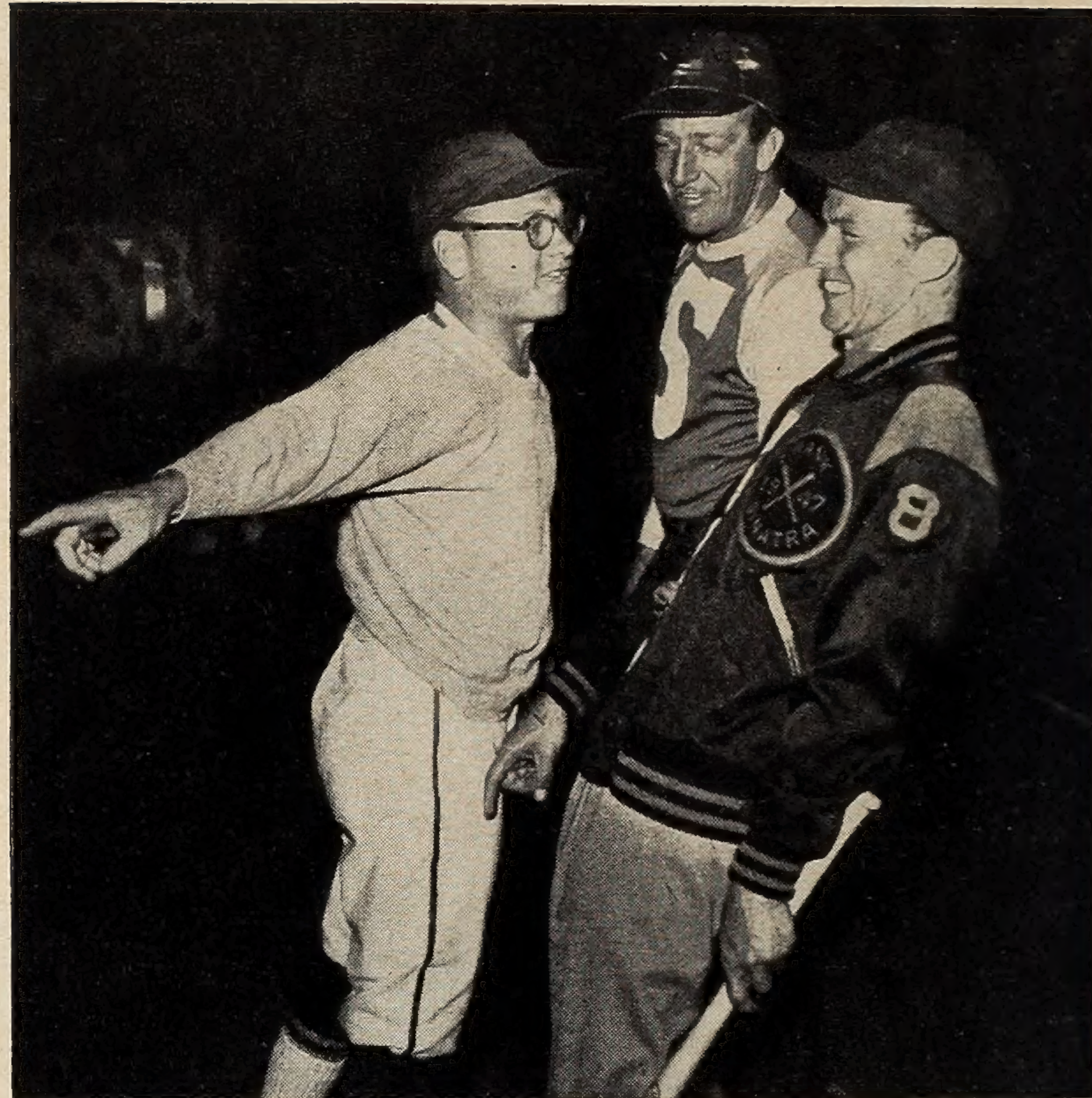
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

Produced by

ANATOLE LITVAK and ROBERT BASSLER



Frank Sinatra's Swooners and Andy Russell's Sprouts played their second annual charity softball game in Gilmore Park. Umpire Jack Carson accepts a small bribe from Swooners' center-fielder Ron Reagan.



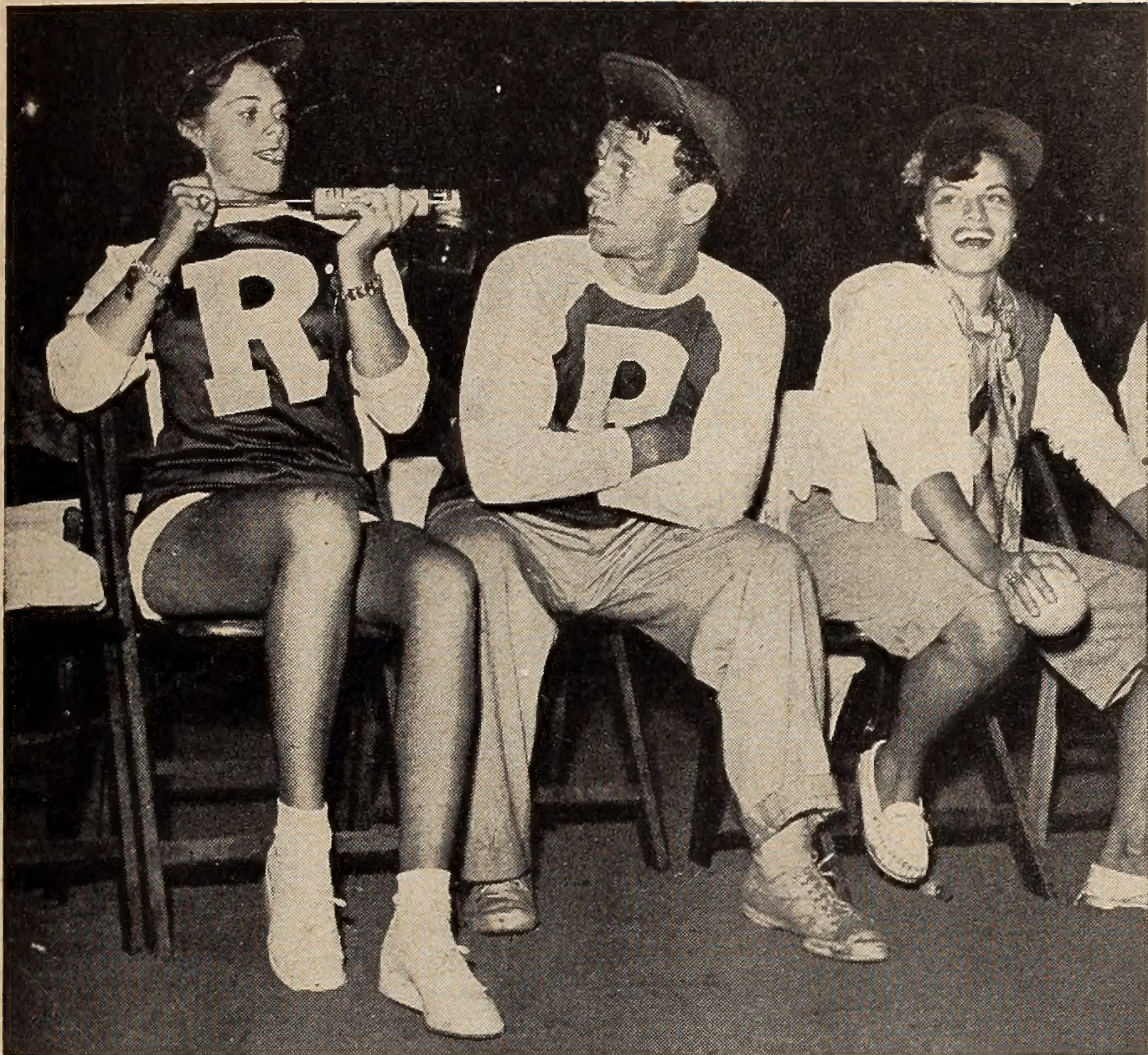
Mickey Rooney has a beef against the Swooners, but neither pitcher Harry James nor short-center-fielder Sinatra is taking it seriously. The game was sponsored by the Hollywood Junior Chamber of Commerce.



With the beaming approval of husband Ben Gage, Esther Williams models the swim suit she designed for Cole of California. The Coles tossed a champagne supper for Esther at their Beverly Hills home.



One of the big fashion shows of the month was the swank affair given by Irene, M-G-M designer, when she presented a new collection at her own salon. Ava Gardner selects a black number with gold-dotted jacket.



Janis Paige, the Sprouts' bat girl, sprays teammate Dane Clark with a Flit gun because he catches so many flies. (Ouch!) After the game, which the Sinatra ten won 19 to 9, all hands took part in an uproarious comedy show.



Cobina Wright made fashion news, too, with her party for 300 honoring designer Marusia (wife of announcer Don Wilson). Among those admiring the creations are Bill Spier, June Havoc, Judy Garland, and Vincente Minnelli.

louella parsons'

Good news

■ In the long run it is not what I, his producers or his friends in Hollywood may feel about Robert Mitchum that will decide whether he is finished—or whether he gets another chance.

It's up to YOU. You, the fans and the ticket buyers, will make the decision.

Because you are the final judge and jury, I have read with great interest every letter about Mitchum you have sent to my desk since the day he was arrested on the charge of smoking marijuana.

The majority of you letter writers are shocked and disillusioned. Several are bitter and are determined never to see another picture of his. Others believe Bob is sick. But I shall be more specific and quote from some of the more interesting letters.

"What shocks me almost as much as the marijuana smoking," writes a housewife from Portland, "is the fact that he had dropped in for a date with two Hollywood bachelor girls when his wife was, at that very time, driving back across the country with his two children, willing to give their marriage another chance. Has anyone else thought of this particular tragedy within a tragedy? Is it always the fate of fine wives like Mrs. Mitchum and Mrs. Rex Harrison to stand by, humiliated but forgiving and understanding?"

A New York taxi-driver says: "I hauled Bob Mitchum once when he was visiting here and he laughed and kidded and seemed very regular. Anybody who resorts to narcotics or 'smokes' is sick. How about giving him another chance?"

A 16-year-old girl in San Francisco writes: "Robert Mitchum has thrown himself on the mercy of the public. He has confessed his mistakes. Since when have Americans re-

Watch the lads



Admire the Girls



..whose Hair has warm, rich COLOR



★ Don't put up with dull, mousy hair a moment longer. Let Nestle Colorinse give your hair the warm, rich color, silken sheen and beautiful highlights that no shampoo alone could possibly give. Absolutely safe, washes out with shampooing.

Remember — when you ask for "Colorinse" — be sure to insist on the genuine NESTLE COLORINSE.

Nestle COLORINSE

IN 10
FLATTERING
SHADES



10¢-25¢ AT
ALL COSMETIC
COUNTERS.

KEEP HAIR IN PLACE ALL DAY LONG

Delicately scented Nestle Hair Lacquers keep all styles of hair-dos well groomed. 10¢, 25¢ and 50¢ at all toilet goods counters.

Nestle- originators of permanent waving- Meriden, Conn.



First nighters at the Ice Follies of 1949 in Hollywood's Pan Pacific Auditorium were Shirley and John Agar. The Agars celebrated their third wedding anniversary in September.

Good news

fused to grant another chance to a man who says he is sorry?"

"M. S. L.," of Atlanta, believes: "Hollywood must not be judged by this one case or any single happening. I heard your plea on the radio the other night asking that the many not be smeared with the few. I get my greatest happiness out of going to the movies and so do most of my friends. This is why I am always so shocked when they rave and rant against Hollywood and its people every time a new 'case' comes up. All I can say is that I hope Hollywood is not put on trial along with Robert Mitchum."

[EDITOR'S NOTE: For a most revealing insight into Bob Mitchum's character and mind, see page 30.]

I stole a couple of days off the job and went down to Del Mar and La Jolla—to Del Mar to check up on the movie stars at the races and to La Jolla to catch Gregory Peck in *The Male Animal* in summer stock revival.

After the show, I went backstage to see Greg and I couldn't have been more surprised at the lack of movie-star trappings in his dressing room. In fact, Greg, who gets every convenience he wants when he's at a Hollywood movie studio, shared a cubbyhole in the basement blocked off by curtains, with leaky pipes down the walls—and two members of the cast dressed with him.

Most of the actors who appear in these summer stock shows love that sort of thing—getting right back to the greasepaint and the good old days of barnstorming.

But such was far from the case when Jen-

nifer Jones came to the La Jolla Playhouse for a ten day run in *Serena Blandish*.

Wow! What swank!

Jennifer's costumes were created in Hollywood and two wardrobe women came along—plus her personal maid, hairdresser and secretary! The leaky-pipe "star" dressing room was completely out of the question, so an elaborately-appointed trailer was backed up to the stage door and served as her dressing quarters.

Whether all this made a hit with the other summer stock troupers is a questionable point. In any event, Jennifer sold out the house performance after performance. The fans went crazy over her and the show could have run a year.

Elizabeth Taylor grabbed football star Glenn Davis, and planted a big kiss square on his lips when the ex-West Pointer took off for service in the Orient. That youngster is really in love and she doesn't care who knows it.

She wears Glenn's fraternity pin even on her evening gowns.

They met when Davis came out to Los Angeles to train for his only professional football appearance with the L. A. Rams before taking off for Army duty. In fact, he stayed with the next-door-neighbors to the Taylors'. It was love at first sight.

Personal Opinions: The fact that her relatives, her father, mother and sister were constantly at the house may have had something to do with the final break-up of Gloria

Bing Bob Eddie
CROSBY · HOPE · CANTOR

say:
"It's One Of The Funniest
Pictures Ever Made!"

One \$20,000,000
kiss and hallelujah!
He's a bum!

She teaches him his ABC's
by drawing them on his
chest... and he doesn't
care if school never ends!

Paramount presents

JOHN LUND
WANDA HENDRIX
BARRY FITZGERALD
MONTY WOOLLEY

"Miss
Tatlock's
Millions"

with

ILKA CHASE · ROBERT STACK
DOROTHY STICKNEY · ELIZABETH PATTERSON

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by RICHARD HAYDN

Screenplay by Charles Brackett and Richard L. Breen
Suggested by a play by Jacques Deval

GIRLS Send this coupon, plus a dime,
to cover handling charges, for
your autographed picture of
handsome John Lund, thrilling star of "A
Foreign Affair!"

Dept. 7, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broad-
way, New York 18, N. Y. I am enclosing 10¢
for an autographed picture of John Lund

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



BOYS Now you can have an auto-
graphed picture of beautiful
Wanda Hendrix, lovable star
of "Ride The Pink Horse" and "Welcome
Stranger!" Just send a dime, plus coupon.

Dept. 7, Paramount Pictures Inc., 1501 Broad-
way, New York 18, N. Y. I am enclosing 10¢
for an autographed picture of Wanda Hendrix.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant **Arrid** is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause your apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new **Arrid**. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more **Arrid** than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use **Arrid** than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. This new **Arrid**, with the amazing new ingredient **Creamogen**, will not crystallize or dry out in the jar. The American Laundering Institute has awarded **Arrid** its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. **Arrid** is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be **Arrid**-safe! Use **Arrid** to be sure. Get **Arrid** now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.



Mona Freeman and Pat Nerney at Gail Patrick's party for Florida's newly-elected governor, Fuller Warren.

Back from their European honeymoon, the Bob Toppings dine out at the Colony Restaurant in N. Y.



De Haven and John Payne. I know Gloria is upset over the parting, but I hope she doesn't continue to try to "forget" by dating with a new beau in a nightclub every evening. . . . The man with the most delightful manners in Hollywood is Herbert Marshall—and I mean just good old-fashioned courtesy. Some of the younger casual and indifferent males could get some good tips from Bart, who treats every woman he meets as if she were royalty. . . . If Judy Garland is successful in getting Roy Rogers for her hero in *Annie Get Your Gun*, I'll nominate that movie a year in advance as the biggest grosser of 1949. Imagine those two *plus* Irving Berlin's wonderful music!

The social season in Hollywood has reached a new high with more parties than I can remember in all the years I have been reporting movie news.

I suppose it's because so many important guests have been visiting the West Coast and hostesses have vied with one another in seeing that they meet our Hollywood stars.

Gail Patrick, looking like a dream girl in the gown she wore at her wedding to Corny Jackson, was hostess at a large cocktail party and buffet supper honoring Governor-elect Fuller Warren of Florida. The handsome Governor made a decided hit with the ladies, I can tell you.

Greer Garson, so radiantly happy these days that the whole world knows it, sat between the Governor and her best beau, Buddy Fogelson, the millionaire Texan who is now the one man in her life.

But don't think for a minute that she had the exclusive attention of the guest of honor. He was most intrigued with Rosalind Russell, whose repartee was as witty and fast as his own. Rosalind looked beautiful in an ice-cream shade of pink and a small, perky hat.

There were fully 300 guests at the party and it is impossible to mention them all. But I would like to say right here in print that

one of the women most admired by the distinguished visitor from Florida was Mrs. Lorena Danker, the dark-eyed beauty—whose smiles, however, were given only to Louis B. Mayer, head man of M-G-M.

That Danny Kaye is a one! He almost broke up the first formal party given in the beautiful new home of the William Goetzes by the darnedest gag of the season. He started asking everyone his or her middle name and then refused to call them by anything else! Do I rue the moment when I confided mine was "Rose"!

He also got it out of Irene Dunne that hers is "Adelaide" and that Loretta Young's real name is "Gretchen."

During dinner, he would come up with, "Gretchen, didn't you love Adelaide in *I Remember Mama*? I thought Rose, here, wrote just a peachy review."

We fixed him when we found out his real name is "David."

The Goetz home is easily one of the most beautiful in Southern California and it has been done in wonderful taste by William Haines. One of the things that makes it so outstanding is the beautiful collection of paintings—among them, a Van Gogh self-portrait. Bill and Eadie bought many of these works of art when we were all abroad this spring.

Claudette Colbert, with her short hair-cut (it seems shorter every time I see her) sat at a table with the host and Joan Bennett.

Joan is as loath to leave her children as anyone I know, but she has never been as reluctant to leave her own fireside as she has been since the arrival of her new daughter, Shelley. I can't say I blame her, because Shelley Wanger is a beauty and a darling. Looking at Joan in her chocolate-colored dinner gown and seeing how slim she is, you find it impossible to believe that she will be a grandmother next spring. She is only 38. Doesn't that make her just about the young-

Good news

A barrage of Bouquets for Warner Bros. June Bride!

"ONE OF
THE BEST
COMEDIES
IN YEARS!"
PHOTOPLAY

"SOCKO!
ONE OF THE TOP
LAUGH FESTS OF
THIS OR ANY
OTHER YEAR!"
DAILY VARIETY
(FAMED SHOW-BUSINESS JOURNAL)

"THE BEST
BETTE DAVIS
PICTURE IN
YEARS!"
MOVIE PLAY

"A WONDERFULLY
FUNNY
PICTURE!"
LIBERTY

"THE COMEDY OF
THE YEAR!
THE BETTE DAVIS
PICTURE THE PUBLIC
HAS BEEN WAITING FOR!"
MOTION PICTURE



Bette *Robert*
DAVIS MONTGOMERY in JUNE BRIDE

WITH **FAY Bainter** **Betty Lynn** **Bretaigne Windust** **Henry Blanke**
DIRECTED BY **Henry Blanke** PRODUCED BY **Henry Blanke**
Screen Play by **RANALD MacDOUGALL** • Based on a Play by **Eileen Tighe and Graeme Lorimer**





Look closely and you'll find that Crosby and Sinatra are the clowns with Shirley Johns. It's a circus benefit for the St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica.



This event drew the largest collection of stars in years. \$175,000 was raised with the aid of such gentlemen as Robinson Crusoe (Gary Cooper) and Friday (Buster Keaton).

Good news

est grandmother in the country? (One of the youngest, anyhow!)

The Goetz party went on until almost dawn—and why not, with Johnny Green coming in late to play the piano until the wee small hours and Danny cutting up so superbly?

How do these movie girls meet millionaires—not only meet 'em but marry 'em?

Well, I suppose there is no set blueprint—but it is amusing the way pretty, blonde Jacqueline White met Bruce Anderson, wealthy oil man whom she is marrying in November:

Even though she is an actress with a good RKO contract, Jackie is very much a home loving girl and still far more interested in her former college sorority meetings than she is in Hollywood cocktail parties.

So, when she was recently invited to one—she found herself just on the outskirts of the group, a little on the bored side. Since everything was being served but water, she decided to wander out in the kitchen and get a glass for herself.

There, much to her surprise, perched on the sink, drinking water, himself, and looking pretty well bored—was one of the most attractive men she had ever seen.

"Hello, Beautiful, where did you come from?" he greeted.

A few minutes later he asked if he could drive her home. The next night they had their first dinner date. Ten days later they were officially engaged!

I guess it is easy if fate is on your side.

Jacqueline hasn't yet said how her marriage will affect her career. But her friends wouldn't be surprised if she says goodbye to the movies when she becomes Mrs. Anderson.

Mrs. Dolly Walker, Los Angeles socialite 12 who is not in the picture business, gave a

delightful dinner honoring the Maharajah and Maharanee of Jaipur. I had previously met them in Paris last summer. They are very prominent in the international set and the attractive Maharajah is one of the wealthiest men in India.

Speaking of the international set—don't be surprised if Dolly O'Brien one day soon becomes Mrs. Clark Gable. Possibly by the time this is in print there will be some definite news, because Clark was right at the boat to greet Dolly when she returned from Europe. (Editor's Note:—For a somewhat different prediction, see page 54.)

Another marriage scheduled to take place before another year is out is that of George Sanders and Sari Gabor Hilton.

You may remember a few years ago this romance was hot and heavy—then it suddenly broke off.

George went to Europe, leaving behind the red-headed Sari, who was madly in love with him. At the time George said he wouldn't even discuss marrying again until his wife, from whom he was just recently divorced, was in better health.

Whatever else might be said about George and his haughty attitude, it must be stated that he was devoted to his wife and wanted to do nothing to upset her until she was feeling better.

Now she has said that she no longer wants to see him anymore—so there was nothing to block the announcement of his engagement to Sari who is, of course, a very, very happy girl these days.

It has been a month of shocking happenings in Hollywood. First, Robert Mitchum. Then Rita Johnson's mysterious accident.

The police are now convinced that the blow on the head that brought on the long, dan-

gerous coma with the blonde actress's life hanging in the balance, was caused by a hair-dryer. Apparently, the machine slipped while Rita was under it after shampooing her hair at home.

But, for days, this had all the makings of a Hollywood "detective story."

Tips came to my desk by the dozens—all false. I'm afraid too many amateur detectives were writing their own solutions.

As I write this, the case is still a mystery. Rita is in the third week of the coma and her doctors do not hold out much hope. My deepest sympathy goes to her mother and brother, who are barely able to bear up under this tragedy.

I am sure I do not have to go into detail about the marvelous job Hollywood did putting on the big benefit for St. John's Hospital the opening night of the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus. I saw MODERN SCREEN's cameraman snapping pictures of all the wonderful acts—and the event has been much publicized.

In these days, when many darts and criticisms are being leveled at Hollywood and its people, I want to ask you all to remember the many fine, good things that come out of movietown and not the occasional—the very rare—disgraces.

There is not one single big star in this industry who did not pitch in and do everything possible to help the circus benefit become the sensational success it was.

There is never a time when Hollywood does not respond to a worthwhile cause.

That is the thought I would like to leave you with this month. The great things that Hollywood does far overshadow the few mistakes of one or two personalities who happen to be identified with this industry. THE END

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"Discovery of the Year"



Gone are the days when she lived on doughnuts.

the trials and errors of shelley winters

by robbin coons

Because of the remarkable impact on the public of her fresh and vital personality, because she has demonstrated first-rate professional ability in all her roles, the editors of MODERN SCREEN consider that Shelley Winters clearly deserves to be honored as the Screen Discovery of the Year. She is, in our opinion, one of the most promising figures ever to arrive in Hollywood.

■ The little blonde gal sat before her mirror that day in a mood as blue as her clear young eyes.

You or I would have called her "cute" or "pert" or "pixie." We might even have called her "pretty." But those blue eyes, appraising the mirrored reflection, returned another verdict.

"Shelley Winters," the girl said to her image, "you are so ugly. . . . Look, for three years Hollywood has been telling you how unbeautiful you are. Get wise. Make dust out of here. New York. Anywhere. What that face of yours needs is footlights—(Continued on page 99)



She'd begun to think she was downright homely—now she's a *femme fatale*.

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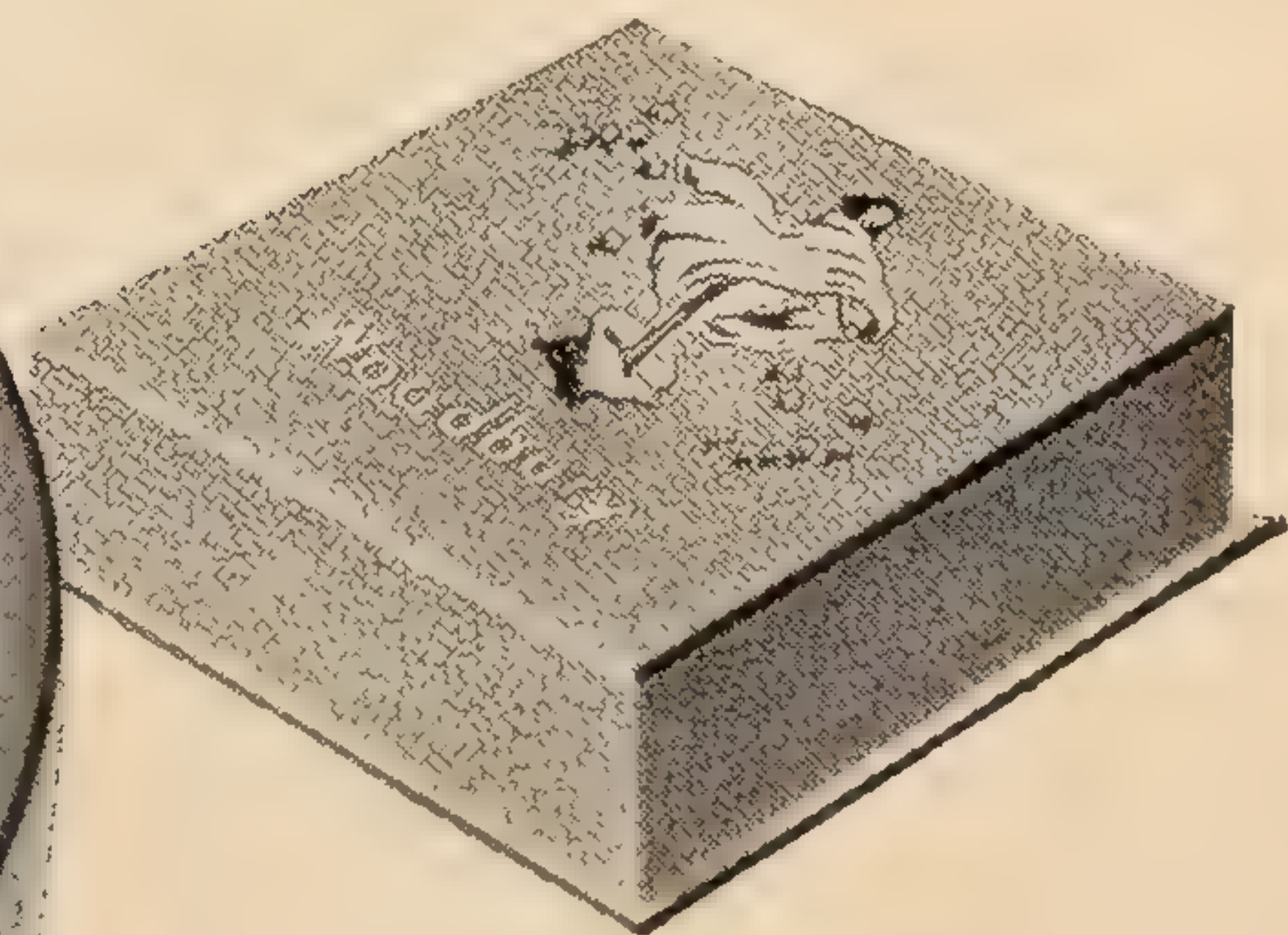
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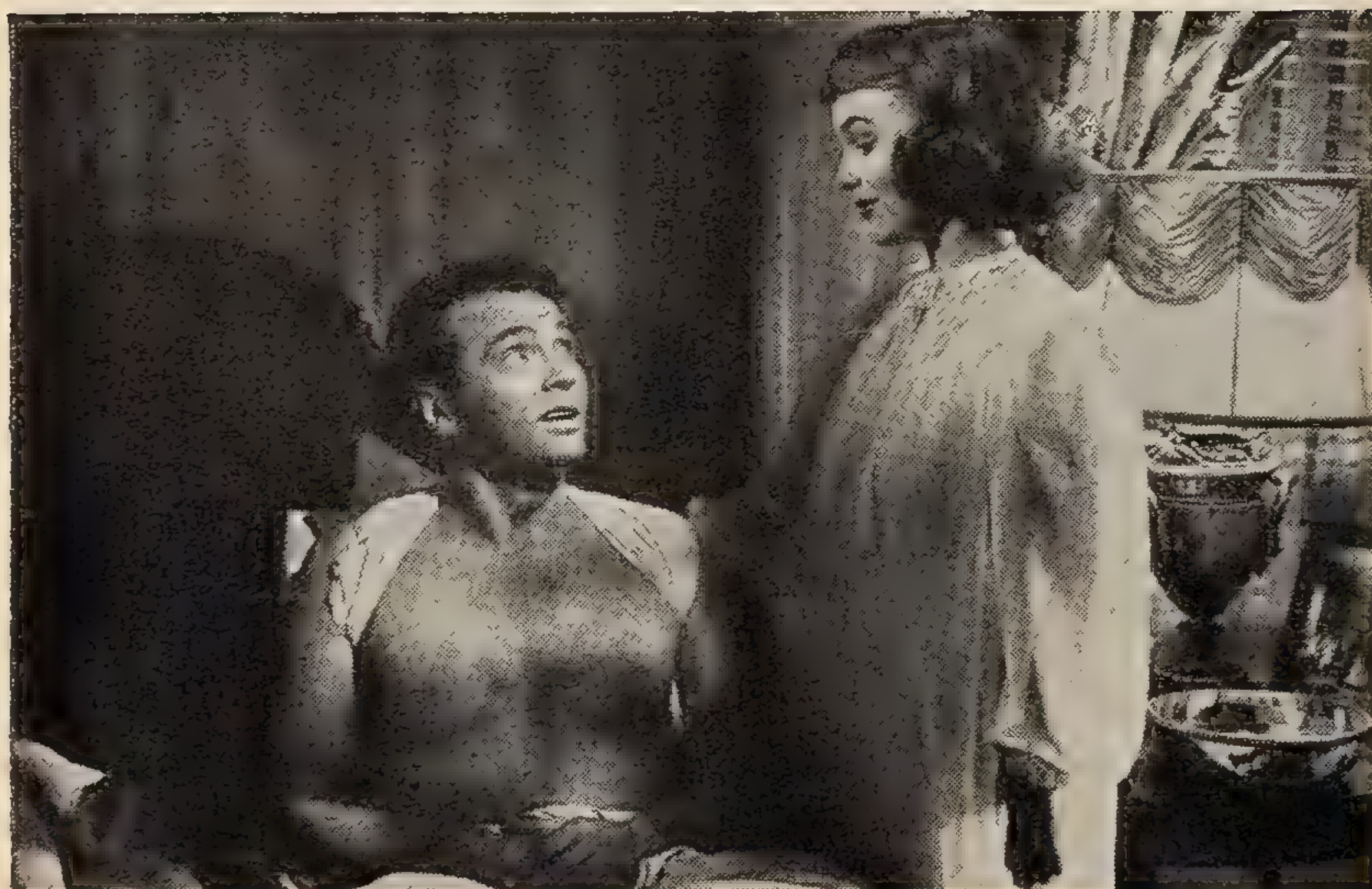
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warmest, liveliest shades,
finest texture!

Movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



John Lund is persuaded by Barry Fitzgerald to double for the feeble-minded Schuyler Tatlock at the reading of his grandfather's will. Barry, paid to take care of Schuyler, fears to reveal his charge may be dead.



Through a fluke, the bogus Schuyler Tatlock becomes sole heir to the famous Tatlock millions and the family begins to fawn on him. One especially is his "sister," Wanda Hendrix, whom Lund starts to adore.



An aunt (Ilka Chase) discovers that Lund is phony, forces him to go away so that her son, Robert Stack (being clouted by Lund) can marry Wanda and recover a few millions. Then the real Schuyler returns!

MISS TATLOCK'S MILLIONS

Barry Fitzgerald starts off by hiring John Lund to impersonate a young man named Schuyler Tatlock, and here's why. Schuyler's the half-wit grandson of the tremendously rich California Tatlocks, and Fitzgerald's had a soft job for years being Schuyler's keeper (the Tatlocks call it "social secretary") in Hawaii, \$500 a month rolling in, and the white sand, and the broad Pacific. Trouble is, Schuyler-boy's a firebug. Leave a match around the house, and goodbye, house. One day Fitzgerald leaves Schuyler alone to go into town and pick up the monthly check. He stays away too long. Two cases too long, to be precise. When he returns, there's only a pile of ashes. No Schuyler. Barry hates to give up the easy money, so he, well, he doesn't exactly notify Schuyler's family of Schuyler's demise. Five hundred a month is \$500 a month. Two years later he's in trouble. The old Tatlocks die within an hour of one another, and

all the heirs have to be present to hear the will read, and Fitzgerald receives a wire from California to bring Schuyler home at once. The way he looks at it, in Schuyler's present shape, he'd be too much of a shock to his folks. (The folks are Schuyler's uncles, Monty Woolley and Dan Tobin, and his aunts, Dorothy Stickney and Ilka Chase, and his sister, Wanda Hendrix.) In addition to this, Fitzgerald figures if anyone finds he's been taking money for no services rendered (larceny) and has failed to inform the authorities of the death of a citizen (federal offense) he'll be shipped to San Quentin. Which is why he hires Lund. Lund doesn't like the idea much, but he's a movie stunt man (Fitzgerald found him through Central Casting) and not a terribly conventional soul himself. He says he'll go through with it for a couple of days. After the will is read, Fitzgerald will get sent back to Hawaii with the supposed Schuyler, and the salary will continue, and Lund will get a thousand dollars. Through a legal fluke, however,

Schuyler is named the sole heir, and his acid-tongued aunts and uncles all want to be his guardians, and Lund has a field day spitting fruit pits, letting his tongue loll out of his head, and bringing them worms for presents. He's as convincing a moron as you'd care to see, and he rollicks through the part of Schuyler with zest, but he also plays his real life stunt man with nice, quiet efficiency. He's a good actor, and, incidentally, very handsome with brown hair (it's dyed to match Schuyler's). Lots more happens. Lund falls in love with Wanda (she's overly affectionate because she thinks he's her brother) and saves her from marrying Ilka's worthless son, Robert Stack, and, of course, the real Schuyler shows up at the end with a Hawaiian wife and two native babies and there's heck to pay. It's a swell movie, one of the funniest. Charlie Brackett (producer and co-writer of the script) and Richard Haydn (who directed and played a bit part) have come up with a comedy that's got everything.—Para.

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NO MINOR VICES

Here is a movie where the characters all talk to themselves. For at least a fifth of the total running time, one or another of the principals stares into space and goes through suitable facial changes while he listens to his own mind working. It's this way. Flash to Dr. Aswell (Dana Andrews) sitting in his plushy office. His lips are still, but you hear his voice saying something like, "What's the matter, Aswell? Don't you trust your wife?" Meanwhile, he's clenching his fist, banging his desk, and twitching. If you want to know how Aswell got that way, listen. He's a benevolent despot. Likes things to move according to schedule—his schedule. His nurse (Jane Wyatt) is in love with him; he takes advantage of this; allows her to work long hours, refuse vacations. His assistant, Doctor Sturdevant (Norman Lloyd) has no private life either. He also idolizes his superior, and he spends his spare time memorizing Aswell's lectures to women's groups. Aswell's wife, Lilli Palmer, is pretty well sublimated, along with the rest of the gang. She cooks what Aswell likes; she sees there are no visitors during the hours when Aswell doesn't want visitors. But one day,

Aswell overreaches himself. He tries to run the life of a young artist (Louis Jourdan) who's been doing subjective painting. "Go paint people," Aswell says. "This stuff is terrible." When it turns out that the person Louis most wishes to paint is Lilli, the trouble begins. When he falls in love with Lilli the trouble increases. According to Louis, the Aswells are living a tragedy. Lilli's just a piece of furniture to Aswell. To Louis, of course, Lilli could be an inspiration, a flame to light his searching way, a balm to soothe his agonies. . . Louis is a little melodramatic, and a bit of a charlatan, but he's wonderfully charming, frighteningly handsome, and sincerely in love, so Lilli can't dismiss him lightly. I know you should be glad she sticks to her husband, in the end, but to tell the truth, Lilli and Louis were an adorable couple. You should have seen them trying to make a lobster's last day happy.—*Enterprise-MGM.*

CRY OF THE CITY

20th Century-Fox, having done so well for itself with *Kiss of Death*, *Street With No Name*, etc., goes on to bigger and noisier shoot-em-ups. Here again, we have a New

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QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our December issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

The Trials and Errors of Shelley Winters ☐
Ingrid Bergman Talks by Hedda Hopper ☐
Bob Mitchum's Own Story ☐
Harry's Girl (Betty Grable) ☐
Cheesehead and Company (Glenn Ford) ☐
Rita's Royal Romance (Rita Hayworth) ☐
Thanks For The Memories (Gregory Peck) ☐
My One And Only (Rory Calhoun) ☐

Artanis Knarf (I Know Him Backwards) (Frank Sinatra) ☐
Mrs. Briskin's Dream House (Betty Hutton) ☐
They Went That-A-Way (Roy Rogers-Dale Evans) ☐
Hollywood's "Mystery" Romances ☐
This Little Voice Went No, No, No! (Loretta Young) ☐
Picture Of The Month (Kiss The Blood Off My Hands) ☐
Louella Parsons' Good News ☐

Which of the above did you like LEAST?.....

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

What MALE star do you like least?.....

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YANKEE PASHA—Young Jason Starbuck battled his way around the world—and into the slave pens of the Barbary pirates—to claim a ravishing harem beauty for his own!

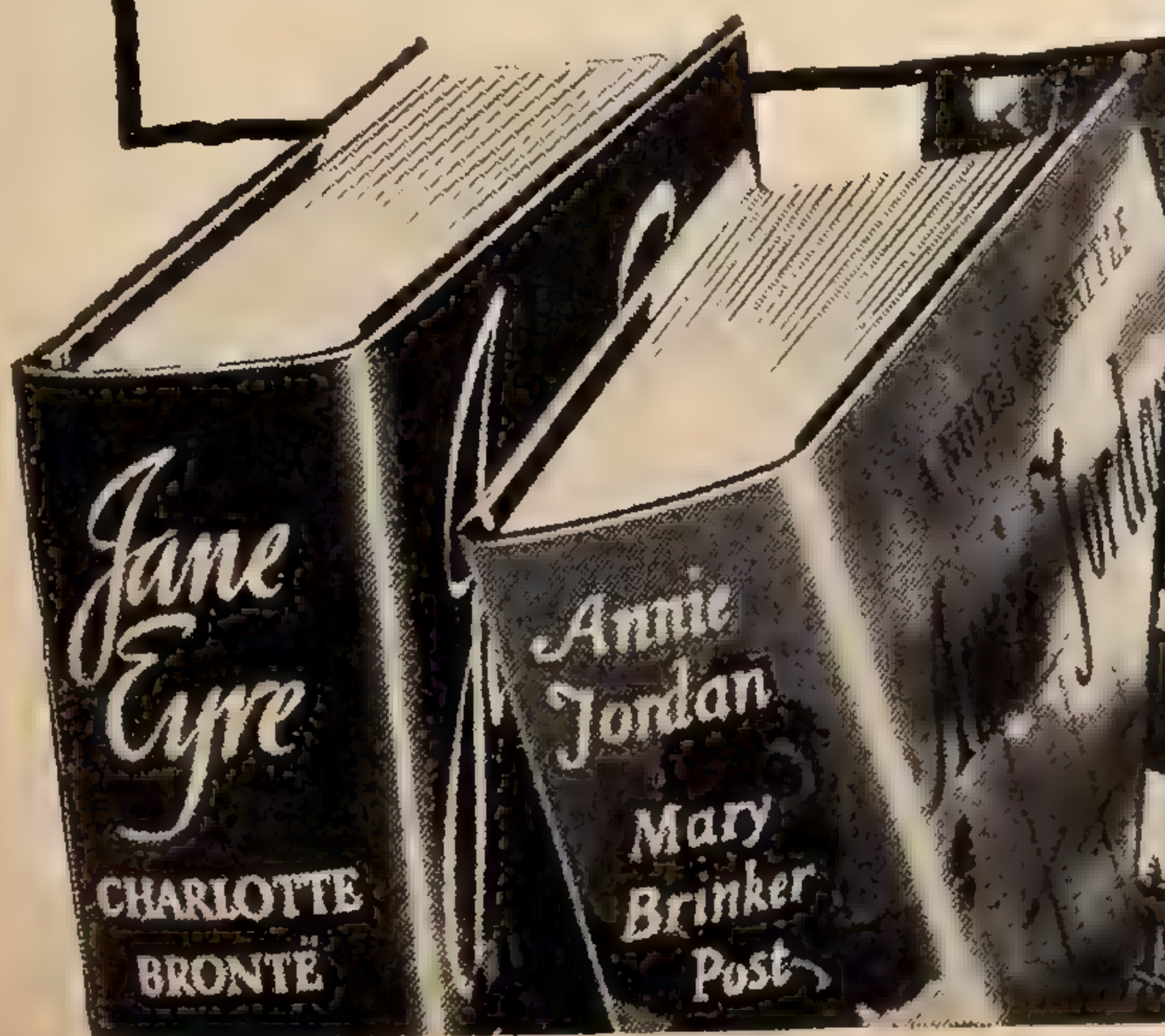
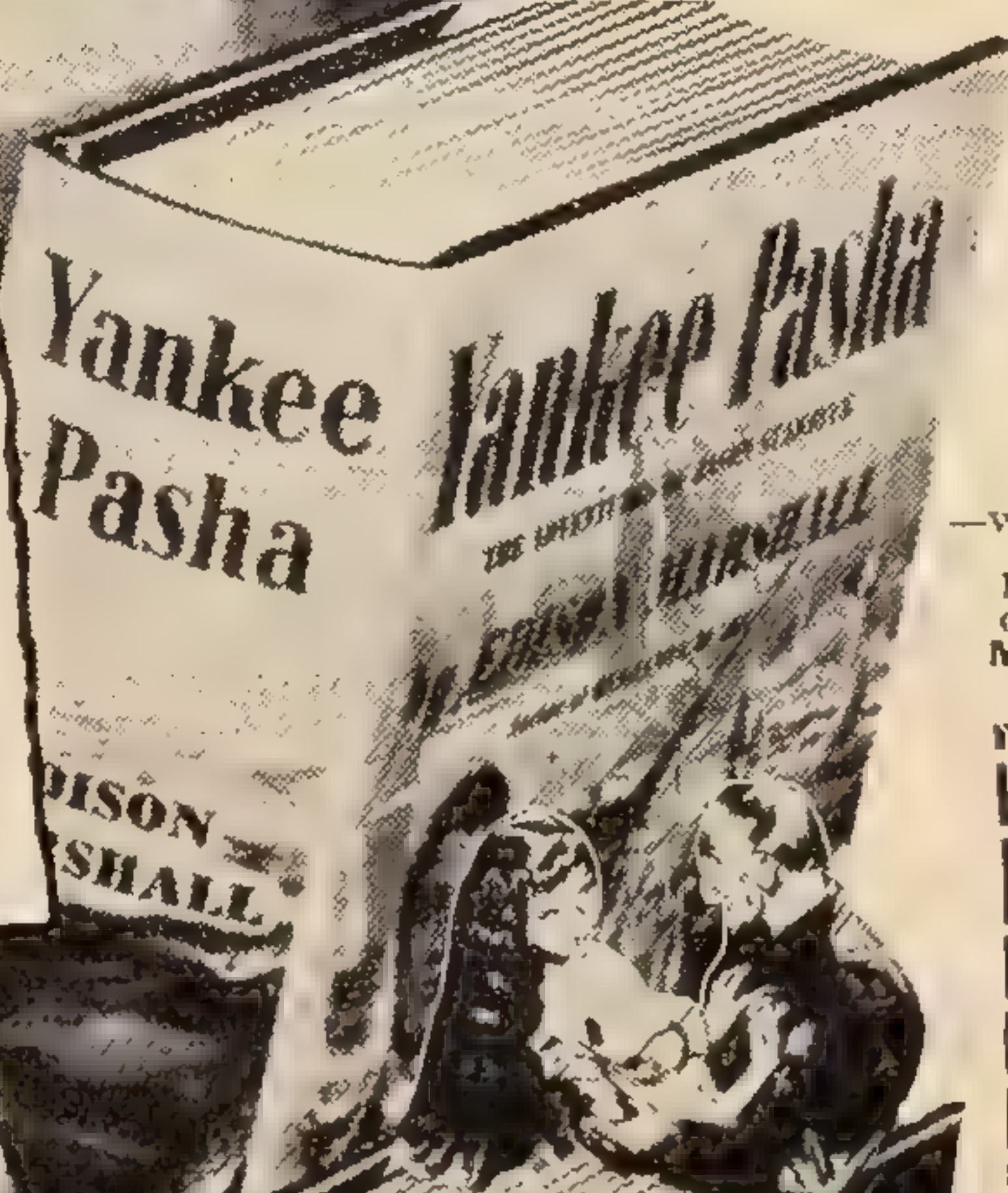
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Cry Of The City: Trigger-happy Richard Conte, policeman Vic Mature and justice triumphing.

York City locale, and a trigger-happy hoodlum (Richard Conte this time) attempting to blast himself a place in the sun. Our cop hero is Victor Mature, and he has no sympathy for Conte, because he too was a poor Italian boy from the slums, and he didn't go wrong. Martin Rome (that's Conte) has been leading a life of crime for years, but I'm not sure whether you're expected to think he's a pretty good guy, or a pretty bad guy. It's confusing. Partly because as we first meet Marty, he's in the hospital, full of lead, after having killed a cop. That's terrible. Next minute, everybody's admitting the cop had killed several other fellows, and Marty's action was undoubtedly in self-defense. That's not so terrible. The hospital's trying to fix Marty up so he can get well and go to the electric chair, when a young girl (Debra Paget), as innocent as the dawn, sneaks in to tell him she'll love him forever. Obvious deductions: Marty must have his sweet side. Also, his old mama sends him hot soup. Obvious deduction: Marty must once have been kind to his mother. While he's in the hospital, a lawyer named Niles (Barry Kroeger) comes to ask Marty to confess to a large and appalling jewel robbery. The idea is Marty can only go to the chair once, and he's going to die anyway, so he may as well save this Niles' client (the real jewel thief) from his just desserts. Marty takes one look at Nile's sneering face—believe me, it's one of the most horrid faces I've ever seen—and tells Niles what he can do. Shortly thereafter, Marty breaks out of his jail hospital, goes to see Niles, ends up killing him. Here again, it's self defense, because Niles pulled a gun (Marty himself inclines toward knifing). Well, there's a pretty complicated plot, to put it mildly, but finally Marty meets his innocent young girl friend in a church, and has her just about convinced she should run away with him, when who should appear but detective Victor Mature. It's a showdown, by gosh. Naturally, Marty loses, and the picture ends inspiringly, for we find Victor explaining to Marty's kid brother that crime does not pay, while Marty himself lies cold and dead on the pavement below. There's a certain amount of excitement in a film like this, but I'm not sure it's an intelligent excitement.—20th-Fox.

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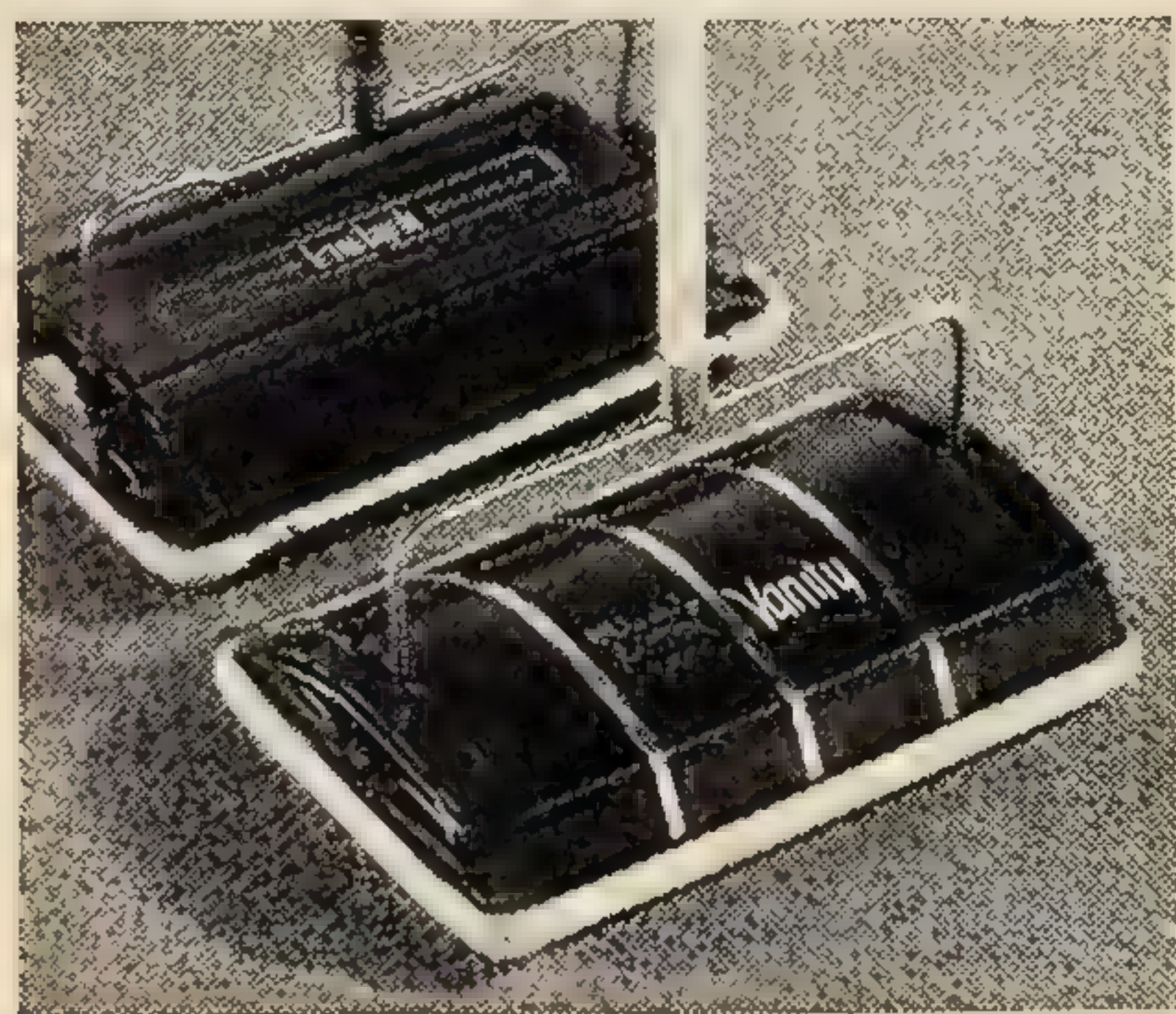
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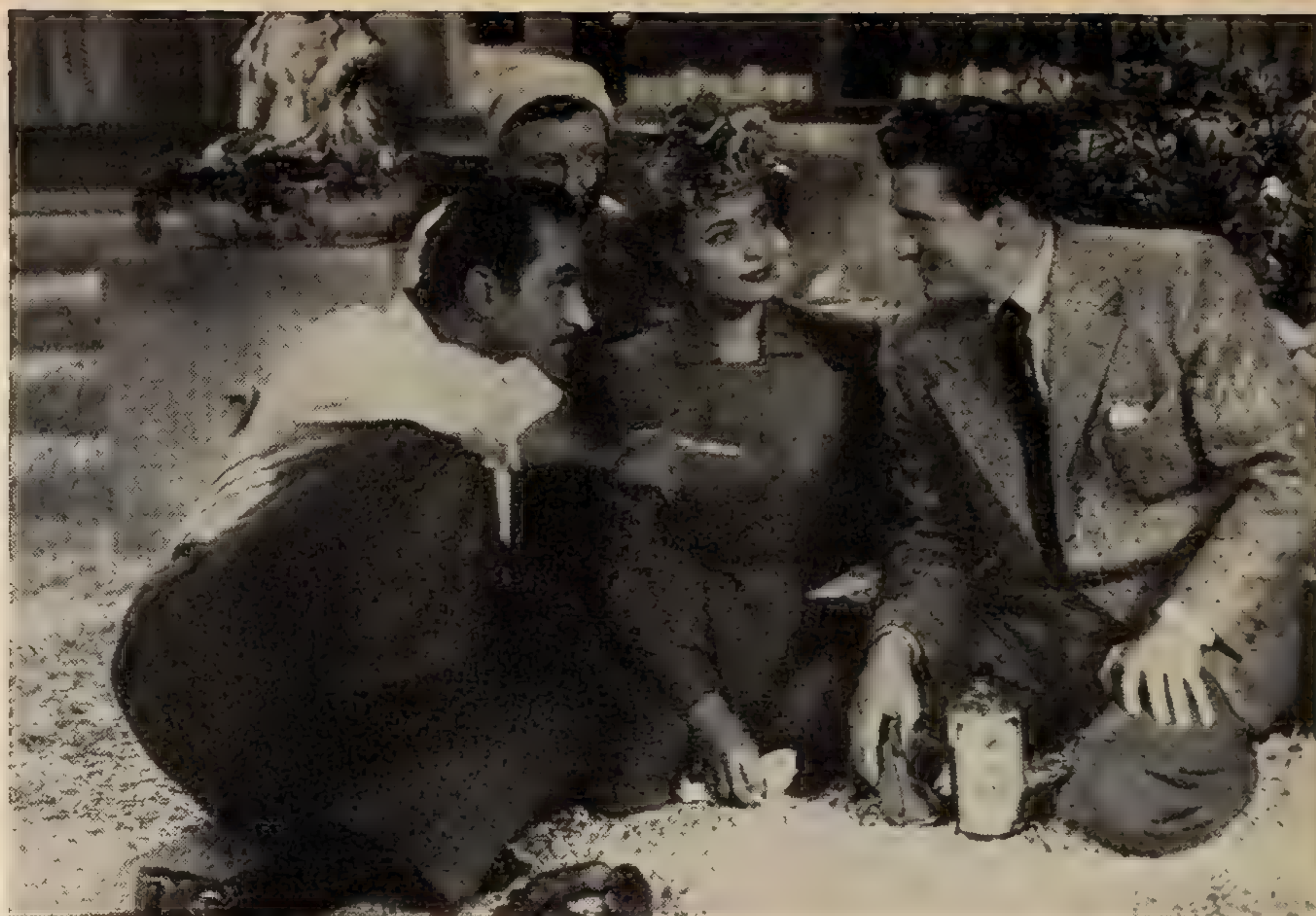
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My Dear Secretary: Author Kirk Douglas' secretary (Laraine Day) marries him and writes a best-seller. It's a merry comedy, helped lots by Keenan Wynn.

MY DEAR SECRETARY

The trouble is, Owen Waterbury (Kirk Douglas) has had too many secretaries. He's a best-selling novelist, but he'd rather make love than money. Half the time, he just ignores his career, and pursues happiness. His secretaries usually wind up with mink coats, he himself often ends up with black eyes, and so it goes. Ronnie Hastings (Keenan Wynn), who lives next door, and calls himself a song-writer, has been mooching off of Owen for a long time; in return, he helps get Owen secretaries, and does the cooking. (He cooks simply awful messes, but they always go out and eat later anyway, so it doesn't really matter, and it helps him keep his self-respect.) When Stephanie Gaylord (Laraine Day) comes to work for Owen, it develops that that gentleman's met his Waterloo. Laraine's a principled kid, and all she wants is to write a book eventually, and make her reputation. Because of his writing, she'd always harbored the utmost admiration for Owen, but after discovering his haphazard way of life—he drinks and also gambles—she walks out in a huff. Owen, who's fallen in love with her, goes and snatches her right out of the arms of Rudy Vallee (a bookstore tycoon she used to work for) and marries her. They go away together. He writes his book. She writes hers. The publisher turns his down (it's a jealous publisher; Owen once gave his wife a mink coat); a different publisher thinks hers is terrific. So there's a problem. She doesn't want to be a success if he's not. He thinks his failure's all her fault. And darned if he doesn't start hiring more secretaries. She tries to find him fat ones. He likes 'em lean. The landlady keeps coming around to ask for the rent, and eventually Ronnie marries her. It's typical bedroom comedy, and though it's not as funny as, say, the delightful Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Carole Lombard and Bob Montgomery, it certainly has its moments. Laraine Day, incidentally, was given the Rita Hayworth treatment. Hair cut very short, and bleached almost white. Sort of like Harpo Marx, but prettier.—*United Artists.*

SEALED VERDICT

This picture poses a timely ethical question. Unfortunately, it's posed in occasionally confused fashion, due to the fact that Paramount's tried to force what was a firm, fully-packed novel into 83 minutes of movie. We find Ray Milland, an American officer in charge of prosecuting Nazi war criminals abroad, with a problem on his hands. There's this General Otto Steigman (John Hoyt). A Nazi, admittedly. Ray prosecutes him successfully, with the aid of eyewitness testimony from a strange little addled victim named Rodal (Norbert Schiller) who has somehow survived the Nazi terror. The only witness for Steigman is a beautiful French expatriate, Themis De Lisle (Florence Marly), whose relationship with the general is nothing if not questionable. But once he's got Steigman safely convicted, Milland starts to hear rumors. People congratulate him for "pulling one off," tell him he's got the "gift of gab." He gradually discovers that his witness, Rodal, isn't trustworthy, because he's half-crazed with longing for revenge. Milland doesn't like this. He's in Europe as an upholder of American justice. Even though the stories of Steigman's crimes against humanity are legendary, until Milland has concrete proof of these stories in his hand, Steigman must not die. If Rodal's word is worthless, other proof must be found. American Military Government doesn't see it that way. Steigman's obviously guilty, they say. Proof or no proof, he hangs. We can't afford to coddle Nazis. But Milland, stuck with his concept of ideal justice, continues to work doggedly on the case. It grows more complicated. However, if you can keep track of all the tag ends in this movie, you will find it quite absorbing.—*Para.*

JUNE BRIDE

Funniest line in *June Bride* is Robert Montgomery's. He wakes up, after sleeping off a magnificent drunk, and finds himself in what seems to be a straw-filled pen. A pig is nestling in his neck. Montgomery screws his eyes shut. "I've been thrown away."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars are Lux Girls!

"A Lux Girl? Yes indeed!"

says lovely Rita Hayworth

Here's a complexion care that really *works!*
In recent Lux Toilet Soap tests by skin specialists, actually three out of four complexions became lovelier in a short time.

"My Lux Soap facials leave skin softer, smoother," says Rita Hayworth. "I smooth the creamy fragrant lather well in. As I rinse and then pat with a towel to dry, skin takes on fresh new beauty!"

Don't let neglect cheat you of romance. Take Rita Hayworth's tip. See what this beauty care will do for you!



Another
fine product of
Lever Brothers
Company

RITA HAYWORTH

Star of

"THE LOVES OF CARMEN"

in Technicolor

Lux Girls are Lovelier!

Farley Granger's idea of a "Charming Woman"



FARLEY GRANGER, ONE OF THE STARS IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
"ENCHANTMENT", AND CATHY O'DONNELL

in Farley Granger's own words:

"When I first saw Cathy O'Donnell, I said, 'She's charming—in every way!' And I noticed her hands particularly—they're so soft, so feminine. Now Cathy tells me she uses Jergens Lotion always." Hollywood Stars use Jergens 7 to 1 over any other hand care!



His Idea?

The Stars know. Their favorite hand care—Jergens Lotion—is more effective today in two ways: It makes your hands feel softer than ever, deliciously smoother. It protects even longer against roughness. Today's Jergens Lotion contains two ingredients many doctors use for skin care. Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no sticky feeling. *If you care for your hands—use Jergens Lotion!*



Used by More Women than
Any Other Hand Care in the World

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion



June Bride: Editor Bette Davis hires long-lost love, Robert Montgomery, and the fun starts.

he says. Just a week before, he'd come home from Europe, one of the best-known foreign correspondents in the business, only to be told by his boss that the bottom has fallen out of foreign correspondents, if you'll pardon the expression. "There is a job for you here," the boss says, "but it's as a writer for Linda Gilman—on Home Life." Montgomery's shifty eyes light up. Linda (Bette Davis), now an editor, is none other than the girl he once loved and left, and he's only too pleased to be meeting her again. He thinks she's lovely. What she thinks of him becomes evident the minute he appears in her line of vision. You and I know she still nourishes a passion for him, though she wouldn't admit it for the world. "Three years ago, we had a dinner date," she says coldly. "I'm awfully glad I didn't wait." However, she agrees to hire him (she does need a writer) and the whole staff of Home Life then takes off for Indiana. Home Life's one of those magazines that moves in on some hapless family, reduces the weight of everybody in the place, brings all their clothes up to date, and modernizes their home in a relentless manner. This time, Home Life's going to do a June issue about an Indiana bride, and they've chosen a kid named Jeanne Brinker (Barbara Bates) for their guinea pig. Naturally, this means they massage Mama Brinker (Marjorie Bennett), act patronizing toward Papa Brinker (Tom Tully) and rip all the molding out of the Brinker living-room. Everybody is busy except Montgomery, who's miserable. "There's nothing to write about in a typical family," he says. "Unless typical Mr. Brinker should take typical Mrs. Brinker, and cleave her head open with a typical meat-axe." Before he's through, though, there's plenty to write about. He and Boo (Betty Lynn), another young Brinker, see to that. Seems the Brinker bride really loves her groom's brother. Seems Boo really loves the groom. Seems the cover of Home Life is ruined. Can anything else happen? You bet.—Warners.

STATION WEST

Dick Powell is a versatile young man. Having just (Continued on page 107)

your letters...

LOYAL TO BOB

Dear Editor: In yesterday's paper, I read the awful headlines about Robert Mitchum, and my heart went out to him. Such a fine man can and will overcome this misfortune that could only injure his career, his family, and his popularity.

Anne C. Means, New Orleans, La.

Dear Editor: . . . Mr. Mitchum is an actor with a future. Let's help him get back on the right track. We all need help and loyalty. After all, it's the public's fault that we haven't cleaned up the narcotics racket.

Mrs. R. H. Geilenfeldt, San Diego, Calif.

DISGUSTED WITH HOLLYWOOD

Dear Editor: The Bob Mitchum scandal is the last straw! We movie patrons no longer get to see actors and actresses, but the boys and girls who have the best "bedroom eyes and voices." Yet the movie magazines paint these characters as "sweet, home-loving bodies." Hogwash! No wonder young people today become juvenile delinquents, when their idols are nothing but divorcees and drunken sots.

A former movie fan

(Because of overwhelming public interest in this case, MODERN SCREEN brings you "Bob Mitchum's Own Story," on page 30 of this issue—Editor)

WE'RE A HEART-WARMER

Dear Editor: Your October story, "It's Not a Dream, Darling," about Cornel Wilde and Pat Knight, was one of the most heart-warming and wonderful articles I've ever read.

Terry Robertson, Richmond Hill, New York

TOXTON ANTI-TOXTON

Dear Editor: In the November issue, you identified the girl with Peter Lawford as "Susan Perry, formerly Candy Toxin." Maybe you should have your caption writers inoculated against stupid errors like that. The lady's name was Toxtun, as appeared later on in your story.

Irma Nesselrode, St. Louis, Mo.

(We bow our heads in shame, Irma, but in the confusion of Candy's becoming Susan Perry, Rita Corday's becoming Paule Crosset, and Isabelita changing her name to Lita Baron and then to Mrs. Rory Calhoun, we're not sure we can spell our own name anymore—Editor)



YES, I'M JEANNIE. Together, Fred and I turned out songs . . . about love and moonbeams. To annoy me he sometimes whistled "Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair" . . . for my brown hair was nothing to dream about. It was just dingy-looking and unruly.



BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT, my chum Madge told me the secret of her gorgeous hair. "Lustre-Creme Shampoo," she said. "My hairdresser uses it. It's not a soap, nor a liquid, but a new cream shampoo with lanolin. Use it at home, too, and keep your hair lovely!"

Jeannie with the dull wild hair... now a lovely "LUSTRE-CREME" Girl



WHEN I GAILY ARRIVED at our studio next day, Fred whistled in amazement. "Hold it, Gorgeous!" he cried. "Your hair! It's wonderful! If Stephen Foster could write lyrics about lovely brown hair, so can I. What rhymes with glisten, glamour, sheen, and pays off with lovely dream girl?" Thanks to Lustre-Creme Shampoo, I rated a love song after all.

YOU, TOO . . . can have soft, gleaming, glamorous hair with magical Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Created by Kay Daumit, to glamorize hair with new 3-way loveliness:

1. Fragrantly clean, free of loose dandruff
2. Glistening with sheen
3. Soft, easy to manage

Lustre-Creme is a blend of secret ingredients—plus gentle lanolin, akin to the oils in a healthy scalp. Lathers richly in hard or soft water. *No special rinse needed.* Try Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Be a lovely "Lustre-Creme" Girl. 4-oz. jar \$1.00; smaller sizes in jars or tubes, 49¢ and 25¢. At all cosmetic counters. Try it today!

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Soft
Gleaming
Glamorous
Hair

Whether you prefer the TUBE or the JAR, you'll prefer LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

No wonder

women adore it!

So many luxuries—

So low-priced!



DIAMONDS BY JOHN RUBEL

Fabulous

NAIL BRILLIANCE

BY CUTEX *only 25¢*



Luxury-loving women are finding so many glamour-extras in new Nail Brilliance! You will, too, and all for a low 25¢!*

Perfume-type bottle, steady based, with beautifully balanced artist-type brush. *Dream-come-true wear*. Defies peeling or chipping. *Wonderful purity*. Free from all irritating substances. Even women whose sensitive skins are allergic to other polishes can use Nail Brilliance with perfect safety. *Ten fashion-show shades* that stay dazzling, never turn dull.

Try Color-keyed Cutex Lipsticks, too—created to blend perfectly with each Nail Brilliance shade. So creamy! So clinging! Large size, 49¢.*

*PLUS TAX

An open letter to Elizabeth Taylor



why
won't
they
let you
grow
up?

Dear Miss Taylor:

It's really too bad, the way they're trying to keep you from growing up.

Just the other day you revealed, quite simply and openly, that you had more than a passing interest in Lieutenant Glenn Davis, the ex-West Pointer of All-America football fame. You let it be known that you were most unhappy that you and he would be separated while he was on duty in Korea. You said you would be wearing his pin all that time.

What could be more natural for a 17-year-old girl? How could you have been more honest—with yourself and your public?

Yet a good many columnists at once began clucking their tongues fondly but sadly and in general expressing sorrow or shock over the fact that you're no longer a child.

This sort of thing seems to us quite ridiculous. It's a form of pressure that has the effect, however unintentionally, of making normal girlhood and young womanhood difficult for fine people like you and Jane Powell and Peggy Ann Garner. It penalizes you in a way, for the public interest and support which you have earned—making the widespread good-will that is felt for you into a thing that might be bad for you personally.

You'll come through all this in fine manner, we have no doubt at all—but why on earth must things be made tough for you? Why can't you be given the opportunity to develop naturally through normal experiences, exactly like any other girl of your own age?

Young love, we keep remembering, is kind of wonderful. It's certainly not incredible, extraordinary or reprehensible. But most of us older folks seem to have forgotten the facts of life.

Don't mind that, though, Elizabeth. It's *your* life you're leading. Let's hope people will let you lead it simply and sanely. You'll certainly have all our best wishes while you do.

Wade Nichols

EDITOR



INGRID BERGMAN TALKS

by
Hedda Hopper



In one of their rare Hollywood public appearances, Ingrid and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom, dine at the Chanteclair. Ingrid is now in England where she's completing *Under Capricorn*.

In one of the most
intimate portraits of
Ingrid Bergman ever
given, a famous journalist
looks behind the
myths and mysteries to
discover a truly
remarkable woman . . .

■ "Of course, Hedda," laughed Ingrid Bergman, "there are some things I simply *won't* talk about: For instance—how I keep my husband's affection and whether I sleep with a nightgown on or off!"

"You're safe," I assured her.

"I don't give a hoot."

"Good," smiled the Divine Swede.

"I don't think you'll find me so uncooperative."

"I never have," I told her—and I meant it. I've become pretty sick and tired, myself, of that "going-Garbo" myth they've tacked onto one of the brightest, sincerest foreign stars who ever hit Hollywood. I've never believed it for a minute and I thought now, scanning Ingrid's friendly face: "How could anyone ever mention those two in the same breath? As stars, yes. As Swedes, sure. But as persons—how very different can you be?"

Across the long, low sofa, Ingrid perched gracefully—welcoming, human and warm. A straw-tone tan made her teen-age complexion even teen-agier. Only a touch of lipstick challenged those rosy cheeks. The greens, reds and grays of her Swedish modern room made Ingrid the lovely (Continued on page 81)

bob mitchum's



Dorothy Mitchum rushed home after Bob was arrested. This picture was taken immediately following their reunion.

own story!

■ It was as though a playwright had a bad dream. In his nightmare, the curtain went up, not on the first act, but at the end of the drama. The critics rushed to the exits, screaming their verdicts without having seen the play. The public, shocked at the headlines, asked, "Can it be?"

The Robert Mitchum story is like that nightmare. It must be told now in reverse, from the headlines to the truth of the matter. And it happens that as a Hollywood reporter who was with the actor just before the curtain came down, I am well qualified to present the re-enactment in the true version which until now has been cloaked in confusion.

The scene is a modest, five-room home on Glen Oak Drive, high in the Hollywood hills. An actor is seated at a desk, scribbling notes in pencil. He is Robert Mitchum . . .

"In eight years we grew so fast we had little time to talk," he writes, in part. "As a result, we discover a beautiful and charming lady of obvious advancement confronted by a comic-strip character who is glued to his background by printer's ink."

Mitchum pauses. He picks up a telegram just received from his wife, Dorothy, who is in the East. It tells him that she will be home in a few days. It tells him more than that: It says this is the end. He knows that he might as well start looking for another house for himself, leaving this one for Dorothy and the two boys. It is to be the final step before their divorce.

Bob winces, thinking of the letter he had written—the last attempt at reconciliation: "Why not leave the children back East for awhile? All this talk is for the birds. Join me in Acapulco for a second honeymoon. . ."

Well, that was that, and he had asked for it. His eyes took in the familiar scene, this living room in which he had so often rough-housed with Josh and Chris, his kids. He was proud of this home. In its simple modesty it was a symbol of the sensible man's Hollywood.

Bob Mitchum returned to the notes he had begun to scribble. He had promised them to me; promised them as an answer to all sorts of rumors and wrong guesses about him that had been showing up in gossip columns.

"It is her misfortune," Bob continued, writing of his wife, Dorothy, "to have reared a monster in her loving keep, and she in resolution turns her head. I have called, but (Continued on page 33)

Only a few hours

before his arrest, Bob

Mitchum gave

Modern Screen the most

revealing interview

of his career—part of

it written by Bob

himself. It is a poignant

document, a true

picture of a man trapped

by fame. But al-

though Bob's words are

weighted with sadness,

they are also filled

with hope . . .

with courage. It is an

amazing story, one you

will never forget . . .

by Carl Schroeder

BOB MITCHUM WROTE THESE REPLIES TO REPORTS OF HIS MARITAL TROUBLES...

For months columnists hinted at trouble between Bob and Dorothy. Asked to reply to specific gossip items, Bob wrote the comments shown at right. First reply is to a columnist's report, in 1946, that Bob and Dorothy had "mended their troubles" and that there would be no divorce "for a long time—if ever." Bob wrote, in part, that he hopes there will be no divorce—"forever."

"We and two Mitchums have mended their troubles. Like a girl mends stockings - by buying more. Troubled of the heart and familiar agonies, we observed, for so particularly guarded, they are rare and highly salable secrets. — ^{over the} (he) fervently hopes there will be no divorce for a long time — forever."

"Understand things are not going too well at Bob's," a columnist wrote in January, 1948. Bob said (right) that he learned of the item through a phone call and "my girl cried." For him, it was the "handwriting on the portable lath-and-plaster wall."

This we were informed of thru lovely phone by one deliciously correct mediocrity of the legendary fringe, and my girl cried. I was very very tired but my eyes were open wide enough to read the handwriting on the portable lath-and-plaster wall.

Thinking of the gossip item, "Friends fear the Mitchums are writing that unhappy Hollywood ending," Bob remarked he and Dorothy were vacationing in Delaware at the time. He was depressed by his own troubles, by the troubles of others. In flight "like a runaway in a swamp" he left Dorothy in Delaware, drove to New York to shake off his mood of depression.

"— and an epitaph to friendship. The weather was bad and everywhere you looked was trouble, standing in the cold deep puddles in New York — in Connecticut in Delaware, the people had troubles, and they sat indoors out of the cold rain and told them to you. I was much too tired to resist and so escaped into it — like a runaway in a swamp.

In July a columnist wrote, "The Robert Mitchums' explosion is expected to take place in three weeks." "No explosion," wrote Bob. "I have spent eight years trying to get this girl alone for a while so that we might discover each other." And he says magnanimously, "We discover a most beautiful and charming lady, of obvious advancement, confronted by a comic-strip identity who is glued to his background by printer's ink." (Bob, modest in self-appraisal, sees himself as tied to his past by stories written about him.) "I have called," he says, "but she has heard the story of Lot's wife. About the only thing I can do now is get the hell out of the comic strip and walk around to face her. Wish me luck." (Unlike Lot's wife, who became a pillar of salt when she looked back, Dorothy has already "looked back"—and has now become Bob's pillar of strength.)

The explosion. I have spent eight years trying to get this girl alone for a while so that we might discover each other. In eight years we grew so far and we had little time to talk, and depended too fully on psychic sympathy.

As a result we discover a most beautiful and charming lady of obvious advancement confronted by a comic-strip identity who is glued to his background by printer's ink —

I have called, but she has heard the story of Lot's wife. About the only thing I can do now is get the hell out of the comic strip and walk around to face her. Wish me luck.

(Continued from page 31) she has heard the story of Lot's wife. About the only thing I can do now is to get the hell out of the comic strip and walk around to face her. Wish me luck."

Prophetic words, these, for less than 24 hours later the world of Robert Mitchum was to blow up around him. In his ears was to ring the shouting of newsboys: "Actor arrested—Bob Mitchum in jail!" Reporters, policemen, friends, studio workers, his bosses, his fans—all were to see him with cold, impartial eyes, like a medical student peering at a cadaver.

I know, because I felt that way, momentarily, myself. The day before the arrest I had an interview with Bob Mitchum at a table in the side room at Lucey's Restaurant. We didn't waste time. I placed a neat pile of clippings from gossip columns in front of Bob. "You'd better look at these," I suggested, "and answer them one way or another."

He glanced through the clippings. "I'll answer them," he said. "I think I ought to. If you don't mind, I'll take them along. Tonight I'll write out everything I can say. You'll have the whole story tomorrow."

"Fair enough," I said.

I knew he wouldn't forget, wouldn't fail on his promise. There have been plenty of stories about Bob Mitchum's "unreliability." I never found him to be that way. On the contrary, he was always open and honest with me. My friendly feeling for Bob and Dorothy dates back to the time when I first met them. Fresh from his first success, Bob admitted candidly that he had only one suit of clothes and \$3.56 in his pocket to last until next payday. And he didn't ask for a loan.

Later, when I had a problem in finding a boarding school for my small son, Dorothy was the one who prevented my making the wrong move. My boy and Bob's small fry, Chris, were schoolmates and buddies. The teachers confided that you couldn't ask for a finer lad than that Chris Mitchum. He showed in every inch of him that he'd come from a home with good parents.

For these and other reasons, Bob Mitchum talks perhaps more freely to me than to other reporters. And this day at Lucey's he was the same as always, pulling no punches, never dodging the issue.

What he said was filled with overtones of sardonic wit. Freud has a good deal to say about wit of that cynical and skeptical type. People who indulge in it are forever appearing to shatter respect for institutions and truths in which they really believe very deeply. As a result, such people are little understood.

"If anything does happen between Dorothy and me," Bob said, pointing to the clippings, "it may well be the result of these 'stories' as much as anything else. Dorothy is a little nicer than most of us, in the genuine sense of the word. I guess you know that. She's not the type who understands these picturesque distortions that pass for journalism."

He paused, then added, "You know, the telephone is an instrument of the Devil. It shouldn't have been invented. It's so intimate, yet neither side can really tell what's going on."

"For instance, I leave the studio. I've got a couple of things to think about. I meet friends. It's harmless, but we get to talking. I think maybe I'd better call home and say I'm going to be delayed. So I call. Dorothy answers. I explain. It should be simple, but it's not. I can tell by the sound of her voice that she's hurt."

"How am I to know that she's been reading about us somewhere? There's been one line in a column—something about things not going too well domestically with us. Someone has called Dorothy and read it to her over the telephone. But this I don't know."

"So I go home. Dorothy doesn't mention the story until hours later. She has great pride and sensitivity. Afterwards, I feel that if I hadn't made that telephone call I wouldn't have upset her."

I pointed out that every actor goes through something like this. It's an occupational hazard.

"Yeah," Bob said, "but the (Continued on page 92).



Seized with Bob Mitchum were dancer Vicki Evans (left) and actress Lila Leeds. They are shown awaiting a hearing on a writ of habeas corpus granted when they were arrested.



Jerry Geisler (left), famous Los Angeles attorney, was chosen to defend Mitchum against narcotics charge emerging from Bob's arrest during an alleged Hollywood marijuana party.



When you
think of Grable you think
of glamor—but I
don't. I think of my
daughter sorting
the laundry, I think how
she loves to be—

HARRY'S GIRL

by Lillian Grable

■ Yes, she's Harry's girl. And that's the secret of Betty's happiness. If you're a woman in love with your husband, you'll know right off what I mean. Betty always wanted what any normal girl wants—home, husband, kids—and she *knew* what she wanted. Harry and her home come first, no two ways about it.

Soon after her marriage she said to me: "Mother, if I ever had to choose between marriage and career, I wouldn't stop to think twice. Without the career, life could still be good. Without Harry—it couldn't."

But I'm willing to lay ten to one that, with Betty and Harry, the question has never come up. I've never heard them discuss it. Betty's never mentioned it to me, and we're pretty close. And if I know my son-in-law, his attitude would have been: if Betty wants to work, okay; if she doesn't, okay.

Of course, you have to have two like them to swing it—Betty, who's never been the kind that's eaten with ambition, and Harry, who's an angel—both of them crazier about each other than the day they married.

But let's keep things straight. Don't get the idea that her career doesn't matter to Betty, because you'd be getting the wrong idea. She loves it. She loves making pictures that people enjoy seeing. She loves being up there among the top ten. She was proud of her picture on a summer cover of Time—who wouldn't be?

And she makes a heck of a lot of money. Reports last year had her and Harry making half a million between them. (Continued on page 104)



Harry and Betty arrange to have their vacations together—then they relax at Del Mar. This fall, when Harry's on tour, Betty will do *The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend*.



One of the James' mutual interests is horses. Last season three of their own raced at Del Mar. They gave each other brood mares as birthday gifts, now have four new colts on the ranch.



cheesehead and company

by reba
and bonnie
churchill

This is about the
weekend when Reba and
Bonnie fell in love
with young Cheesehead,
and with Cheese-
head's Mom and Pop—
the Glenn Fords . . .

■ The Glenn Fords' hospitality would charm even a potentate. We know, since we spent a weekend at their home.

One quiet afternoon at Columbia Studios, we were gathering material for our newspaper column and stopped by to chat with Glenn on the set of *Mr. Soft Touch*. Glenn is always good copy.

We found him leaning back in his canvas chair. Legs propped against a sound box. Brown hat pushed over his face.

"A picture of utter contentment," we heckled and waited in vain for some response from beneath the hat.

We tried again. "Some movie stars have nothing to do but loaf."

The hat crept up a few inches.

We pursued. "And they call this work!"

That did it. The hat was pushed back revealing two amused hazel eyes.

Glenn was in a mellow mood. Don't know how we got on the subject, but the talk drifted to hobbies and home life.

"How do you spend your free time?" we inquired nosily.

"If you really want to know, why don't you come up and spend the weekend with us?"

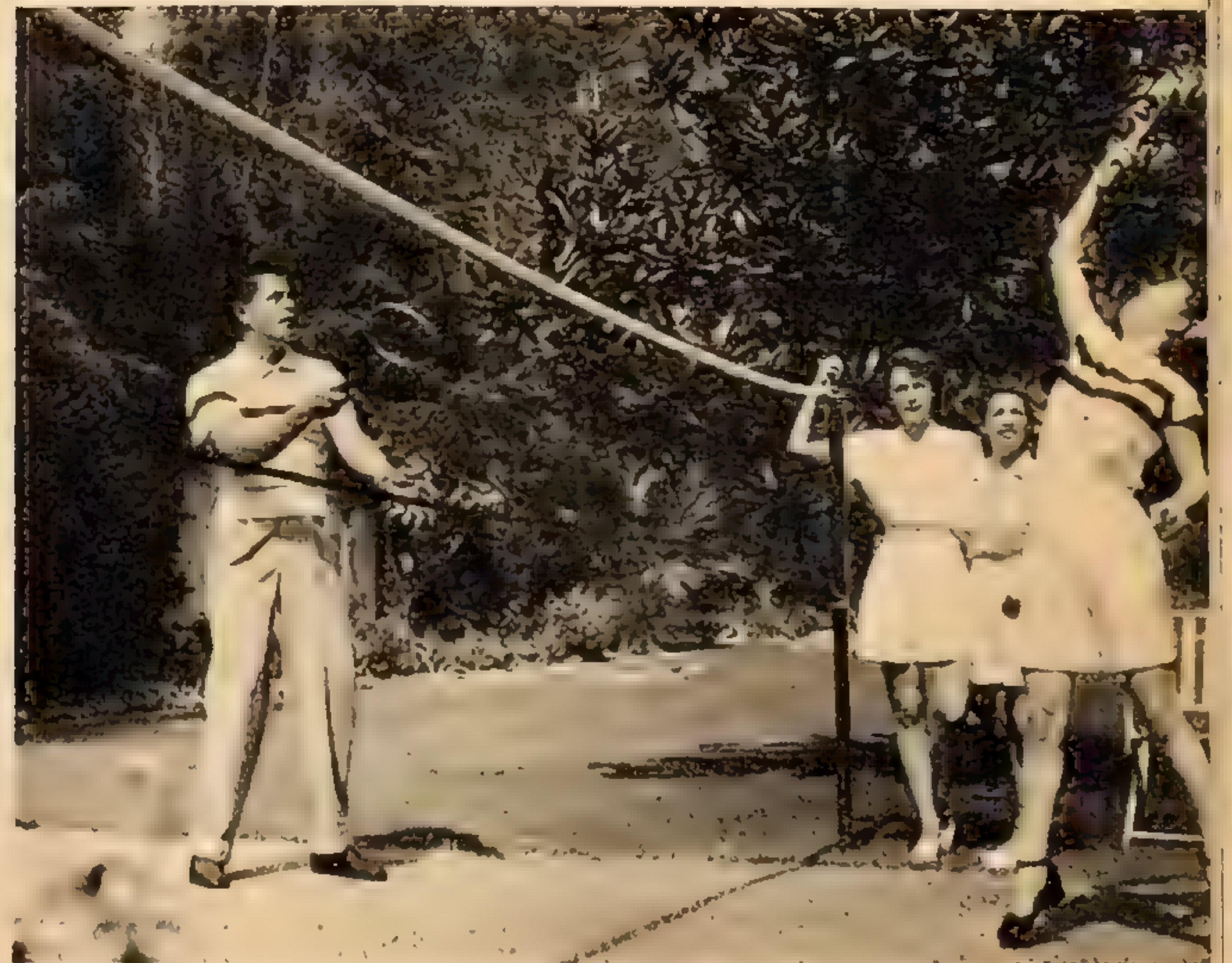
The next Saturday we nursed our car up the steep hill, passed Pickfair, and turned into the Fords' swinging driveway.

Their house is a sunny brick affair that sprawls over two wooded acres in Beverly Hills. We walked up the rose-lined path and rang the bell. (Continued on next page)

photos by bert parry and bob beerman



Mrs. Ford (Eleanor Powell) leads Reba and Bonnie to the guest room—actually a suite. Eleanor plans to retire soon and devote herself to domesticity.



Reba finds Glenn's a demon with a badminton racket. Ellie and Bonnie watch. Glenn's regular opponents are Bill Holden, Bill Wyler, Mark Stevens.



Ellie's brand of hospitality includes bedside service. Vanilla malteds for Bonnie and Reba are delivered in person. Ellie not only runs her ten room house but takes weekly swimming and dancing lessons to keep fit!



Pork sausages and hot coffee cake were served at Sunday breakfast on the patio. Patio opens off the living room and overlooks a landscaped garden. Tall pines and eucalyptus trees separate Fords from neighbors.



Reba and Bonnie wade with Peter (or "Cheesehead") in his pool. Not much larger than a goldfish bowl, the pool's depth is less than three feet. Glenn (of *Mr. Soft Touch*) plans to let it grow with Cheesehead.



Upstairs in Glenn's bedroom-study are Pete's electric trains, sun lamps, an ice-cream bar and the Fords' combined collection of records—8,000. Room also holds a steam cabinet which Pete calls "The Flying Freckle."

cheesehead and company

(Continued from preceding page) And then a ferocious-looking German Shepherd nosed around the corner of the house. Took a few sniffs and disappeared. We began breathing again.

The door opened and there stood Glenn and Eleanor Ford (who used to be Eleanor Powell), wearing matching smiles. There was a chorus of hello's as Glenn reached for our bags and ushered us into the circular entry hall.

This is an antique collector's delight. On one side of the door is a large ivory chest which rests on the brows of two carved

cupids. On the other side, is a caramel-colored marble table with a bowl of freshly-cut roses from the garden. And there's Gus—an imposing marble head mounted on a three-foot pedestal.

"An ancestor?"

"Nope," replied Glenn. "He's an ancient Roman ruler named Augustus. Gus for short. Came with the house. Confidentially, we're keeping him for a spare hatrack."

"And also because you can't move him," chided Ellie. "Come along, girls, and I'll show you your room."

As we started up the stairs we caught



While Ellie was on tour, Glenn filled the music room with a pool table. Director W. Wyler taught him the game. Here, Glenn teaches Bonnie and Reba.

sight of a three-year-old peeking over the railing above. He caught sight of us, too.

"Hiya, Cheesehead!" Glenn greeted him.

"'Lo, Daddy," replied Peter Newton Ford gravely. "Are these them?"

"Yes, dear," said Ellie as we reached the second story. "Come say hello."

He advanced shyly and took our hands in turn. With us, it was a case of love at first sight.

Peter—or Cheesehead, as Glenn fondly calls him half the time—led the way to the guest room. Actually, it was a suite, with mirrored powder-room, bath and bed-

room—all in old rose. Its pink quilted walls, satin coverlets, and thick carpets were as fluffy as cotton candy.

"Come on down to the Chinese room when you're unpacked," Glenn called cheerily from downstairs.

The Chinese room with its red lacquered walls and carved gold Oriental figures used to be the music room. But while Ellie was on a four-months' dance tour, Glenn gave the room a new look by installing a pool table.

If you hold your breath you can slide between the table and the built-in couches.

By a bit of manipulating you can line up your shot (that Ford has us talking like professionals), and if you hold your cue stick just so, you can play without knocking over a lamp. (Well, maybe we're just clumsy at the game.)

Our shot was thrown off-balance by Peter tapping the end of our stick.

"Come upstairs and see my airplane."

"Airplane?" we double-taked.

Glenn explained, "Pete thinks my steam cabinet is an airplane."

"The Flying Freckle," which is Pete's name for the. (Continued on page 74)

RITA'S ROYAL ROMANCE

A holiday in Europe . . .

a romance with a Prince . . . the French

press called it love, but was

it? Only Rita Hayworth knows . . .

BY K. ROBY EUNSON



Parisians were fascinated by Rita's adventures on the French Riviera: Prince Ali Khan (above) took first place among her numerous admirers.



In London, Rita's film, *Down To Earth*, opened at the Gaumont Theater. Proceeds went to the British Limbless Ex-Servicemen's Association. Group-captain Douglas Bader was Rita's escort.



The French press played up Rita as a dashing American movie star, and gave small space to her more dignified public appearances—as here, with Michel Troubetzkoy, at Paris opening of *Gilda*.

■ And now she's back in the United States—the little Cansino girl who flashed like a comet through the diamond-studded skies of European society. Rita's fling has been flung; the dowagers of the Riviera have almost stopped shaking their heads in amazement; there's a silence in Continental society like the calm that follows a hurricane.

But the whispers can still be heard clearly—little moth-like whispers that flutter through the salons of France to gnaw at Rita's reputation.

"That American movie star! My dear, did you see her with the Prince!" (The Prince, of course, is Prince Ali Khan, a gay blade with enough gold in his locker to sink the Queen Mary.)

"Is she going to marry him? How about Orson Welles? Did you see her dance with Alberto Doderio? Is it true that Rita . . . ?"

Well, what is the truth about Rita's three-month holiday in Europe? Were the foreign press reports correct in their suggestion that the incandescent American movie star leaped from one romance to another—each staged in full view of the public—each more colorful than the last?

It all began quietly enough, this holiday that startled European society. Typical of Rita's slow start was an incident that took place shortly after her arrival in Paris on June 10. Baron Roland de L'Epee was entertaining the diplomatic set at his swank Avenue Foch home, only a stone's throw from the Arc de Triomphe.

"There's Rita Hayworth sitting over there," exclaimed the American secretary from the embassy. "I'd recognize her anywhere."

"Jove," said the British secretary, adjusting his pince-nez, "awfully quiet sort, what?"

This party was backdrop for Rita's first public appearance in Paris. She couldn't have been more inconspicuous—and Rita wanted it that way. Those who observed her at the Baron L'Epee's party were conscious of her tremendous charm and also of her unwillingness to dominate the affair, as she might easily have done.

She had arrived in Paris a day or so before and registered at the Hotel Lancaster in Rue de Berri, just off the Champs Elysees. Although the Lancaster is anything but swank, it is comfortable and often draws visiting notables because of a management policy that guarantees protection from inquiring reporters. Miss Hayworth and her secretary put up at the Lancaster and were left pretty much alone.

But her second public appearance was at the glamorous carnival, Grande Nuit de Paris, where she shared billing with Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, Edward G. Robinson, and an antiquated elephant named Mary. Miss Hayworth wore a white evening gown, draped in such a manner that it drew a good round of "ooohhs" and "aaahhs" from the crowd perched in the shadows of the spotlighted Eiffel Tower.

Again, Miss Hayworth seemed subdued in manner. "She has just finished working her heart (*Continued on page 101*)

Thanks
for
the

The Thanksgiving when he wept,
a fight ending in disgrace—things
like these Greg remembers with gratitude

By GEORGE BENJAMIN

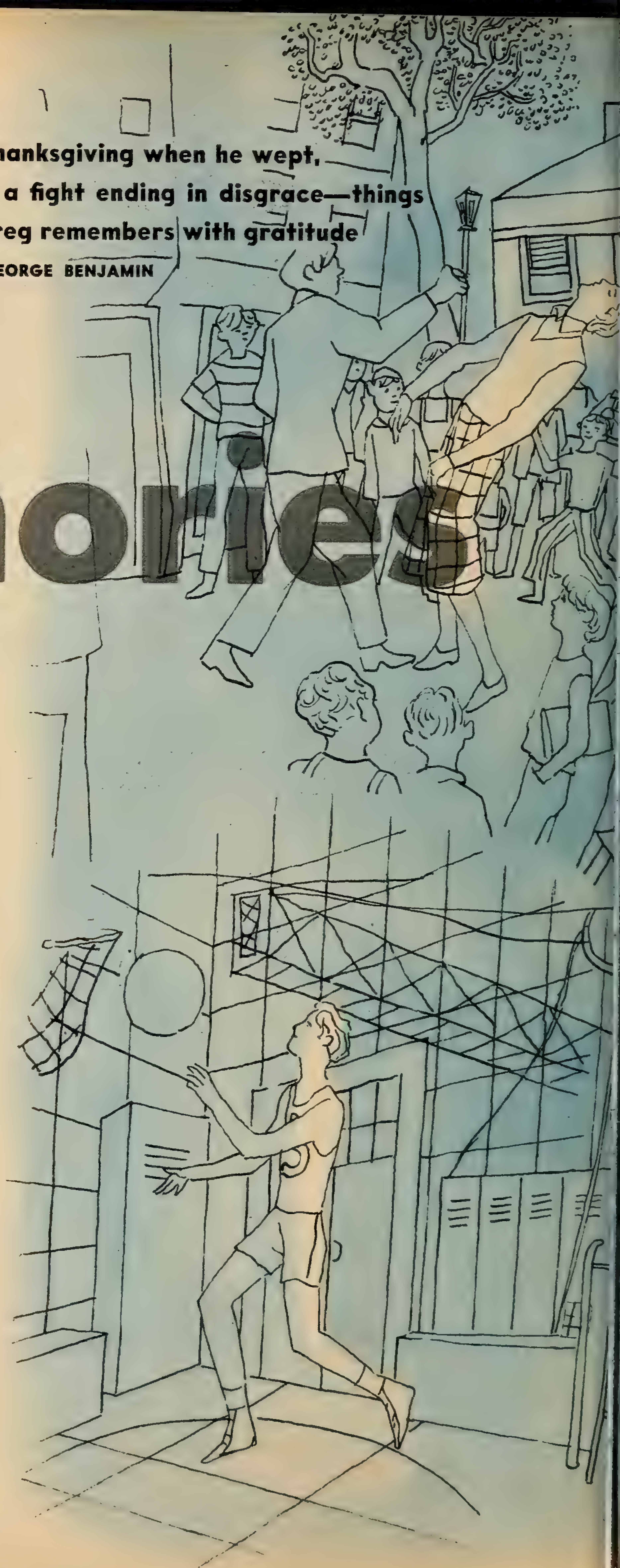
memories

■ You feel sure that Gregory Peck must be one of those depressive personalities for which psychiatrists have hyphenated names when you first hear the kind of experiences in his past that he chooses to be grateful for around Thanksgiving time.

Events like a memorable punch in the snoot, an attack on him by three street toughs, an early Thanksgiving that started out to be the loneliest day of his life—these are what he loves to dwell over fondly. The pleasant things that have happened to him he seems to consider as strictly secondary. He doesn't even mention the time he was signed for Hollywood, for instance. To him a much more significant day was the one at college when he came to the conclusion that he had wasted three years taking the wrong course.

And then, when this causes you to mull over your hard luck in happening to be talking to Gregory just when he is having a mental breakdown—he proves he is right! He has unerringly picked the incidents in his life that either helped mould him into the man he is, or turned him directly onto the path he had to follow to get where he is today.

Take that black morning at the University of California when Gregory decided that he was barking up the wrong career—that he didn't want to settle down in life as a teacher of English literature after all. That had been his first ambition. He had expressed it to his father thus: (Continued on page 79)





photos by bert parry



Rory gave Lita the ring for her birthday. They were quietly wed August 29. Rory's next is *When a Man's a Man*.

MY ONE AND ONLY

Only now does
Lita know how much
Rory meant it
when he said, "I
love you" . . . how
much she wanted him
to mean it . . .

by Lita Baron Calhoun

as told to Louis Pollock

■ I always thought that if a man ever told me he loved me the first time we met, I would burst out laughing. Rory Calhoun told me that the first time we ever talked and I didn't laugh. I sat there just looking at him. If I said anything at that moment I don't remember it.

I know partly what I was thinking. I was thinking that it might happen like that in Chicago or Upper Sandusky or Temple, Texas, or maybe in the movies—but not in the place where they make the movies; not in Hollywood. And, finally, not knowing what else to do, I decided I had better start kidding.

Rory kidded back. But, as we know now, we were only kidding ourselves. Rory meant it so much, and I wanted him to mean it so much. . . .

It didn't happen the first time we *saw* each other. It happened one night last January when, as Isabelita—as I was then known professionally—I was singing at the Mocambo. I saw him enter and take a table close to the orchestra. I felt that he was watching me. He says I never looked back at him, but I did; out of the tiniest corner of my eyes I saw him all the time.

When that evening passed and we didn't meet I was quite let down. But when other nights came, and Rory along with them, sitting again and watching again; then I felt something exciting growing within me and from then on the other patrons should have started kicking—because as far as I was concerned, I was singing just for Rory Calhoun.

I sang to Rory Calhoun, whom I didn't know, and it was as if I were talking to him. I wanted to tell him things about me . . . of a little girl who was only four (Continued on page 89)



artanis knarf

"I know him backwards"

by bobby burns





Frank's manager, Bobby Burns, keeps him from promising to be in three places at once. Here they're on their way to a studio conference. As usual, Frank rushes ahead.



They met in 1939, when both worked for T. Dorsey. Bobby joined Frank's staff after his Army discharge. He's a favorite with Nancy, Jr. Above they confer with Busby Berkeley on *Take Me Out To The Ball Game*.

What I can't tell you about Sinatra!
Those jokes he played on Dorsey... the way he met Bing...
that time we flew his crate to NY
and stopped for malteds...

All I know about planes is that I like trains. But Frank Sinatra—I'm sort of his manager—got a new airplane not long ago and he loves it. It's a Beechcraft Bonanza, whatever that is, and it's taken ten years off my life already. Frank bought it to commute between Palm Springs and Hollywood.

Nancy was a little dubious. "You aren't going to fly it yourself, Frank?"

"Me? Heck, no! I'm just taking lessons. Bob Lee is the pilot and I'll be co-pilot, and I'll make Burns navigator."

"Not me!" I said. "I couldn't navigate a bull across a cow pasture."

"Aw, it's easy. You'll catch on quick."

Nancy really worried, though, when Frank decided to make a trip to New York in the plane, with Bob Lee and me.

"Why can't you take a regular airline, like everyone else?"

Frank looked at her reprovingly. "What about Lind-

bergh? Where would the world be today if *he'd* taken a regular airline?"

Nancy gave up. When Frank makes up his mind about something he is a determined type.

They said, "Okay, you're the navigator, Burns," and handed me what looked like an Esso road map. I was navigator.

That is a trip which will be long remembered, at least by me. And by George Evans, Frank's publicity man, who was waiting for us in New York. We took our time. None of that Howard Hughes nonsense for us. We left Palm Springs at six-thirty and by the time we got to Oklahoma City, we said nuts to all this flying, what we wanted was eight hours' sleep. Which we had plus steak and spaghetti.

We got started again, but every now and then we'd have to make a landing because Frank would want a malted. Honest. I called Evans from St. Louis, in case he might be wondering what had happened to us. He was. His language was terrible and he (Continued on page 96)

mrs. briskin's dream house

Betty's house was built
with joy and a few quiet tears.
Betty's house is warm
and friendly—like her heart.

By MARVA PETERSON

Betty and Ted do their everyday living in the library-bar, equipped with television, bar counter, books, and small tables for informal dining.





Guest house is an English-type cottage, set in the garden. Here the Briskins hold poker parties without disturbing kids. Cock-fight chair, left of fireplace, was made by George Montgomery.



Betty told decorator Ray Moyer, "I want a coffee table in the living room that I can put my feet on." So Ray designed a combination ottoman-table. Fireside chairs are built for two.

■ Two years ago when Betty Hutton was pregnant for the first time, she called in a drove of carpenters to add a nursery to her house.

When the room was near completion, one of the workmen stepped back and inspected his handiwork. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "this is really going to be a beautiful nursery."

He looked at Betty, at her well-tailored maternity dress, at her finely tooled shoes. "I guess," he said, "you must've had a nursery almost as nice."

"Cripes, man!" Betty exclaimed. "I was raised in a clothes-basket!"

Betty Hutton's early youth, as you probably know, was scarcely a period of gracious living. She spent her adolescence singing in night clubs, living in furnished rooms, traveling from one scrubby town to another. You might imagine that now she's established in well-to-do domesticity, she's gone all out to make up for those drab beginnings.

But her establishment isn't like that at all. There are no eye-blinding color schemes, no rococo decor, no too-elaborate furnishings—just a house, lively, pleasant, completely livable, a house transformed by the personality of the four Briskins into a happy home.

Betty bought this low, rambling, California ranch house when she was single. She bought it from Ruth Huntington, whose grandfather had founded the Southern Pacific Railroad. It was a small house, with pool, patio, and one guest room—an ideal set-up for a bachelor girl. And that was Betty's lot in life back in 1945.

A few weeks after she purchased the house, Betty left Hollywood on an eight-week USO tour. Before leaving, she discussed the interior decorating with Ray Moyer. Ray had been the set decorator on such pictures as *Lady in the Dark*, *Love Letters*, *Stork Club* and *Dream Girl*. He had also done Betty's studio dressing-room, and she had frequently promised him, "If I ever buy a house, you're going to decorate it."

Just before she boarded the train, after going over final plans for the house with him for hours, Betty gave Ray one last request. "I want a coffee table in front of the fireplace," she said, "that I can put my feet on." Moyer designed a combination table and ottoman, and it turned out to be exactly what Betty had in mind.

Unfortunately, Moyer wasn't clairvoyant enough to know what Betty had in her heart. On September 2nd, 1945, he found out. He received the following wire: GETTING MARRIED STOP FIX OUT OF THIS WORLD ROOM FOR TED STOP ARRIVE SEPTEMBER 20 LOVE BETTY.

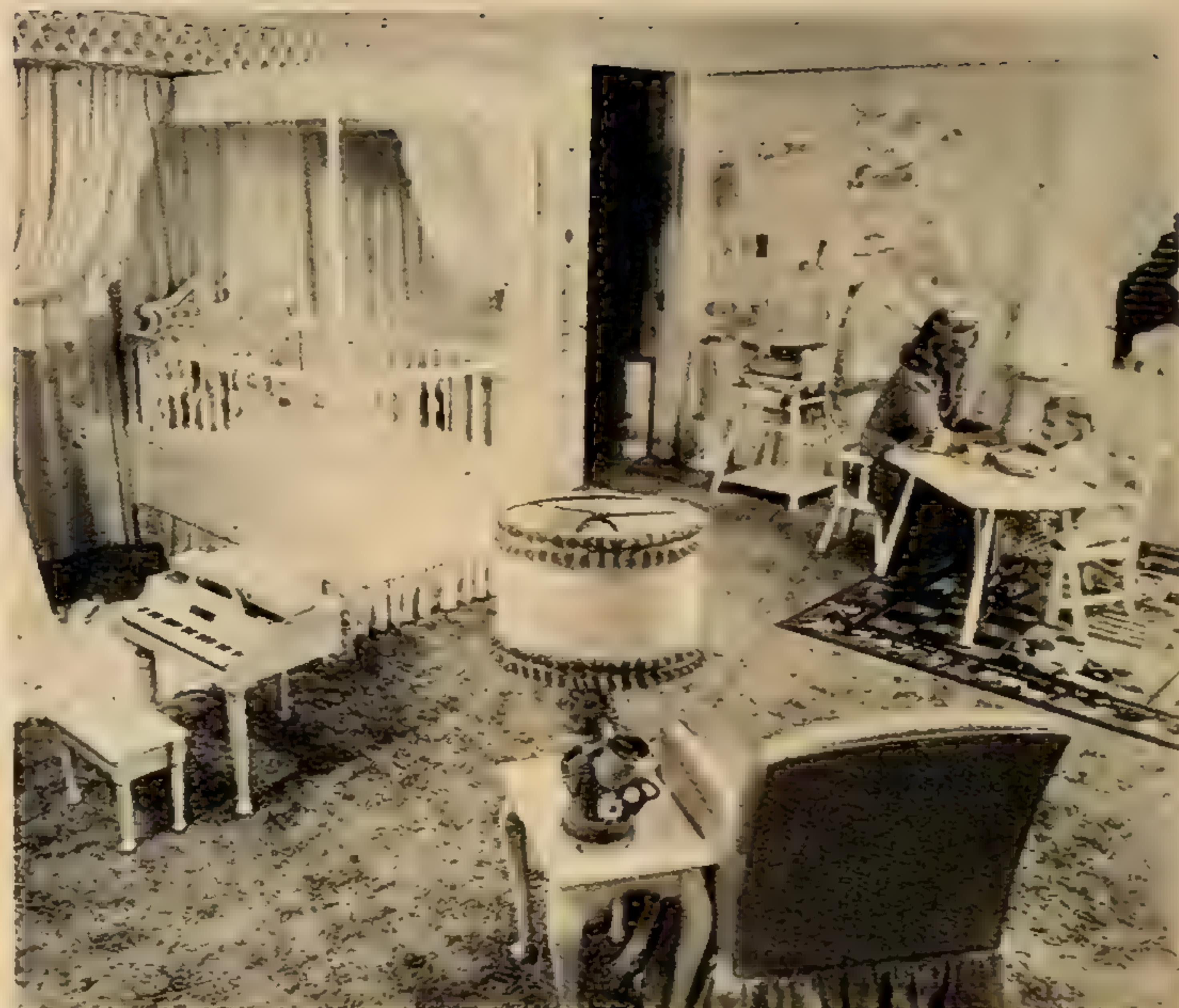
Moyer says he almost blacked out when he read the telegram. "After all," he explains, "there I was working on a home for a single girl, with all my plans drawn accordingly. I was having a tough enough time as it was, what with shortages in everything. And then that telegram came, giving me 18 days to re-do the place for a man and wife." The memory still unsteadies him.

Luckily, Moyer had had a good deal of movie experience in building castles overnight, so he knew what to do. He feverishly converted the (Continued on next page)

mrs. briskin's dream house



Lindsay's and Candy's closets (in hallway just outside the nursery) look like display cabinets in children's store. Glass doors are intended to encourage neatness in Betty's two girls.



Mom Briskin feeds Candy in the nursery. Mother Goose folk were painted on walls by a Disney artist. Lindsay's crib is modeled after Betty's bed; all the furniture is scaled down to kids' size.

guest room, originally planned in demure blue and white, into a man's virile setting of chartreuse and brown with leather accessories. Breathing heavily, he finished the house two short hours before Betty and Ted Briskin made their appearance.

Moyer met them at the front door. He asked them to leave their luggage in the foyer on the shaggy chartreuse carpet and to "please follow me."

The first stop on the conducted tour was the dining room. It's small but well-mirrored—which, of course, always creates the illusion of size. The furniture is white and upholstered in yellow shag. The table, made of glass with an antique mirror center, is a copy of one used in *Stork Club*. Betty fell in love with the original and insisted that Ray have a duplicate made. There's a silver lazy susan, a present from the studio, and a corner niche agleam with much of the Briskins' wedding silver.

The Briskins don't use the dining room very often. For large parties, they have a pork or beef barbecue outside; and when they just have another couple—say Sue and Alan Ladd—in for dinner, they usually relax up in the library-bar, munching in front of the fireplace.

The decor of this library-bar probably best exemplifies the Briskins' simple, lively tastes. It's green, yellow-striped, and touched with hot pink, Betty's favorite color. Here are books, a television set (a birthday present from Ted when she was too expectant to go to ball games), a telephone. It also contains bound copies of all the Hutton movie scripts, a magazine award to Betty for being the most promising actress of 1944, and Gizmo, a funny figure

of a Marine in battle dress, posed like an Oscar. This was presented to Betty for her performance in *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* by Leatherneck, the Marines' magazine. The room looks small but it's got a lot of seating space. In addition to the three easy chairs and bar stools, it has striped benches along one wall.

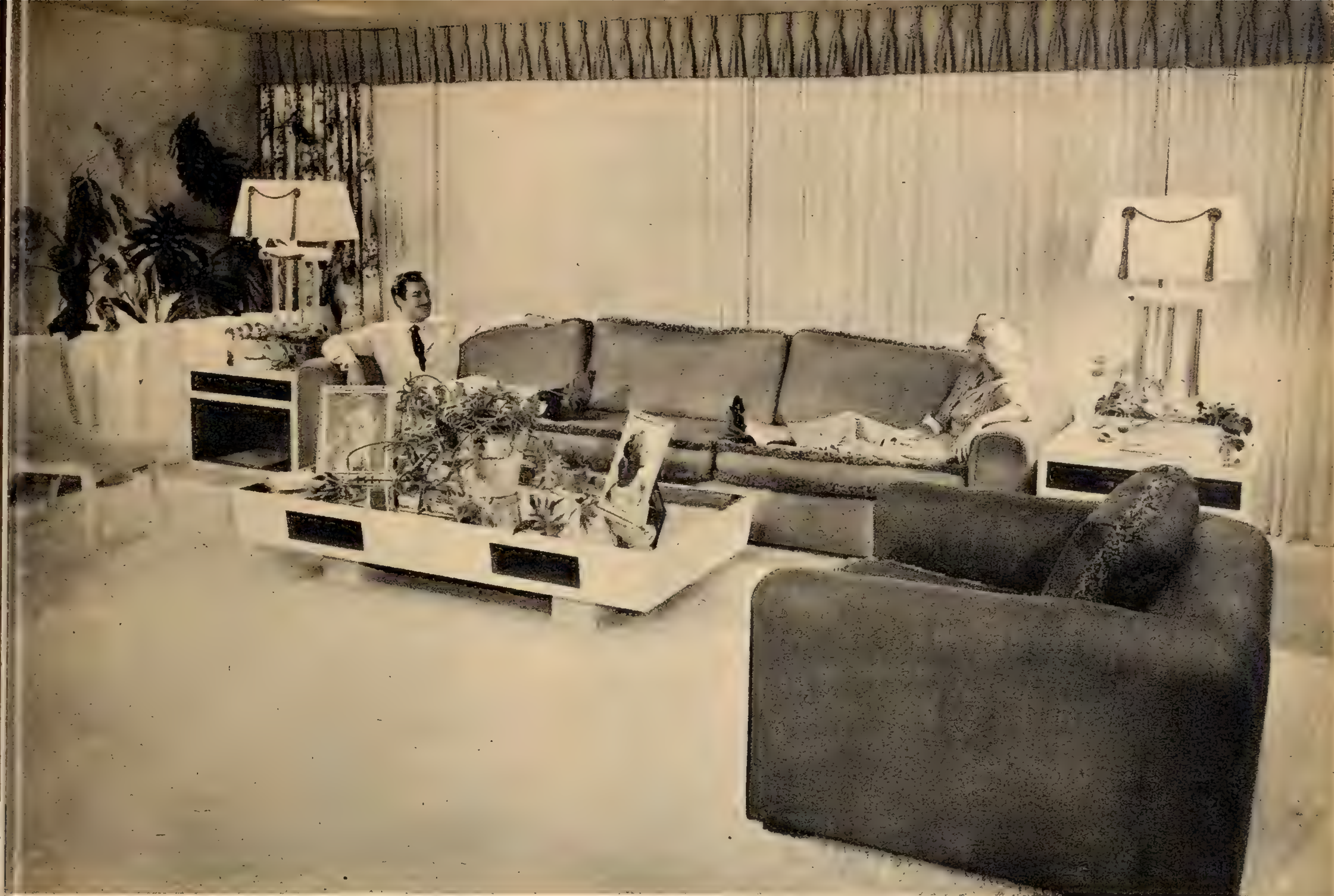
The living room is a rhapsody in gray-green walls and raspberry-red upholstery. The two dominant features are the white concert-grand piano and the pastel portrait of Betty which hangs above it. The portrait was painted by Helen Carlton in 1942. The furniture is out-sized, with the sofa seating six quite easily and the two chairs on either side of the fireplace seating two each. In between is that ottoman-coffee table, Betty's favorite piece.

Ted Briskin's room is a prime example of remodeling ingenuity—made necessary when Ted gave up his original room so it could be turned into the aforementioned nursery. His present one was once nothing but a patio between the library and Betty's bedroom. It's an oak-paneled job, distinctly masculine, with a desk and desk chair done in green leather, other furniture of bleached wood, and a bedspread and draperies of full-bodied yellow.

Betty's bedroom is the room that made her cry when designer Moyer first led her into it. "Why the tears?" Ray asked on that memorable day. "Is it *that* bad?"

"No, no!" Betty sobbed. "It's—it's so beautiful I've just got to cry."

It's beautiful, all right. The wallpaper is blue and streaked with a feathery white figure. The rug is blue and the curtains, made of fine white (Continued on page 103)



Large windows take up a complete wall of the spacious living room. Couch seats six comfortably, and the white grand piano (extreme left) is concert-size. To contrast with massive furniture are warm color tones of grey-green, soft red and muted yellow. Although here they are only entertaining each other, Betty and Ted can—and frequently do—hold big parties in this room



The dining room is "spun sunlight"—with upholstery and rug done in bold yellow. Illusion of space is created by mirrors. The table is a replica of one used in Betty's *Stork Club*.



Betty cried when she saw her bedroom for the first time—"so delicate and beautiful." Colors are pink, blue and white. Loudspeaker at night table picks up all sounds in the nursery.



Getting ready for rodeo time requires lots of work. When Trigger slows down Roy plans to replace him with Trigger, Jr. (above).

■ Before setting out on the third annual tour with their World's Championship Rodeo, Roy Rogers and Dale Evans spent three weeks putting their educated equines, Trigger and Pal, through a brisk refresher course in horse tricks. As a further warm-up, Roy and Dale appeared as guest stars at the annual Sheriff's Rodeo at the Los Angeles Coliseum—where Ann Sheridan presided as Queen (yep, Annie rode a horse) and Marshals Jack Carson and Dennis Morgan led the opening parade.

Soon after this jumbo charity event, Roy and Dale and Trigger and Pal went that-a-way with their own show, opening in Philadelphia and winding up in Chicago a couple of weeks ago following numerous stands in Midwestern cities. The Rogers rodeo is one of the two biggest in existence, the other being that owned and operated by a young feller named Gene Autry—which, as it happens, is also billed as the

World's Championship Rodeo. (Seems that's general usage.)

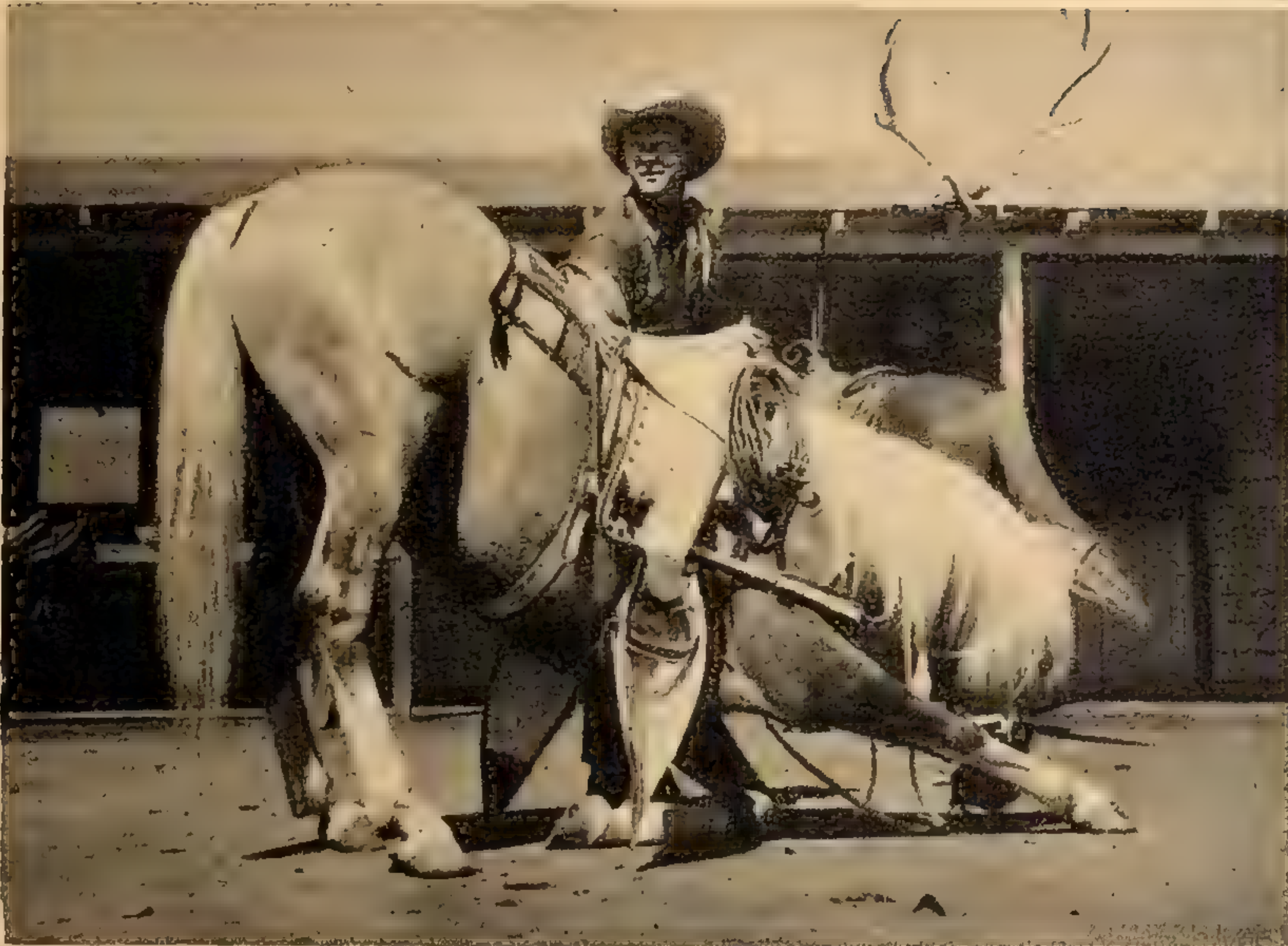
Lots of other rodeos are entertaining as all get out to those who know the finer points of bulldozin', bronco-bustin' and the other frontier specialties—yet make the ordinary spectator right restless after the first unrelieved half hour. The Rogers show is different. Cowboys do try to out-perform each other to win various World's Championships, as decided by points accumulated by the end of the tour. But sandwiched in between the Wild West athletics are trained dogs, acrobats, auto-wrecking comedians, and lots of fine music—mainly supplied by Roy and Dale and The Riders of the Purple Sage. Throughout, Roy tells the folks jokes and little confidences.

At the end he rides around the sides of the arena shaking hands with as many as he can. Everybody—and who can blame 'em?—tries to get into this part of the act.

they went that-a-way!

Rodeo time comes every year for Roy and Dale! They give their horses a refresher course, and then take the West on tour.

photos by bert parry and bob beerman



This is Trigger rehearsing his own way of taking a curtain call. The horse is accomplished on the dance floor, too. He waltzes, fox-trots and jitterbugs—even without a band—all Roy has to do is hum a tune.



Dale and Roy put their horses into a driving gallop. Dale, as good a rider as Roy, is mounted on Pal. Their stables are at the N. Hollywood ranch of Hank Randall, Roy's trainer.



Guests at the annual Sheriff's Rodeo in the Los Angeles Coliseum, Roy and Dale sit at attention as the flag goes by. This rodeo was a warm-up for their own show which toured Midwestern cities in October.



Trigger performs for the Coliseum audience—which numbered 105,000. Roy says he won't teach his next horse 52 stunts because he's tired of having the horse act smarter than he!

Is Jimmy Stewart going to marry Myrna Dell? Will Jane Wyman go back to Ronnie? Here's an expert guide to who's likely to marry whom—and if not, why not.

BY JACK WADE

hollywood's "mystery"

THESE ROMANCES MAKE NEWS

About 12 movie couples keep the gossip columnists happily supplied with enough Cupid items to satisfy their readers. Listed below are the most "active" Hollywood romances. Note that sometimes the same name figures in more than one combination.

CARY GRANT.....BETSY DRAKE

JAMES STEWART.....GLORIA McLEAN
MYRNA DELL

CLARK GABLE.....IRIS BYNUM
DOLLY O'BRIEN
ANITA COLBY

RONALD REAGAN.....MONICA LEWIS

HOWARD DUFF.....AVA GARDNER

PETER LAWFORD.....JANE WYMAN

LEW AYRES.....JANE WYMAN

VINCENT PRICE.....DEANNA DURBIN

BUD FOGELSON.....GREER GARSON

BOB NEAL.....DIANA LYNN

GREG BAUTZER.....JOAN CRAWFORD

DAVID MAY.....BEVERLY TYLER

■ It is early of a Sunday morning. Out where the Topanga Canyon road begins its twists and turns over the mountain range there is a roar of motors. At this hour, shortly after dawn, the Sunday drivers have not yet begun their game of California mayhem, and the road is safe for the two dozen motorcycle fans who whiz back and forth, holding speed tests and trading gab.

Into this scene slides a sleek, squat black car of foreign make, and stops at the side of the road. In it lounges a broad-shouldered man in white T-shirt and white slacks. Seated beside him is a beautiful brunette.

The man is Clark Gable, the girl Iris Bynum.

Motorcycle riders wave as they shoot past. Casually, two or three who know Clark skid up and pause to talk awhile. Not about Hollywood or romance, but about fishing and hunting and high-powered motors. The cycle fans discuss Clark's \$7,000 foreign job, want to know if it is really true that he has another car on the way, worth about \$13,000. He has, he tells them, but the price rumor is a little high. Custom built, the new car will probably cost about \$10,000.

What goes on here?

A few weeks ago, Clark Gable was prowling around the Riviera. Wherever he went he was preceded by a wave of hysterical excitement in the upper-crust social set. To have Clark Gable as a guest was score and point-after-touchdown for any society leader.

Yet here is Clark a few days later, hobnobbing with guys who do good and plenty if they earn over \$100 a week. And the girl with him, this Iris Bynum. Who is she?

Well, who is she?

A girl from Texas, that's all. A girl who works in movies sometimes. A girl whose idea of fun is not a tea dansant

romances

in the Vanderbilt set, but a lovely creature who collects proposals as the average young lady does autographs.

Will Clark Gable marry Iris Bynum? Nope. Will he marry Dolly O'Brien? Hardly. Will he marry Anita (The Face) Colby, with whom he is linked frequently in gossip columns? Of course not.

Of all Hollywood's romantic mysteries, the subject of Clark Gable is more intriguing to social reporters everywhere than is the next chapter of a radio soap opera to the average housewife. And it is a cinch that should Gable ever suffer a lapse from his obvious intentions and wind up at the altar, they'll all be able to claim that they predicted whom he'd marry. At one time or another every writer on the Hollywood scene has announced that Clark is more serious about one girl than another, so in case of such a cataclysmic event, nobody will make a mistake.

What's the answer to Clark Gable's playing the field?

It's simple. Clark Gable has been married a few times. He prefers to stay single.

And in that last simple statement concerning the big man's preference is the answer to so many of the other mystifying romantic situations in Hollywood.

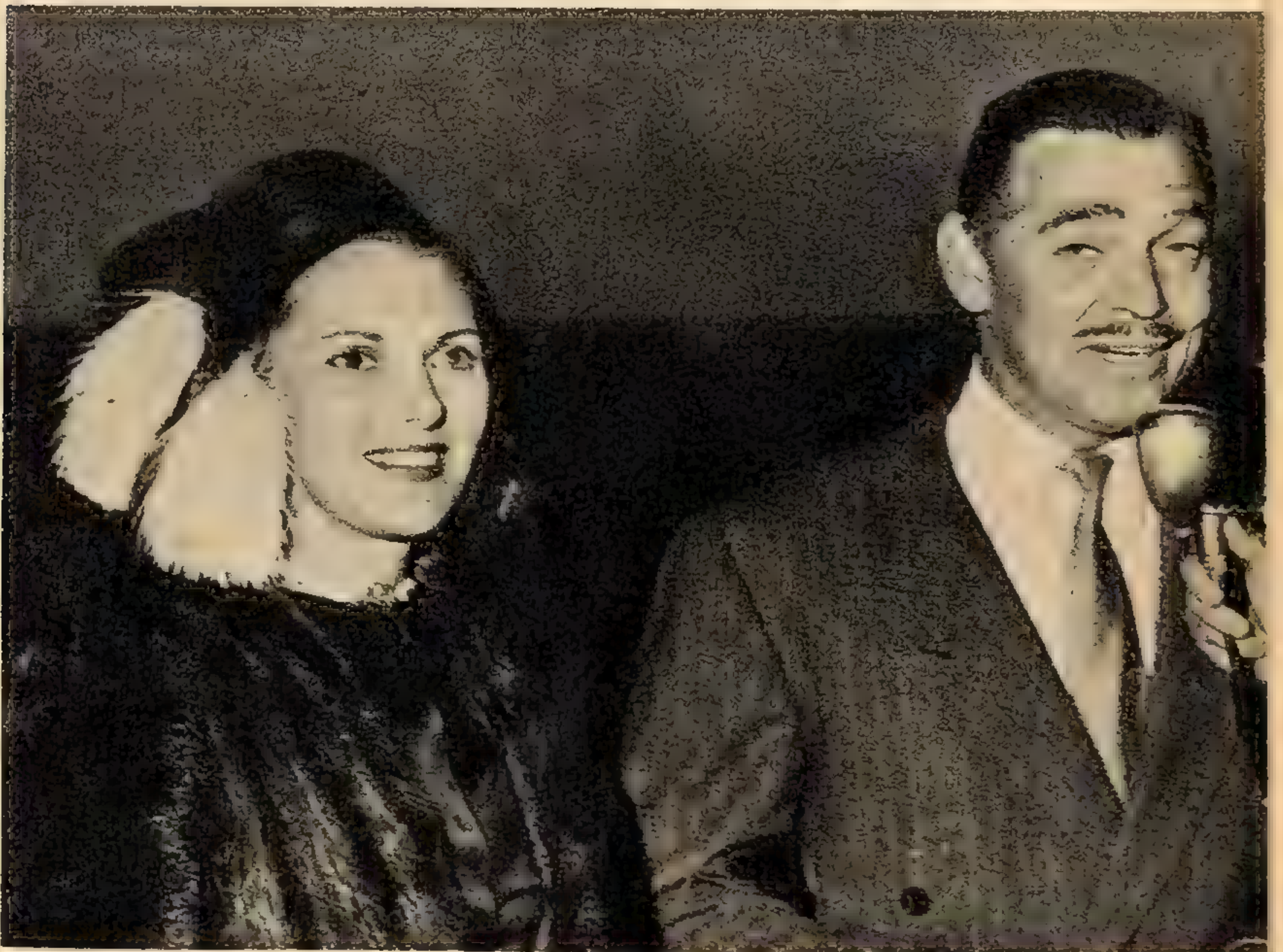
There are some boys and girls out here who run a high fever in their desire to find and lasso a mate. It's a case of believing Nature Boy's advice about the greatest thing you'll ever learn is to love someone and be loved in return.

On the distaff side, Lana Turner has been the prize example of a girl who wants to be married. She is now Mrs. Topping and, as she says, no doubt for keeps. Before all this, Lana was a great problem to herself, her friends and bosses. If Lana met a nice guy and he proposed, the beauty of the idea seemed to intoxicate her.

Lana can well thank Louella (Continued on next page)



Columnists have been trying to marry off bachelor Jimmy Stewart for years. He dated Myrna Dell three whole months before they were discovered and another rash of Stewart marriage rumors broke out.



Of all the Hollywood stags, Gable is the most baffling. Among his favorite girl friends are Anita Colby (above), Iris Bynum and Dolly O'Brien, but it's doubtful that any of them will become Mrs. G.



Cary Grant is another actor who prefers single harness. Nevertheless, gossips keep insisting he'll marry his protégée, Betsy Drake. Cary maintains, though, that his interest in the girl is only professional.

hollywood's "mystery" romances



Howard Duff was on the verge of marrying before the war—the girl wed someone else. Then Duff met Ava Gardner, who'd made two marital mistakes. They became an item.



Ronald Reagan is reportedly still carrying the torch for Jane Wyman, but they both date others. Ronald's current favorite is Monica Lewis. Here's Jane with Pete Lawford.

Parsons for not having made several mistakes. After a couple of wrong tries, Lana had an understanding with Louella. If she felt that pell-mell urge to rush into marital vows, she'd call Louella. At least twice, she called Louella in the middle of the night to announce that she'd found the right man. And from the depths of wisdom founded on long years as a witness to Hollywood heart problems, Louella advised Lana to just kiss this boy goodnight instead of hopping a plane for Las Vegas.

In the morning Lana would congratulate herself on a narrow escape, call Louella and thank her. Unlike Louella, there are a number of columnists who are incurably romantic. When they see a nice boy going with a nice girl, they do all they can to aid and abet the romance. That's why all of us so frequently read in the newspapers that this boy is on the verge of eloping with this girl. Then, a few days later we read that this boy is going out with some other girl, and we can't figure it out.

There's Jimmy Stewart. Poor Jimmy. Every time his friends, fans and columnist historians think about him they picture him as the perfect husband. It's so bad that Jimmy can tell from the look in anyone's eyes exactly when they're going to ask, "Jimmy, when are you going to find the right girl, settle down and get married?"

Jimmy never has an answer for that, but like Clark Gable he is in favor of staying single. Not that this idea of his will ever stop people from speculating on each and every girl he dates.

For instance, many months ago Sylvia Sidney and Carlton Alsop gave a party. They asked Jimmy and they knew he'd like the charming and talented Myrna Dell. They were right. Jimmy promptly began to date Myrna. They went out together for no less than three months before they were discovered. Now Jimmy wonders whether it was a bright idea to take Myrna to that premiere. Right then a rash of romantic predictions broke out over every typewriter in town. Some columnists were a little peeved. They'd been saying that Jimmy was going with someone else, but when Jimmy continued to date Myrna they pegged it as a serious thing.

Serious, that is, until he took Gloria McLean to a dinner party. Then Gloria was the secret heart.

For everybody's information, Jimmy is not going to marry Gloria or Myrna, either. He still dates Myrna regularly, except that she's very busy at the moment being Johnny Weissmuller's heavy date in *Jungle Jim*, and they have fewer dates on the golf course than they used to.

Until now, the barrage of romantic items has not upset the friendship between Myrna and Jimmy. "I guess," Myrna says, "it's because neither of us bothers to read the papers." Then, when confronted with (Continued on page 86)

"kiss
the
blood
off
my
hands"



PICTURE
of the
MONTH

■ It goes without saying that lots of good citizens are going to be outraged by the title of Burt Lancaster's first independent production. Matter of fact, the Johnston office, guardian of sensitivities and morals, banned the title for a while and Burt and his Norma Productions associates changed it to something daintier, *The Unafraid*. Then the Johnston Office reversed the ruling, allowing as how maybe *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* was a nice enough name after all. But Burt said thanks, he guessed he'd just leave it as *The Unafraid*.

Came the first sneak preview—and the enthusiastic customers voted three-to-one for shifting back to the original gory title. So Burt, a firm believer in democracy, gave the people just (Continued on next page)

"kiss the blood off my hands"

(Continued from preceding page) what they wanted.

What's *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* all about? Well, lady, it ain't no picnic. The study of a young bully who kills, lies, steals, trafficks in human misery and is finally regenerated by the love of a nice girl just before, presumably, society closes in on him with a noose, this picture is one of the most brutal and shocking ever filmed. Excellently performed and directed, its morbid fascinations will doubtless lead to brisk box-office business. But there are those who will hold that it should never have been released. Some will say that while it does point a moral—that retribution will eventually catch up with evil-doers—yet at the same time it presents as the main character a contemptible rat who, since impersonated by the glamorous Mr. Lancaster, may well be sympathetically looked upon by many impressionable young spectators as an attractively ruthless and possibly model fellow.

Be that as it may, *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* is a fine example of tight, expert movie-making. Watching its smooth unwinding, you'd never suspect the troubles they had before getting it into the cans. Most movies run into production problems which delay scenes, cause absolute standstills, and in general foul up the budget. *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* had more than its share.

The worst problem was rain, which kept postponing exterior scenes. Next worst was Miss Fontaine's pregnancy, which she announced after the first week's shooting. This, plus a bad cold, kept her out of action for 12 days in all. It was almost impossible to know if she'd be able to work from one day to the next. Another real problem was Burt's beard. He wears a four-day stubble in about 40 percent of the film. Several times, in order to keep things rolling along despite Joan's enforced absences, scheduled scenes in which Burt wears stubble had to be postponed in favor of later scenes in which he appears clean-shaven. This meant he had to shave off and then regrow his beard three times. On each occasion it took a week-end. And another problem was presented by Robert Newton, the fine British character actor who plays Harry. Mr. Newton, a cheery, very pleasant man, found it almost impossible to pace his studying to the American idea of speed. He needed at least two days notice on his scenes, or he simply wouldn't know them.

Despite these and other headaches, director Norman Foster completed shooting only three days over schedule.

Burt's toughest scene was the flogging scene, which was left in the picture only after it had received favorable sneak preview approval. In order to get the feeling of reality into his facial reactions to pain, Burt actually took twelve licks from the cat-o'-nine-tails. Of course, it was only plain belting, instead of the leaded affairs they use in (Continued on page 92)



1. The lurid *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* begins when drifter Bill Saunders (Burt Lancaster), a Canadian ex-war prisoner, kills a London pub proprietor in a brawl, then flees through the waterfront streets.



4. Jane and Bill go to the races. On the return train, his hot temper leads him to slug another passenger. He leaps from the train, dragging Jane with him. She upbraids him, runs away. He gives chase.



7. Now Harry persuades Bill to steal a truckload of scarce penicillin and sulfa. But Bill finds Jane in the truck, takes her and drugs to village stricken with scarlet fever. On return trip, they declare their love.



2. Bill gains refuge by breaking into the flat where Jane (Joan Fontaine), a clinic nurse, lives alone. He threatens her, says he's done no wrong, lets her go off next morning convinced she won't inform police.



3. Leaving the flat at nightfall, Bill gets funds by robbery, buys new clothes, gets shaved. His appearance changed, he feels safe, looks up Jane and gets her, against her judgment, to go out with him.



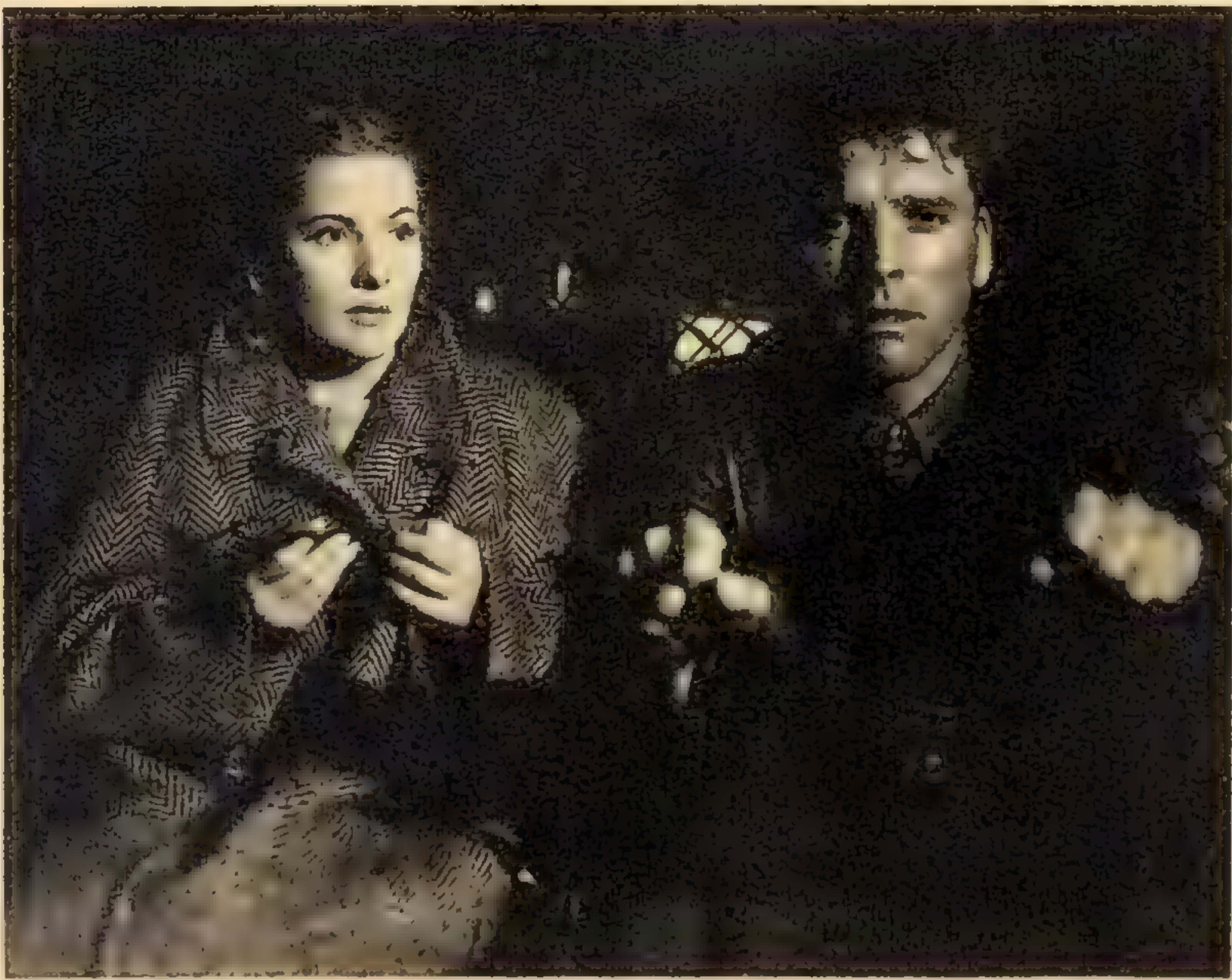
5. While chasing Jane, Bill strikes an interfering policeman, is seized by another, gets six months in jail and 18 lashes. Released, he is approached by Harry (Robert Newton), who witnessed the pub killing.



6. Harry induces him to join him in crime, but after a quarrel over loot from a garage robbery, Bill leaves him. Harry's henchmen try vainly to beat Bill up. Jane gets him a job as clinic truck-driver.



8. That night, Harry goes to Jane's flat to talk her into joining his gang. She refuses, they struggle, she stabs him with scissors. She tells Bill, who removes the still-alive Harry to a hideout. He dies.



9. Bill arranges with smugglers to take him and Jane to the Continent, steals penicillin to pay. He tells Jane Harry was only wounded. They start for the ship. Jane learns the truth, insists they surrender.

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CHICKEN TETRAZZINI "Glorified"? That's putting it mildly!

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---|
| 1/2 cup sliced mushrooms | 1/8 teaspoon pepper |
| 3 tablespoons butter | 1/4 teaspoon celery salt |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1 cup cooked shredded chicken |
| 1 tall can Carnation Milk, undiluted | 1 cup cooked spaghetti cut in 1" pieces |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 1/3 cup Parmesan cheese |
| 1/4 teaspoon paprika | |

Sauté mushrooms in butter till tender. Add flour and stir till smooth. Add Carnation Milk and seasonings. Cook till thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Blend half of sauce with chicken and remaining half with spaghetti. Bake spaghetti around edges of shallow greased baking dish. Pour chicken mixture into center. Sprinkle with cheese. Brown under broiler. May be garnished with pimiento or chopped parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book," containing 75 exceptional recipes. It's free. Address Dept. X-12, Carnation Company, Oconomowoc, Wis. or Los Angeles 36, Calif.

LISTEN to the "Contented Hour" from Hollywood every Monday night on your NBC station.

"From Contented Cows"



The voice is little but loud. It's Loretta's Conscience and best friend, an odd character who wiggles in the face of Temptation.

■ Loretta Young was bushed.— That day on location in eastern Oregon had been really rugged. If *Rachel and the Stranger* didn't turn out to be the greatest film since *The Birth of a Nation*, it wouldn't be her fault. She'd given her All.

As Loretta dragged herself through the door of her little rented house, the prospect of sitting up and opening and closing her jaws the requisite number of times to down dinner was too much to face. She called the maid. "No dinner, Beatrice," she said. "I'm going right to bed."

She fell asleep the minute her head hit the pillow. Then she was dreaming the house was on fire. Firemen, as she recalls it, were on their knees around the bed begging her to arise and jump out the window into the nice net. This she refused to consider until they'd convinced her it was necessary by signing an affidavit stating they couldn't save the bedroom.

What brought on this colorful dream was, no doubt, the ringing of the telephone. A famous novelist had just arrived in town after rushing up from Hollywood. He was calling Loretta. At Loretta's own request he'd dropped everything to come up and talk to her about his new book in which, from everything Loretta had heard, there was a wonderful role for her.

Now Beatrice, the maid, knew it was important that the novelist get in touch with Loretta. But, sympathetic toward her mistress' exhaustion, she decided to use her own judgment—a judgment which told her it was best for Loretta and best for tomorrow's work that Loretta not be disturbed.

The writer pleaded, argued, finally threatened—and got nowhere. For one night in the life of Loretta Young her career was in the hands of her maid, and Beatrice firmly

this little voice went no, no, no!

by Winston Stallings

shoved it to one side in favor of the prosaic blessing of a little shut-eye for the weary star.

Next morning, Beatrice had to call Loretta three times before she got up. And then there was such a dither and a bustle to get her off so she wouldn't be late on the set that Beatrice completely forgot to tell her about the novelist's call.

Thus it wasn't until quite some time later, when Loretta had returned to Hollywood, that she discovered that the writer, in a towering passion at not seeing her, had gone back to the film capital figuratively, chewing on his manuscript and spitting out whole chapters along the railroad tracks. This she learned when she chanced to encounter him at a Beverly Hills parking lot. He roared his indignation. Loretta apologized deeply, explaining she'd never been told of his call. (In a few moments, naturally, the fellow was beaming and purring.)

Loretta was darned provoked as she started for home. Why on earth hadn't Beatrice called her? She was going to tell that maid a thing or two!

But on the way back she began to think of how she had felt that night in Oregon, how bone-tired she'd been, how refreshed by the uninterrupted sleep. . . .

By the time she got home . . . well, the maid greeted her and Loretta replied with a warm smile. Then, as she started up the stairs, she turned back. "Beatrice," she said, "I want you to know something. I think you're a *jewel*!"

Loretta Young, you see, has a conscience. A "wiggling, loud" conscience, she calls it. Let her try to act hastily in a situation without thinking things through, and her conscience gets right up and hollers. Let her try to (Continued on page 95)



Loretta was known as Gretchen Young when she began her career at 5. Silent star Colleen Moore suggested the new name. "Gretch," as her friends still call her, has been Mrs. Tom Lewis since 1940, has 3 kids. *Rachel and the Stranger* is No. 68!

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*Of Dan River's famed Starspun, cotton just agog with
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*residual shrinkage not more than 3%



IT'S A
DAN RIVER
FABRIC



holiday fashions

CONNIE BARTEL, FASHION EDITOR

■ Christmas! The stir and urge of bells; the insistent pungence of evergreens; the white whirl of snowflakes. And—the heady yen to wear your spirit on the outside as well as in, to pin some holly in your hair—to wear something red, something green, to glitter—yes, like a Christmas tree.

To help you glow as brightly as any holiday candle, and to indulge your pressed down and overflowing impulse to gift everyone you know, this month's fashions are aimed both at you and the friends you'll give presents.

The holiday clothes Peggy Cummins wears on the next three pages, for example, we picked for you to wear to all those parties you have scheduled. The ski clothes Ella Raines models we thought you might use as a hint to your mother, your husband, your rich uncle, or anybody else who's wondering what to give you.

As for the glamorous accessories on pages 68 and 70, each one of them can add the final holiday touch to any of your costumes; all of them will make exciting gifts to your friends. Need we remind you that there's not a minute to lose in ordering, if you want your holiday loot by the twenty-fifth?

So let the Christmas spirit enter in, let joy be unconfined, and get out that gift list.

peggy cummins says merry christmas and looks the part

■ Peggy Cummins, currently in Europe making "Autumn Violins" for Alexander Korda, looks gay as a gift-wrap in holiday red, green and gold.

Know a sweater girl? Give her the sweater with the gold yoke. It's all wool, the tinsel won't tarnish. Green, royal blue, black or grey. By Featherknits—\$3.98.

Know a girl who goes to lots of formals? Try the gold mesh gloves. They're hand crocheted, won't tarnish. Also in bronze, silver or gun metal. By Aris—\$4.98.

Know a bracelet fan? Give her Peggy's gold birdcage bracelet, and watch her swoon. The dangling gold birdcage is filled with colored stones—and it's the sensation of jewel collectors. By Coro—\$4.98, plus tax.

All these are at Oppenheim Collins, New York—and other stores, page 72.

modern screen fashions





for christmas dates

the dress with the



If there was ever a girl born to
wear perky, come-and-get-me date clothes,

it's Peggy Cummins. At right she wears
a dreamy holiday suit in tiny-checked

green and black iridescent taffeta. The
collar and peplum are fringed in
black, the buttons are jet. Also rose

or royal checks. Sizes 9-15. By Dorris
Varnum for Jonathan Logan, \$17.95.

At Best & Co., New York;

other store information page 72.

Cute Peggy Cummins demonstrates a
boy's idea of how a girl should look
on a holiday date—gay and a little bit saucy.

Her pert one-piece dress has a plaid
taffeta skirt with apron back—
flippant as anything. The black
faille bodice buttons to a little collar,
tied with plaid. Sizes 7-15. By
Nan Scott Jr., \$14.95. At John
Wanamaker, New York,
other stores page 72.



follow-me *air*

**oh
say,
can you
ski?**



ella raines

makes like a pro on the slopes — she's that crazy about skiing. You can tell she's expert by the way she wears ski clothes—this St. Moritz-y looking parka, for example. It's natural colored Zelan-treated gabardine with a cotton fleece lining and vicuna fur to snuggle your ears and chin. Sizes 10-20. By White Mountain. \$12.95. Arnold Constable, N. Y., other stores page 72.

■ Ella Raines, star of Columbia's forthcoming *The Walking Hills*, really skis a mean christie whenever she can find some snow. Right, she wears a streamlined cotton gabardine ski suit with zipper front and pockets. Your choice of navy, black, green or brown with white yoke; or black, navy, green, grey with red yoke. Sizes 10-20. By Davis Sportswear. About \$25. Arnold Constable, N. Y., other stores page 72.



is she glamorous?
give her . . .



1. Nylon lace stockings, very cheesecake! They're Mojud's Fantasy, and they can't run. \$2.25.
2. Glowing bronze dress-up belt. It's metallic and sparkles like crazy. By Garay. \$1.
3. Rhinestone and pearl pin and earring set. Gold or silver. By Dona. \$1.98* per set.
4. Pearl-centered gold metal compact, squared off in filigree. Looks expensive! By Wadsworth. \$3*.
5. Fluffy angora mittens, sprinkled with twinkling colored sequins. By American Knit Gloves. \$3.50.
6. White bunny fur scarf and muff trimmed with gold braid. Each \$4. Fur headband in white, black or brown, \$2. By Douglas of California.
7. Dreamy pearl and gold heart bracelet. By Karu. \$2.98*.

For where to buy see pages 72 and 73.
*Plus tax.

BUDGET PRICED LUXURIES

with fancy nylon trim



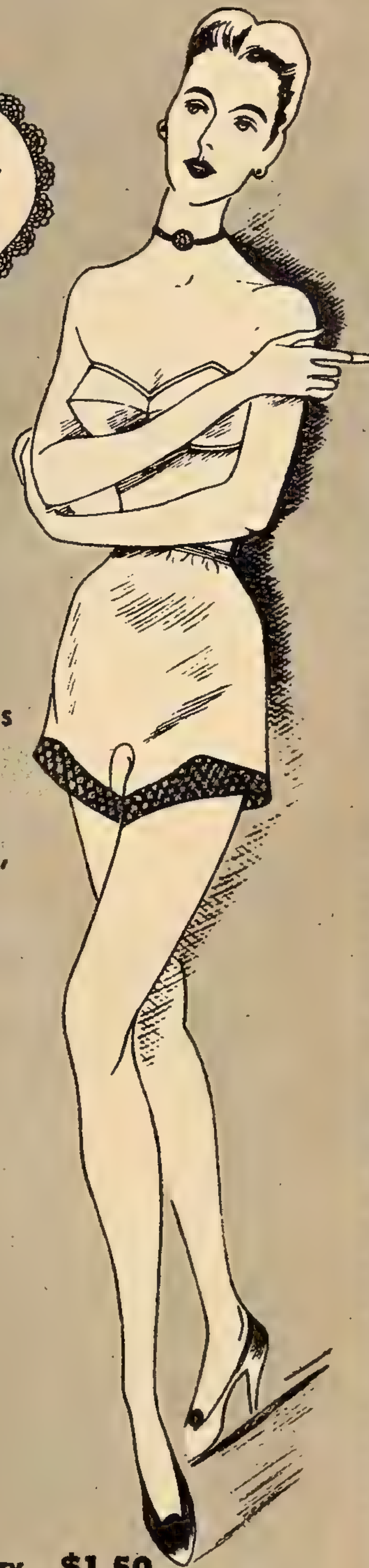
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gift . . . individually or as
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for that added touch of
femininity. See them
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of the
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is she dashing?
give her . . .

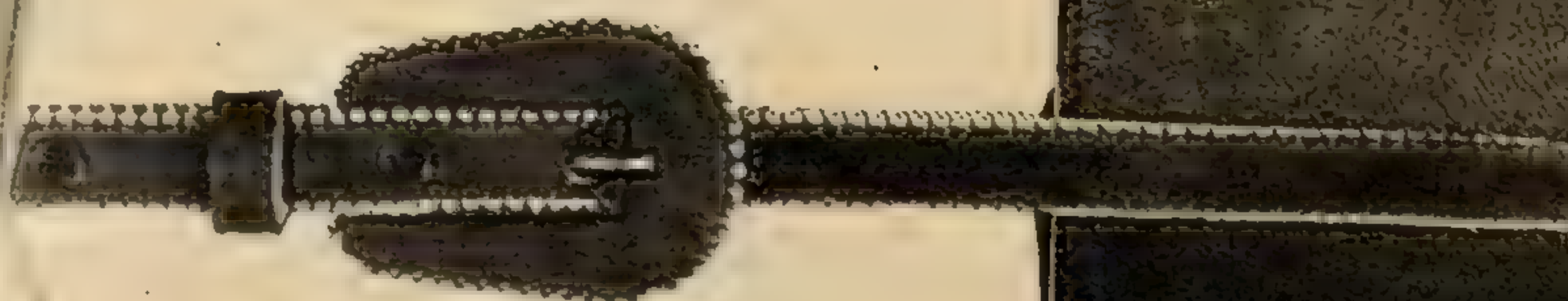


1. Sterling key chain with St. Christopher medal. \$3.50.
2. Sporty wool gloves with pigskin palms. By Wear-Right. \$4.98.
3. Swanky grey sharkskin overnight case trimmed and lined in bright red. It's 18", comes in many colors with contrasting leather trim. By Skyway. \$18.*
4. Leather dog-leash belt in all colors. By Vogue. \$1.95.
5. Fake fur scarf—veddy smart. Baronduki printed fabric, bright lining. By Glentex. \$1.
6. Fake leopard vest—in lush printed plush. By Langail. \$8.
7. New smaller handbag. Genuine split cowhide envelope, gold edge. Red, green, black. By Kadin. \$2.98*
8. Bright suede belt edged with gold beads. By Criterion. \$2.
9. Morocco leather change purse. Opens flat into roomy wallet. Red, black, brown, with name. \$4.25.

For where to buy see page 73
*Plus tax.



8

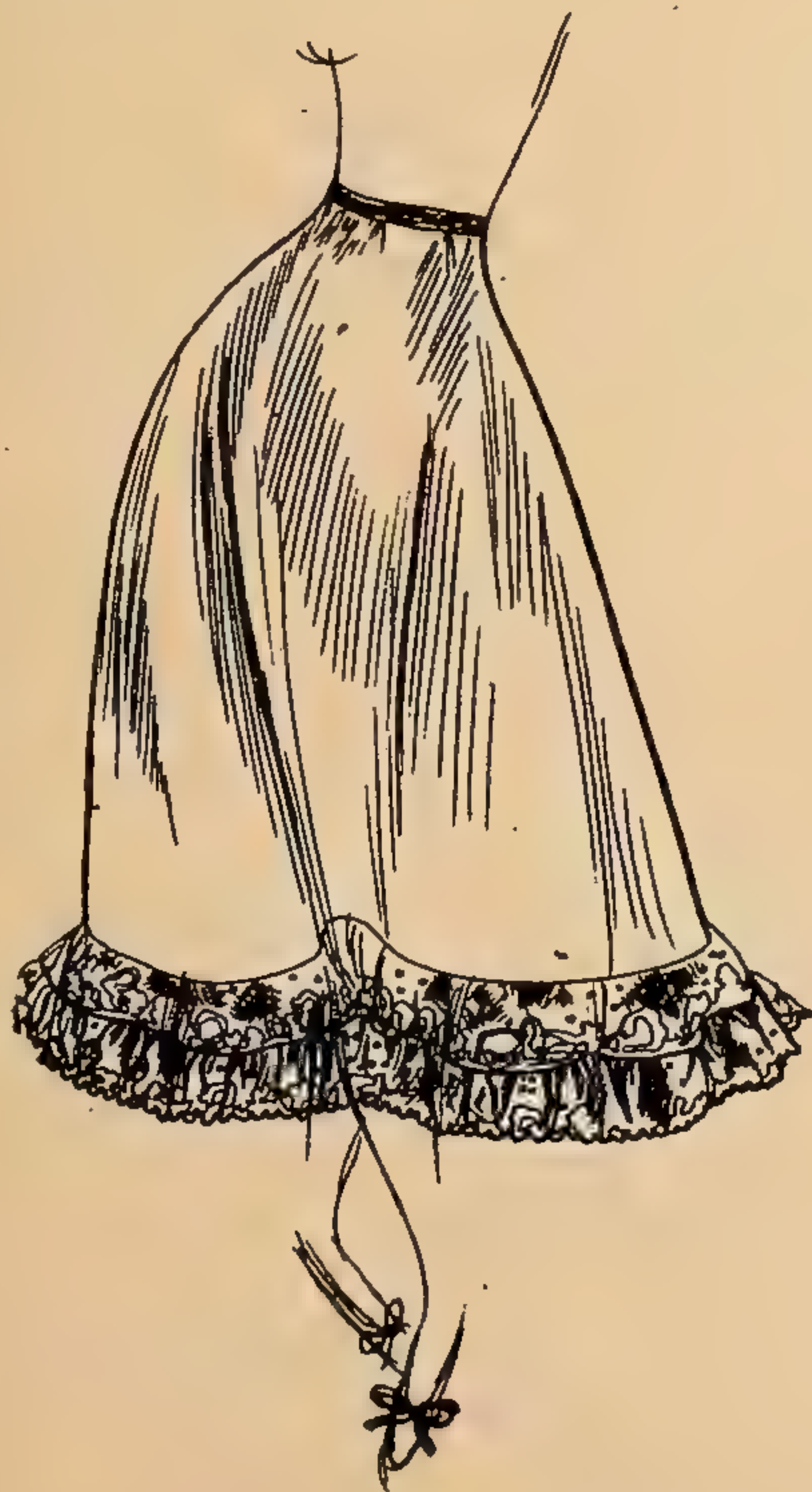


give her a slip



for the girl who likes polka dots . .

Sweet sprinkling of embroidered dots on bodice and flounce. Fine crepe in heavenly colors—yellow, blue, pink, white. A Powers Model Slip, \$3.98. At Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh.



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When ordering C. O. D. customer agrees to pay all charges.

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in the
circle!



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one minute!



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folds into a smart plastic
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bag like your lipstick! At
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Standard Model KURLASH...\$1



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Green and gold sweater, gold mesh gloves
and birdcage bracelet worn by Peggy
Cummins in the full color photograph
(page 63) all at:

Los Angeles, Calif.—*The Broadway Dept.
Store*, Broadway & 4th Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*,
33 W. 34th St.

Iridescent checked taffeta suit, fringe trim,
worn by Peggy Cummins (page 64)

New York, N. Y.—*Best & Co.*, 51st St. &
5th Ave., *Young Cosmopolitan Shop*,
6th fl.

Plaid taffeta and black faille dress worn by
Peggy Cummins (page 65)

Albany, N. Y.—*Cotrell & Leonard*, 472
Broadway
Charlotte, N. C.—*Belk Bros.*—and all
Belk and *Leggett* stores throughout
Southeastern United States
Cincinnati, O.—*The H. & S. Pogue Co.*,
4th & Race Sts., *Junior Miss Shop*, 3d fl.
Los Angeles, Calif.—*Desmond's*, 616
Broadway, *Woman's Shop*
New York, N. Y.—*John Wanamaker*,
Broadway & 9th St., *Mimi Shop*, 3rd fl.
Scranton, Pa.—*The Heinz Store*
Springfield, Mass.—*Forbes & Wallace*,
1414 Main St., *Debonnaire Shop*, 2nd fl.

Hooded parka with vicuna fur trim worn
by Ella Raines (page 66)

Chicago, Ill.—*Mandel Brothers*, State &
Madison Sts.
Detroit, Mich.—*Peters Sport Apparel*,
1228 Griswold Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable*,
5th Ave. & 40th St.

Cotton gabardine ski suit with zipper
pockets worn by Ella Raines (page 67)

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Loeser's*, 484 Fulton St.
Buffalo, N. Y.—*Adam, Meldrum & An-
derson Co.*, 398 Main St.
Detroit, Mich.—*Crowley, Milner & Co.*,
Gratiot Ave.
Hartford, Conn.—*Brown Thomson, Inc.*,
920 Main St.
New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable*,
5th Ave. & 40th St.

MODERN SCREEN CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Gifts for the glamorous gal (page 68)

1. Nylon lace stockings

Boston, Mass.—*Jordan Marsh Co.*,
Washington & Avon Sts.
New York, N. Y.—*Franklin Simon*, 5th
Ave. & 38th St.

2. Bronze metallic belt

Pittsburgh, Pa.—*Joseph Horne Co.*, Penn-
sylvania Ave.

3. Matching pin and earrings set

Grand Rapids, Mich.—*Herpolsheimer's*,
101 Monroe Ave.
New York, N. Y.—*Saks-34th*, 34th St. &
Broadway

4. Gold compact with pearl and filigree
design

New York, N. Y.—*Arnold Constable*,
5th Ave. & 40th St.
Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.*, Market &
8th Sts.

MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS

5. Angora mittens with sequin trim

New York, N. Y.—*Bloomingdale's*, 59th St. & Lexington Ave.

6. Bunny fur headband, scarf and muff with braid trim

Cleveland, Ohio—*The May Co.*, Euclid & Ontario Sts.

Detroit, Mich.—*Himelhoch's*, 1545 Woodward Ave.

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St.

7. Pearl and gold heart bracelet

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Namm's*, 452 Fulton St.
New York, N. Y.—*Stern's*, 41 W. 42nd St.

Gifts for the dashing gal (page 70)

1. St. Christopher key chain

Order by mail from:

H. E. Associates, 223 E. 50th St., New York 22, N. Y.

(Postage included in price)

2. Pigskin palm gloves

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St.

Philadelphia, Pa.—*Lit Bros.*, Market & 8th Sts.

3. Sharkskin overnight case

Dallas, Tex.—*Neiman Marcus*, Main & Ervay Sts.

San Francisco, Calif.—*City of Paris Dry Goods Co.*, Geary & Stockton Sts.

4. Leather dog-leash belt

New York, N. Y.—*Bond Fifth Ave.*, 5th Ave. & 35th St.

5. Fake fur baronduki scarf

Fort Worth, Tex.—*The Fair*

New York, N. Y.—*McCreery's*, 5th Ave. & 34th St.

6. Fake leopard vest

Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Martin's*, 501 Fulton St.

New York, N. Y.—*Macy's*, Herald Square
Portland, Ore.—*Chas. F. Berg Co.*, 615 S. Broadway

7. Split cowhide envelope handbag

Columbus, Ohio—*F. & R. Lazarus & Co.*, High & Town Sts.

New York, N. Y.—*Oppenheim Collins*, 33 W. 34th St.

8. Suede belt edged with gold beads

New York, N. Y.—*Gimbels*, 33rd St. & Ave. of Americas

9. Combination wallet and change purse

Order by mail from:

Crown Craft Products, 246 5th Ave., New York 1, N. Y.

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- (2) Order by mail from stores listed.
- (3) Write *Connie Bartel*, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.—for store in your vicinity.

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LET'S ALL GET HEP!!

for the PIGTAILERS



Oh so ducky.
In White, Red.
Picture of Donald
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Vicki ... OF BOSTON

VICKI OF BOSTON

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Please send me boots:

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Size _____ Color _____

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CITY _____ STATE _____

Send check or money order and we will pay postage.
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Strictly hept!
In White, Red.
Picture of Teena
in Growing Girls'
sizes 4 to 8.

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for the KIDDIES



Mosey with Mickyl
In White, Red.
Picture of Mickey
Mouse in Child's
sizes 6 to 12.

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ORDER MAIL

cabinet—excuse please, the plane—is hanged in Glenn's upstairs study, Glenn's favorite room.

This is quite a place. An electric train with three tracks runs under the chairs and around the tables. "That's for the little boy," Ellie told us. We nodded understandingly as Glenn turned on the switch.

Every wall in the room is shelved with records. There's a glass case in the corner where Glenn keeps his gun. (It's always locked so Peter won't put inquiring fingers on it.) There are also sun lamps, books, cowboy boots, and an ice cream bar. An autographed picture of the late President Roosevelt stands on Glenn's desk.

Sitting next to this sleek mahogany desk is a battered-looking table. The leather is almost gone from its top and if you blow hard its legs quiver. Each year Ellie decides to get rid of it as her first contribution to spring house-cleaning. And each year Glenn gallops down the hill after the dealer's truck and manages to retrieve it.

The clock on the mantel struck five and a cool breeze could be felt from the ocean. Glenn lighted the large open fireplace. Ellie joined us on the floor before it and helped select records from the albums. Some were labeled ELEANOR POWELL and some GLENN FORD.

"How come?" we asked.

"Both Glenn and I are record collectors from way back. I had 5,000 discs B. G.—Before Glenn—and he had 3,000. I often think he just proposed so we could merge our record collection."

"Tain't so," Glenn chimed in. "You know I married you for your cheesecake—the kind you eat."

Ellie looked at Glenn and a smile started rolling up her cheeks.

It was a family joke. When Glenn had his first date with Ellie, they didn't go dining or dancing, but spent the evening at her home. They had dinner there—and what a wonderful dinner! For dessert Ellie served what turned out to be Glenn's favorite dish—cheesecake.

"I decided she was the girl for me the moment I tasted it," said Glenn. "I didn't learn until later that the cheesecake was the contribution of Ellie's cook, Agnes Clark, to the romance. Aggie has been with her since 1936. So when we were married, I got not only the cheesecake, but Aggie as well."

We can vouch for Agnes' cooking. The dinner we had would have driven a calorie-watcher mad. There was rare roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, little creamed onions and—of course!—cheesecake. (Only the week before, the Fords' next-door neighbors, the James Masons, had visited them, and they too pronounced the pudding splendid.)

We finally pushed away from the table and were steered into the living room. The thing that impresses you here is that there are two of everything. Two antique chests flank the fireplace, two love seats, two radios and even two mirror-topped coffee tables. On the latter there are two silver match boxes—one inscribed ELLIE and the other GLENN.

Glenn was busy getting out the home projector and Peter asked if he could see the Bugs Bunny cartoon first.

Glenn and Pete had a little trouble getting the screen set up because the radios were in the way. The Fords are radio addicts. They have one in every room, including the garage and the baths.

After we'd seen Bugs Bunny it was pretty late for Pete, so Ellie took him up to bed. We tagged along.

Peter's room is filled with dozens of toys. A colorful parade of elephants runs along the wallpaper. There's an alcove which houses a refrigerator and a sink, also a tiny bed which Peter has outgrown.

"Will you tell me a goodnight story?" he asked. Although he's only three, he talks very plainly.

Ellie handed him his favorite toy, button-eyed Toto the Clown—several inches taller than he. And began telling him about the gallant knight and the fair lady.

Glenn had the film changed by the time we returned downstairs. He ran a print of *Fighting Lady*. Afterwards we sat

around and talked—about everything from fishing to Ellie's forthcoming dance tour. Then all of a sudden it was 11:30. Bed-time.

We had just settled into our extra long, extra wide bed when there was a knock on the door. And in came Ellie, with two delectable nightcaps for us—double-strength vanilla malteds! Have we already said something about perfect hospitality?

Next morning we were awakened by a clanging noise and Peter's voice calling, "Hi-ho, Silver, away!" He sounded nearby. He was—just outside our door.

He was riding a pinto rocking horse, covered with real pony's hair, and shooting bandits down the hallway. When he saw us he forgot his man-hunt. Stepping over his lifeless victims, he accompanied us downstairs to breakfast on the patio. Ellie and Glenn were waiting.

The patio is rosy brick with wrought-iron furniture. It opens off the living room and overlooks a well-landscaped yard. Tall pine and eucalyptus trees skirt the grounds and provide a forest-like setting.

This is only one of the Fords' yards. To the right of the patio and through a white picket gate is still another. Here there is a greenhouse which contains Glenn's prize tuberoses. There's also a pint-sized swimming pool for Cheesehead and a much-used badminton court.

Glenn's a whiz at the game. (Ask his regular opponents, Bill Holden, William Wyler and Mark Stevens.) It helps him keep his trim, 165-pound frame as well as his year-round tan.

Although Glenn is a kind and thoughtful guy, once he steps on the badminton court he's a demon with the racket. If we were in the rear, he'd hit one just over the net. If we were by the net, the bird would soar over our heads. He took high glee and even higher aim in spotting the bird just a little too high for our 5-foot-2 frames. (He beat us 20 to 4!)

Later in the day, Ellie let Peter go in swimming. The pool is about the size of a goldfish pond and only three feet deep.

Peter was splashing noisily about playing "Whee." This is a game Glenn and Pete invented. Pete floats in the water until the count of three—then Glenn says "Whee," and Peter makes like a rotary eggbeater.

Ellie came out of the house bearing double-dip chocolate ice-cream cones. Seeing her, Peter scampered out of the water and flung wet arms around her waist.

"Mommy, I love you, I love you!"

"Is it just because I have my hands full of ice cream?"

"No. I love you so much I want to crack your head open so I can pour all the love in."

"Violent child you have there, Mrs. Ford," said Glenn, beaming. "And to think you were afraid if we had a boy he wouldn't be affectionate." He turned to us. "You know, Ellie's so soft-hearted she makes me be the heavy when it comes to disciplining Pete. The worst thing you can do to him is to send him to bed without saying goodnight. Peter's favorite expression is, 'Let's not tell Daddy, shall we?' But Cheesehead really isn't much of a problem."

With this, Glenn abruptly picked up Cheesehead and swung him around in the air. Pete squealed with delight and Ellie got that be-careful look all mothers get.

It was a perfect picture. It was a perfect weekend.

THE END



"Pardon me, is this seat taken?"

"Fashion Plate"

Cream Wafer

Face Make-Up by

REVLON



PHOTOGRAPH: RAWLINGS JEWELS: MILTON SCHEPPS
HAT AND COAT: LILLY DACHÉ COPY, 1948, REV. LON PRODUCTS CORP.

IT'S GOING PLACES...
in the smartest handbags!
It's *designed* to keep the
poreless-as-porcelain perfection
of the "Fashion Plate" complexion
at your fingertips... always.



JUST FINGER-STROKE IT ON...
Not a cake, "Fashion Plate"
needs no water or sponge. It *ends*
the old-fashioned, dry, mask-y
look! Choose from exclusive
fashion-genius colors.

The great new fashion in make-up! New vanity-case size 1.00 *plus tax*

Are you in the know?



For the pale hands he loves, try —

- ☐ Bleaching lotion
- ☐ Moon magic
- ☐ Dusky lacquer

You're the romantic type, now! With a fragile, "ladylike" look, even to your pastel fingernails. That calls for careful manicures—moons and tips showing. Here's how: Outline moon with enamel; paint rest of nail completely. Then, while enamel's wet, "thumb off" a rounded nail tip. Depth of moon should suit your individual nail. Just as—on "those" days—your *needs* should guide your choice of napkins. Try *Kotex—3 absorbencies* to choose from.



What's the Jinx in this jalopy?

- ☐ The cuddle couple
- ☐ The boogie blast
- ☐ Four's a crowd

Joy ride? Uh-uh. For here, say safety experts, are the makings of a crash landing! (See all answers above.) The car's crowded: bad for careful driving. The raucous music adds *more* distraction. Anyway, how can a highway romeo keep his mind on the road? Sharp gals will avoid these hazards; take no risks. Even of problem-day accidents. And that's why they choose *Kotex* . . . its exclusive *safety center* means *extra* protection!



If your back's blemished, what's best?

- ☐ A white hanky
- ☐ A rain check
- ☐ A stole

Stoles for your strapless frocks are high fashion . . . not meant for hiding hickies! And you can't "un-date" at zero hour. Why wait 'til dance night to cover back break-outs? Start days ahead, with anti-septic—plus white hanky, pinned to shoulderstraps. Worn beneath school dresses, the medicated "goo" works while you grind! Never fret about how to conceal "certain" outlines—with *Kotex*. Those *flat pressed ends* prevent outlines; protect you—*all* ways!



When giving a party, which is important?

- ☐ Fancy refreshments
- ☐ Banishing the family
- ☐ Keeping your guests busy

To save your party from the floperoo brackets it doesn't take caterer's chow . . . or shooing Mom to the movies. *Plan* the doings. Have records handy. Provide the "props" for games. At Christmas, let your guests trim the tree; anything to keep them

busy. And should your calendar suddenly betray you, don't be a blu gnu! Turn to *Kotex*, for comfort. For *softness* that *holds its shape*. In short, be carefree with the new *Kotex*—made to stay soft while you wear it. And happy hostessing to you!



More women choose **KOTEX**^{*} than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

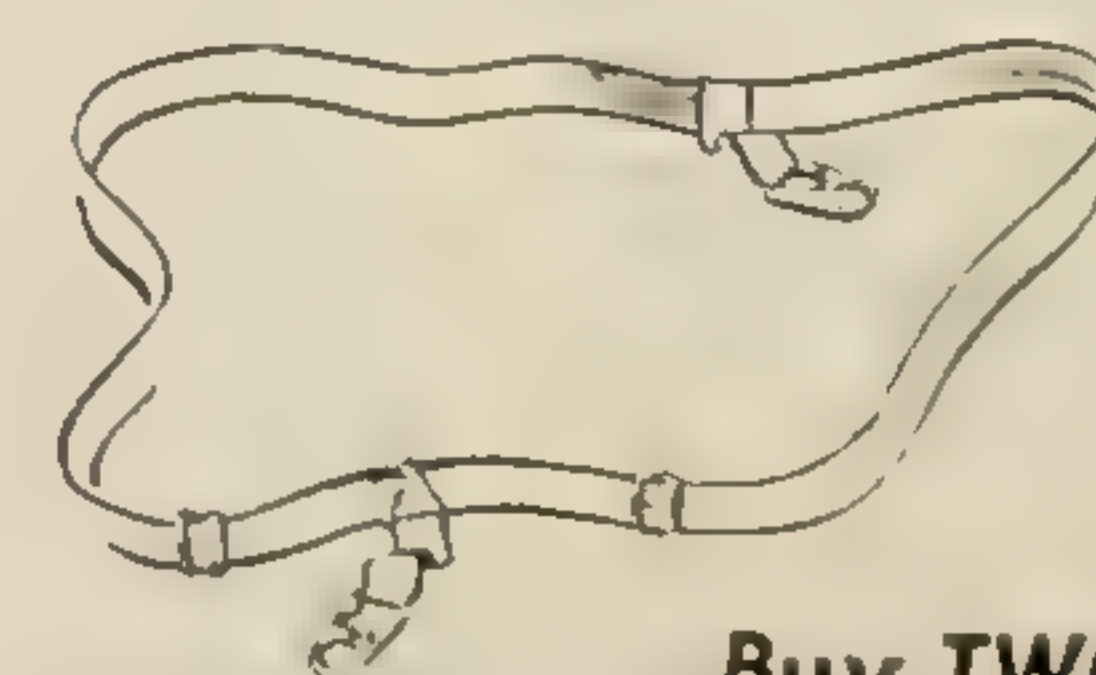


Why does a gal buy 2 sanitary belts?

- ☐ For extra security
- ☐ For that "bandbox" feeling
- ☐ One belt's for her sister

Next time you're dressing for a date—donning fresh undies, a charming frock—you'll want a change of sanitary belts. Yes, for that crisp, "bandbox feeling" you need two *Kotex* Sanitary Belts, for a *change*.

You know, the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. And because it's adjustable, all-elastic, your *Kotex* Belt fits smoothly; doesn't bind. So—for more comfort, buy the new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt. And buy *two*—for a *change*!



Kotex
Sanitary
Belt

Buy TWO—by name!

the fans

MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION

News: Bob Atcher Club is convention-minded. Also looking for a new name for their journal . . . Rex Allen Clubbers are calling on the entire MSFCA to help one of their members, Paul Nelson, Jr., injured in an accident, and now unable to move about unless you can help buy Paul his own ambulance station wagon. Several businessmen have started the fun and you may add to it by mailing contributions to Peter Burowski, pres. of Cosmopolitan Bank, Chicago, Ill. . . . To celebrate the first anniversary of her club, honorary Joan Fulton is sending every member an autographed 8x10 photo . . . Any qualified person who wants to start a club for Jack Smith in L. A. can write to Delores Feeney, 1827 South Bronson, L. A. 6, Calif.

When Bing Crosby couldn't appear in person to accept a music award in Grand Central Palace, N. Y., he designated Terry DiFrancesco, prexy of the Bingites, as the most proper person for the job . . . Due to illness, Joan Travnick has turned her Perry Como Club over to Margaret Staley's Como Cream City Club . . . Over 140 members attended the Sleepy Hollow Club outing at Sleepy Hollow Ranch, and 40 new members were signed up in one afternoon . . . Harriet Denahy is the new prexy of Arthur Neal's Club . . . Jean Cosenza of Brooklyn entertained her honorary, Sammy Solo, and his secretary in her home.

Memberships: Bobbie Meltzer is offering a free membership in her Stuart Foster club to anyone donating baby food or baby clothing money for the club's adopted French orphan. Her address is 110 Riverside Dr., New York 24, N. Y. . . . Marie Johnson is giving away 50 free memberships in her Jayne Meadows Club to the first 50 who write her at 261 E. Duval St., Phila. 44, Pa. Mention MODERN SCREEN . . . Anyone who brings six new members into the Darryl Hickman Club gets a year's privileges free . . . Philip Reed Club (Virginia Golz, 41 Ripley St., Somerset, Mass.) wants three new members from any foreign country except Great Britain. They'll be admitted free.

If you're a fan of Donna Atwood, the figure skating champ and Ice Capades star, and you'd like to start a club for her, write to Peggy Pearl, 2229A Oregon, St. Louis 4, Mo. You must live in one of the cities where the Ice Capades appears every year, and you must list your qualifications, stating whether you have a typewriter, can borrow a mimeo, etc. . . . The new James Melton Journal will be a music magazine as well as a Melton fan mag . . . If you join the Barbara Lawrence Club before Dec. 31 and mention MS, you'll receive five extra snaps absolutely free. Address Mrs. Katherine Galloway, 3658 McGill Road, Jackson, Mich. . . . First 10 Como fans in the Detroit area who contact Shirley Wiers, 6645 Pelham, Allen Pk., Mich., will receive a half-rate membership. (This club was formerly piloted by Betty Schwarz.) . . . Marceline Sonenberg, 1548 N. Honore St., Chicago, Ill., is offering free memberships in her Lloyd Bridges Club to the first five fans from any state except Illinois . . . Member who brings the most new Ted Steele fans into Ada Rub-

ins' Club gets a personally dedicated recording by Ted.

. . . First 50 shut-ins who write Ann Bellino, 1267 Addison St., Berkeley 2, Calif., will receive free memberships in her Alan Ladd Club Tito Guizar is offering a \$500 Mexican outfit to first-prize-winner in club's membership contest. . . . Dick Haymes Associates still agog over Dick's visit to New York. He was so-o-o-o co-operative . . . Official Dick Jaeckel Club, former MSFCA Trophy winner, is reorganizing, under Louise Warnes' direction . . . Leota Carter is looking for new prexy for her Cliff Johnson Club. If you're interested, send your qualifications to Leota at 1001 Lyon Street, Des Moines 16, Iowa . . . Officers of the two official Nelson Eddy Clubs would like it known that there are only two clubs exclusively for Nelson: the International, presided over by the Nicholins, and the Music Club, piloted by the Mottolas . . . Recommended to Canadian clubs for journalwork: Peerless Fan Club Service, 171 Talbot St., North, Simcoe, Ontario. Write for details, price list, samples, etc., before sending order . . . Dorothy Fenger has sent up a "Movie Fan Diary," a printed diary which helps you keep a record of every movie you've seen during the year, and important facts about them. Very useful and handsome, too. They're \$1 each, only 85 cents to fan club members. Her address is: 1402 Superior Ave., Sheboygan, Mich.

8 SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST (4TH LAP)

Did you write an article or poem for your club journal this month? We have a lovely Helena Rubinstein Fourcast lipstick set for you, if you are a winner in our "This Is My Best" contest. The set has four luscious shades for your particular coloring! Club artists can compete for those handsome Tangee Trip Kits, each one packed with super Tangee products, including powder, base, astringent, rouge, etc. And don't forget, there are also smooth-as-silk Eberhard Faber Pen and Pencil sets that write like a dream and are absolutely guaranteed. Subscriptions to all Dell magazines are waiting to be won by you and you and you!

This Is My Best: (100 points) "Why," Miriam Budnick, *Morgan Memos*. "Sensational Team," Dorothy Vincent, *Rae-Lowery journal*. "Why Fan Clubs Help Frank," Eva Smith, *Voice Parade*. "My Visit to U-I," Lyn Ricker, *Joan Caulfield journal*. "Is It All An Act," Robert Spearin, *Ron Randell Roundtable*. "Let's Visit Gloucester," Jean Doyle and Mary Perry, *Warren Douglas journal*. **Best Journals:** (500 points) League 1, no entries. League 2, Joan Crawford *journal*. League 3 (tied), Nina Foch *journal*, June Allyson *journal*, "Musical Echoes," (Riley). **Best Editing:** (250 points) League 1, no entries. League 2, Kit Pritchett, *Morgan Memos*. League 3, Dot Reisser, *Musical Harvest*. **Best Covers:** (250 points) League 1, no entries. League 2 (tied) Velvet Fog and *Morgan Memos*. League 3 (tied) Walsh Watch and *Hickman (Reeks) journal*. **Best Art Work:** (150 points) Lucille Bishop, *Musical Harvest (Melton journal)*. **Membership Increases:** (100 points) League 1, Reno Brown Club. League 2, Mel Torme Club. League 3, June Allyson Club. **Most Worthwhile Activities:** (250 points) League 1, no entries. League 2, Ginger Rogers Club (sent food packages to Europe). League 3, (tied) Barbara Lawrence Club (sent CARE package to England) and Bingites (collected 3,500 stamps to be sent to VA hospital in Castle Point). **Best Correspondents:** (50 points), League 1, none qualified. League 2, Lorraine Paxton, Sleepy Hollow Club. League 3, Flo Steingraber, Joseph Cotten Club. **Candid Camera Contest** (100 points to 1st prize winner, 50 to others). Lee Dyer, Rand Brooks Club. Nelda Clough, Charles Korvin, Joyce Moison, Sinatra Club. Isabel Lee, Bob Crosby Club. Dorothy Nix, Sinatra (McMullen Club), Flo Zomak, Mel Torme.



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1st Color Choice _____ 2nd Color Choice _____

☐ SEND C.O.D.—I'll pay postage.

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In either case, if not entirely delighted, I may return it within 5 days for complete refund.

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Christmas Hints

You know your best friend's size. Wouldn't this make a delightfully different Christmas gift for her?

GLAMOROUS MODELS shampoo without water

Lovely Barbizon School models have shining hair *always*. They learn that between water shampoos Minipoo removes oil, dirt and hair odors, leaves wave intact! Easy to use with handy mitt—no soap, water, drying!

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Joan Conroy says,
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Betty Ellen says,
"When time's
short, Minipoo
does the trick!"



BARBIZON MODEL

Chris Holly says,
"No shampoo colds
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10 MINUTE DRY SHAMPOO

30 Shampoos and Handy Mitt in Each Package

new faces

MICHAEL NORTH returned to Hollywood after his discharge from the Navy to take up the career he'd started seven years before. Mike was born of theatrical parents in Topeka, Kansas, in 1918, and made his debut at the age of 12. Graduating from the University of Kansas in 1938, Mike went straight to Hollywood. The war intervened and North got his first role seven years later when Mike Curtiz cast him in *The Unsuspected*. He's 6' 2", has blond hair and blue eyes and is unmarried.



CATHY O'DONNELL whom you remember in *The Best Years of Our Lives* was born July 6, 1923, near Birmingham, Alabama. Her father was a school teacher and operated the town's only theater. Cathy enrolled in the dramatic course at the University of Oklahoma. Later, on a \$90 a month job, she saved enough to venture to Hollywood. Ben Medford, Goldwyn agent, discovered her in Schwab's drugstore. Cathy has brown hair and brown eyes, is married to Robert Wyler and will soon be seen in *The Twisted Road*.



DORIS DAY who was born in Cincinnati, O. on April 3, 1924, first started out in life to become a dancer. She was doing well, too, when a nasty auto accident broke both her legs and kept her in the hospital for over 14 months... Doris started singing just to escape boredom but wound up as a better singer than dancer. Working in night clubs and hotels, she signed with Bob Crosby's band and then with Frank Sinatra on the *Hit Parade*. Mike Curtiz gave her a movie contract. She made her debut in *Romance on the High Seas*. Doris is 5' 5" and weighs 125 lbs. Married to George Weidler, has 1 child.



GERALDINE BROOKS doesn't come from a long line of actors, but her father is the foremost theatrical costumer in the world (Brooks Costumes). Her first theatrical role was in the Broadway musical, *Follow the Girls*. Born in N. Y. C. Oct. 29, 1925, and went to Julia Richman High and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. Geraldine made her movie debut in *Cry Wolf* with Errol Flynn. She's 5' 2", weighs 100 lbs, and her latest is *Embraceable You*.



THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

(Continued from page 42)

"I just want to have a little house, a big library and a middle-sized wife."

That afternoon he was crossing the campus when (as has been written before) he was asked to take part in a school play. Had he not felt discouraged and at a completely loose end, his reply would have been, "No." He had no interest in acting; had never given any thought to it. But now, with fate having gotten to him that morning and placed him in a receptive mood for anything, it was "Yes." That's what Gregory means.

Actors are often overly moody. Gregory isn't. He set himself against this kind of softness when . . . well, let's see this particular phase of his character get its initial shaping-up.

Gregory, a 13-year-old boy in a gym suit, stands all alone in the basketball court of the San Diego Athletic Club. He is making some half-hearted shots with a basketball. After a while he lets the ball go and just watches it bounce aimlessly away to roll to the edge of the floor finally and lie still.

so very sad . . .

He is a boy lost in thought. He is thinking it was a dizzy idea to come to the club at all; not another boy was there, of course. What other boy *would* be there on such a holiday? What other boy lived just with his father who worked nights and came home mornings for merely a brief greeting before going to bed? What other boy in the whole world felt so much alone, especially on big days like . . . well, what other boy had to face such a sad, lonesome Thanksgiving Day?

He finds no answer to any of these questions. Slowly he trudges off the floor and through the dark, crooked corridor that leads to the locker room. There he slumps down on a bench, unlaces his worn sneakers and begins peeling away spiritlessly at his tight woolen socks. After a while, as he sits there, he is crying. . . .

Gregory Peck has never forgotten the hollow echo of the basketball that Thanksgiving. As far as he is concerned, it wins the palm for sounds steeped in pure melancholy.

But now comes Act Two. It burst upon Gregory when he left the club and arrived home an hour or so later. Relatives crowded the house, his father was up and bustling, in the oven a big, golden-brown turkey dripped all over itself. There was a telegram from his mother sending him love and wanting him to be with her for Christmas. There were presents from her and from his father and from cousins. There was kidding and joking and a sense of high excitement all over; all the festivity he had been unconsciously longing for. . . .

"You know," Gregory recalls, "I stood there and couldn't believe that life could take such a sudden flip-flop. I felt ashamed at having felt so sorry for myself. And every time since when I have become too much concerned about myself, especially when there has been a little self-pity involved, I think of that Thanksgiving Day and snap out of it."

About this period in his life, Gregory Peck was a youthful romanticist—classically speaking, that is. Thoughts of girls—that is to say, real, live girls of his own neighborhood—never entered his head until he was 16. But we'll come to that. The point is that Gregory's romantic outlook gave him a slightly false conception

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of things. He thought, for instance, that life is like a book. It was time for him to learn otherwise and the lesson came in the form of that paste in the snoot he is so thankful for now.

When this happened he was still 13 but by now attending St. John's Military Academy in Los Angeles. There was a 14-year-old student at the school whose name was not "Pasty," even if that is the name Gregory prefers to use because it is most accurately descriptive of him. Pasty, who is the villain of this yarn, not only was older and bigger than Gregory, and domineering, Pasty was the only son of rich and doting parents who had their chauffeur take him special bed sheets, and toothpaste and soap, and call to take Pasty for rides and bring him home on holidays. Pasty also received unlimited pocket money to spend at the school commissary for candy—which he ate all by himself without ever sharing. But all this was not enough for Pasty. For complete happiness he had to cuff and push Gregory around—and he did.

One afternoon, the last school afternoon before a Thanksgiving, the kids ran out of their final class for a last-minute romp on the campus before leaving for their separate homes. Most of them charged onto a rickety, wooden merry-go-round which they operated by shoving at the ground with their feet. Greg was having a great time at this when Pasty suddenly showed up and shouldered him off. It was too much. For weeks he had been brooding about this fellow. Getting up from the ground he doubled up his fists and rushed Pasty, letting fly with lefts and rights as fast as he could propel them.

In a novel it would be written that Greg thus overcame the bully and laid him low and quiescent for the rest of the school term. Greg felt like the heroes of all the books he had ever read. But this fight took place in a matter-of-fact world, not in a book. As a matter of fact, Pasty was stronger and had the reach. As a matter of fact, Pasty picked the right time, just the right target (which was Gregory's mouth and nose) and let go. Greg was knocked cuckoo. The whole front of his face ached for days. He ached even more inside when he realized he had accomplished nothing by his rebellion. Pasty kept picking on him and it went on

wearily like that all through St. John's.

"Anyone who thinks this isn't an important lesson for any boy to learn . . . well, just hasn't learned his lesson," Gregory laughs.

About those girls, now that they are in the picture (as they are in every Gregory Peck picture), Greg remembers that he began thinking about them about the same time that he began wishing that he had a car—which he considers very good timing. What he recalls with much nostalgia is the fun he had with both the girls and the car when his father helped him get his first jalopy.

Only a year before, when Gregory was 15, his father, Gregory "Doc" Peck, Sr. (who still works steadily at the only all-night drugstore in San Diego and has bandaged the heads of some 5,000 errant sailors in his time), had thrown him a birthday party—and there had been a dispute as to whether any girls should be invited at all! They were, but Greg's father noticed that, for the first time at any such affair, Gregory was taking a great interest in the culinary and serving ends of the party. He was keeping himself very busy—and away from any possibility of getting involved in a conversation with any of his feminine guests.

So with the coming of the jalopy—a Model T, of course—there were girls. And with girls there developed a need for money with which to buy gas and sodas and football game tickets—which all seem to go together with girls and a car. A thing like this has driven many a man to work—and it did young Gregory. That's when he went to work driving a truck for the Union Oil Company the summer before he finished high school.

This leads directly to another of Gregory's odd Thanksgiving recollections—a crash between his truck and an ancient Essex driven by an old man. The latter, for some reason, tried to steer his Essex right through the middle of Greg's truck. The Essex just came apart and when the old man was questioned as to what was on his mind he had no answer—but his driving license did. It specified that he was to drive only while wearing glasses—which he wasn't. He claimed he looked for them when he got up that morning but that he never could find his glasses—without his glasses.

Despite the fact that it wasn't his fault,

however, Gregory had to go through a lot of legal rigmarole in connection with the accident and he began to feel that the life of a truck driver was not as ideal as he had imagined. Perhaps his father was right about continuing school—and back to school he went. His father was right, as it turned out, and that's why the crash has become one of Greg's fonder recollections.

Incidentally, there is another incident in connection with Greg's career as a truck driver that his father remembers but Gregory doesn't. This has to do with the time when Gregory brought the day's receipts into the company's home office and found he was \$30 short. Gregory doesn't remember it, probably, because he simply borrowed the \$30 to make up the deficit and that was that. His father remembers it because it was his \$30 that Greg borrowed.

Of course, not all of Gregory's memories have a calamitous sound to them at first hearing. There are three very nice ones whose names are Vincent Price, Ingrid Bergman and Greer Garson. They helped out the Gregory Peck who arrived in Hollywood as an apprehensive newcomer.

He was a nervous boy when he started his first scene in his first big picture, *Keys of the Kingdom*. It was a complicated bit and playing opposite him was Vincent Price, a tried and capable performer. Gregory sweated his way through it and when it was finally shot heard Price addressing him angrily, "For Heaven's sake, Peck! Don't you ever do anything wrong?"

It was a moment or two before Gregory realized that Vincent was speaking in mock anger and was actually complimenting him on his work.

What happened in *The Keys of the Kingdom* was, Gregory learned, the key to what lay ahead of him from then on in Hollywood. *Spellbound* was his next picture and not until he arrived on the set did he meet his co-star, Ingrid Bergman. She was in front of the camera doing a makeup test and he wondered what he could say, when introduced, that would insure their getting off on the right foot together. But he need not have worried. Even as he pondered, the shot was over, and before she even took a step toward him Ingrid called in delight, "Why, here is my wonderful new leading man!"

He couldn't believe that it could happen so easily but, almost as if she sensed this, Ingrid went further. She ran over to him with hand extended. As they stood close together she said something in a tone of thankfulness that seemed to come right from her heart. "Oh, you're tall! It will be so wonderful—I won't have to play with my shoes off in this picture!"

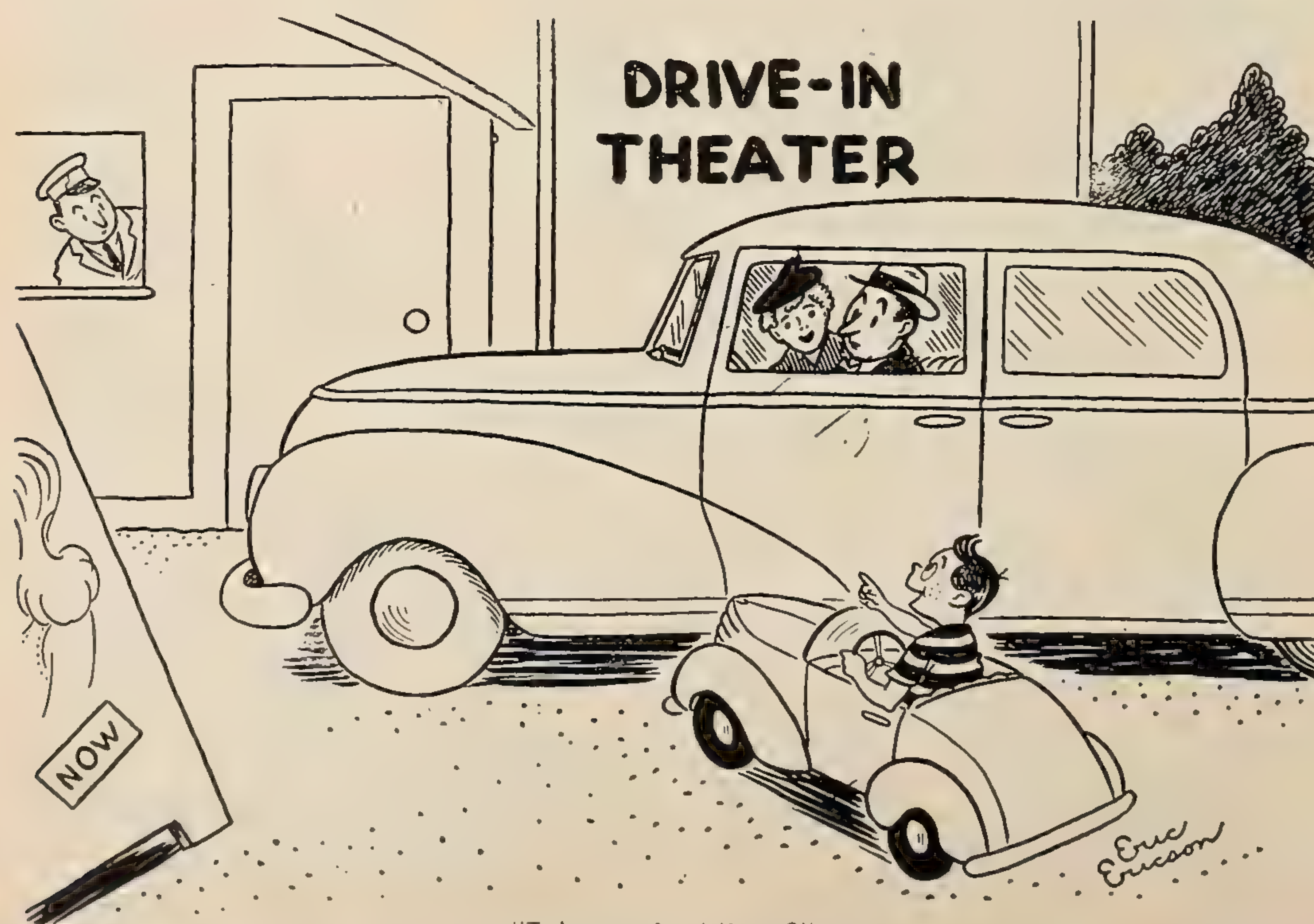
So by the time Gregory went on stage to meet Greer Garson for the first time, before they started *The Valley of Decision*, he knew his fears were groundless. Perhaps it was a good thing, because for a moment Garson set him back. As soon as she caught sight of him she cried out, "Well, Mr. Peck has finally arrived. Now we can get started!"

But Greer was kidding. When they were more formally introduced she said, "It wasn't that you were late. It was my impatience. I have been impatient to meet you ever since I knew we were going to work together."

And who could blame Greer?

This accounts now for all of Gregory's favorite, if ominous-sounding memories—except the one concerning the attack made on him by three street hoodlums. This took place before he came to Hollywood, when he was attending the New York Neighborhood Playhouse School trying to acquire acting experience. Some of the

MODERN SCREEN



"Take me in, Mister?"

students threw a party and Greg, along with a cute girl (he hadn't yet met his Greta) departed for the neighborhood delicatessen to buy sandwich meat. On the way back, three neighborhood toughs passed some insulting remarks about the girl. To his own surprise, Greg challenged them. The three men were so surprised themselves that they stared back in silence and even let Greg go halfway up the block with his companion before they woke up and decided to come after him.

Greg is no weakling. Not only has he the strength of a man of his weight and height, he is perhaps more supple than the average fellow because of his lifelong love for swimming. But he is emphatically *not*, and never wants to be, one of your muscular monstrosities. And don't forget, he had learned his lesson by this time about life not being like a book. This means that he knew very well what was probably in store for him—the three toughs would tear him apart.

Nevertheless, Greg took a deep breath, put down his packages, and sailed into the three bruisers as they came up.

The first man he hit, dropped. The second man stayed up for two punches—then *he* dropped. The third man ran . . . and Greg, having tasted blood, chased him. He caught him at the corner and in a few more punches had this man on the ground!

It was no time to quit now. Greg felt that, by then, the first man had had sufficient rest and should be a sound opponent again. He went back to this fellow, but found him reclining gracefully on the sidewalk.

"Well?" demanded Greg. "Are you getting up?"

The fellow stared. "What for?" he asked—and reasonably enough.

Now for the moral of this incident—the great lesson it taught Gregory. But when he is asked for this he looks blank.

"There isn't any moral," he replies. "It's just something any man would like to remember. Good Lord! I licked three guys at one time. Me! Do you think I'll ever forget it?"

THE END

INGRID BERGMAN TALKS

(Continued from page 29)

centerpiece of a rich color-scheme. Ingrid had just completed all arrangements for her trip to Europe, she was so happy at the prospect she practically glowed and—golly—here I was glowing right back. She can do that to you, can Bergman.

For a long time, I'd wanted to know the answers to a lot of questions about the best actress on the American screen. I was lucky. We started off chattering like magpies and kept it up for two hours.

I'm not bashful. I asked her straight off, "Ingrid, what are your honest thoughts about all these interviews, pictures, fans and public appearances you're supposed to duck?"

Ingrid's gray eyes were earnest as she replied. "From the beginning, I've always struggled to save myself for what is most important—my work. It's as simple as that. I've never understood how I could spend all my time, thoughts and energy talking about myself, posing for pictures, meeting people and signing autographs—and have anything left for my work. I don't think I'm so important. But I think my acting is.

"They say I've changed," Ingrid went on. "I haven't changed at all. I've always felt that way. Of course, when I first came to America I didn't understand the language too well. I'd miss the point of

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a joke, laugh at the wrong time, or make some absurd answer due to my weak English. I often gave the wrong impression. So I started keeping my mouth shut in self-defense."

"Half the time," I sighed, "that's why I keep mine open."

Ingrid isn't missing any cracks these days. "I see what you mean," she said, "but at least you know to whom you're talking. I've the most horrible memory in the world for faces and names."

Ingrid confessed that's another handicap she's lugged along from the start. She used to bluff, she said, asking, "And how is your wife?" when the gentleman didn't have one, or "How did you leave New York?" when the lady had never been outside Hollywood for years. She just got into jams, so she quit pretending and started saying, "I'm sorry—I don't remember who you are." Which didn't win her any popularity contests.

you can't win...

"But believe it or not, I'm really a friendly soul," laughed Ingrid. "Although, when I am friendly, sometimes they say it's an act... You really can't win!"

Ingrid wasn't worked-up or mad about anything. She simply was eager to elaborate her attitude on a touchy subject.

"Peter and I are out dining sometimes when perfect strangers come up to our table and ask me to dance." Bergman smiled. "Probably a dare, a bet or something. But it always surprises me—when you act on the screen, people think they know you, personally. I've walked down the street dozens of times and have had a friendly 'Hello' from some passerby who had no idea who I was at first—just someone he knew, a familiar face. Then I've watched them turn around and stare when it dawned *why* they'd said 'Hello' when they recognized me. That's a nice feeling, that friendliness. I like that."

Ingrid told me about her pals, "The Alvin Gang," a set of Bergman fans who clustered around the Alvin Theatre in New York where she played in *Joan of Lorraine*. They started out mobbing her for autographs, and she told them off in no uncertain terms, right at the start. She wasn't, she stated, going to sign autographs at the stage door every time she passed through it—and that was that. But they kept coming back anyway, loaded with presents and tributes which filled her dressing room and touched her heart. By the end of her run, she had a circle of firm friends, and I do mean circle.

Because each night the fan gang formed

a ring of hands when she entered or left, to protect her from the Broadway crowds!

"They were such a help and so wonderful," sighed Ingrid. "I felt horrible remembering I'd bawled them out at the start." So at her last *matinée*, Ingrid threw open the Alvin to the whole group and after the show she met them all, explained everything about herself, signed autographs until her arm ached and made everybody happy, including herself. She still hears from some of "The Alvin Gang."

Ingrid said she'd had her scrimmages with ruder fans, of course; she's been trapped in elevators, trailed on streets, stalked here and there. She's had to abandon the long walks she loved on Manhattan streets and in Central Park after three of her pictures played Broadway at the same time. She's had to grab cabs to shake persistent pests, such as one group of ladies who trailed her in cabs to a Swedish sculptor's apartment in Greenwich Village where she hunted refuge, and hammered on the door until she came out. That sort of rudeness makes Bergman see red, but it doesn't happen often and she rises above it when it does. It's all a part of this weird, celebrity-happy America, Ingrid supposed.

So I had a question. "Come on, now—aren't you going to find it like that in Sweden, too?"

Ingrid shook her head. "It wasn't like that when I was there last," she said. "You see, there is only one screen publication, a few theater magazines, and"—she grinned wickedly—"no movie columnists. Anyway, my severest critics are the Swedes." I asked her to explain that.

"My pictures go very well in Sweden," she said (five of them played Stockholm at one time), "but my countrymen are a little disappointed in me."

"Disappointed!" I almost fell off the divan.

"They don't think I'm doing the things I should," said Ingrid. The Swedes, she explained, look on her a lot more seriously than the Americans. (She's a sort of national idol, I know, and they're supremely proud of her.) They like to picture her as sweet, intelligent, virtuous—as anyone loves to picture an ideal. *Intermezzo* was how the Swedes liked Bergman best. But *Spellbound*, *Notorious*, *Arch of Triumph*, made them wince.

Ingrid's hoping she'll win back a little character in her native country with *Joan of Arc*. Because Sweden's deep in her heart always, and she herself is sort of "touchy" too about what the home folks think. When she was doing *Joan of Lor-*

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of MODERN SCREEN, published monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the MODERN SCREEN and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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(Signed) HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL) JEANETTE SMITH GREEN (My Commission expires March 30, 1950.)

...raine on Broadway, an interviewer asked her if she'd do the play in Swedish in Stockholm. "Oh, no—I couldn't," replied Ingrid. Well, her answer was twisted to mean she couldn't speak Swedish well enough any more. When the Swedes read that they almost burned down their icebergs—and Ingrid was very embarrassed. What she'd meant, of course, was that she'd be far too busy in Hollywood to consider the project.

Ingrid Bergman has been pretty thoroughly Americanized in her seven years in this country. As we talked it was hard for me to detect a trace of the undulating Scandinavian rhythm; occasionally a "Yah" pops out, but not often. Ingrid has worked steadily—and still does—with her best friend and English coach, Ruth Roberts, to tailor her tongue to American ears. She and her husband, Peter, never speak Swedish at home, and in public only when they've a private thought to communicate. Even then Ingrid's likely to punctuate her *Svensk* with "Don't be silly!" "Okay" or "Nothing doing."

Her daughter, Pia, can't speak a word of Swedish, Ingrid said. Pia's nine now, a tall-for-her-age cotton-blond. ("I hope she doesn't grow into an elephant like me!" sighed Ingrid.) She's never had a Swedish nurse or governess.

the unpredictable age . . .

Her daughter is another private-life subject on which Ingrid has always preferred to be reticent. But now she answered my questions readily. Pia's in fourth grade at Beverly Hills public school and when I asked Ingrid how she was doing I got a mother's frank appraisal: "Not too well, I'm afraid."

Pia's at the unpredictable growing-girl stage now which baffles most mothers, including Ingrid. The youngster was perfectly content with pigtails, for instance, until her mama came home with a short haircut for *Joan of Arc*. Then she had to have one, too, and to keep peace Ingrid trotted her down to the studio and observed wistfully while her hairdresser snipped Pia's curls.

During Pia's early years, Ingrid firmly refused to allow the child to watch her making a film. But she finally admitted Pia on a set to see her act in *The Bells of St. Mary's*. When her scene was over, Ingrid asked Pia how she liked it.

"Oh," said Pia in her best blasé tones, "it looks easy. I could do that!"

The Bells was Pia's first full-length look at her mother on the screen. What wowed Pia then was the boxing bout Ingrid staged with her boy pupil. She thought it was terribly funny when Mama got clipped on the jaw.

Ingrid's not training Pia to be an actress or even thinking about it, yet, she said. Later, if Pia follows in her footsteps, that'll be fine with Ingrid and she'll try to teach her everything she knows. Right now, she said, she's very relaxed about her daughter's future, and she couldn't say whether or not Pia had an ounce of acting talent.

"But she loves to play-act and dress up all the time," Ingrid admitted. Pia makes up her own plays and acts out all the parts. "I'm her audience and critic," admitted Ingrid. "We take everything she does apart—and sometimes she takes apart everything I do, too."

Ingrid has never been anywhere for long without having Pia around. Her stay here without her daughter for *Intermezzo*, Bergman's first Hollywood film, was pretty unhappy. I know she kept a picture of Pia inside her makeup box and used to close her dressing-room door and have a good cry almost every day, then try to walk off her loneliness at night along the foggy streets of Culver

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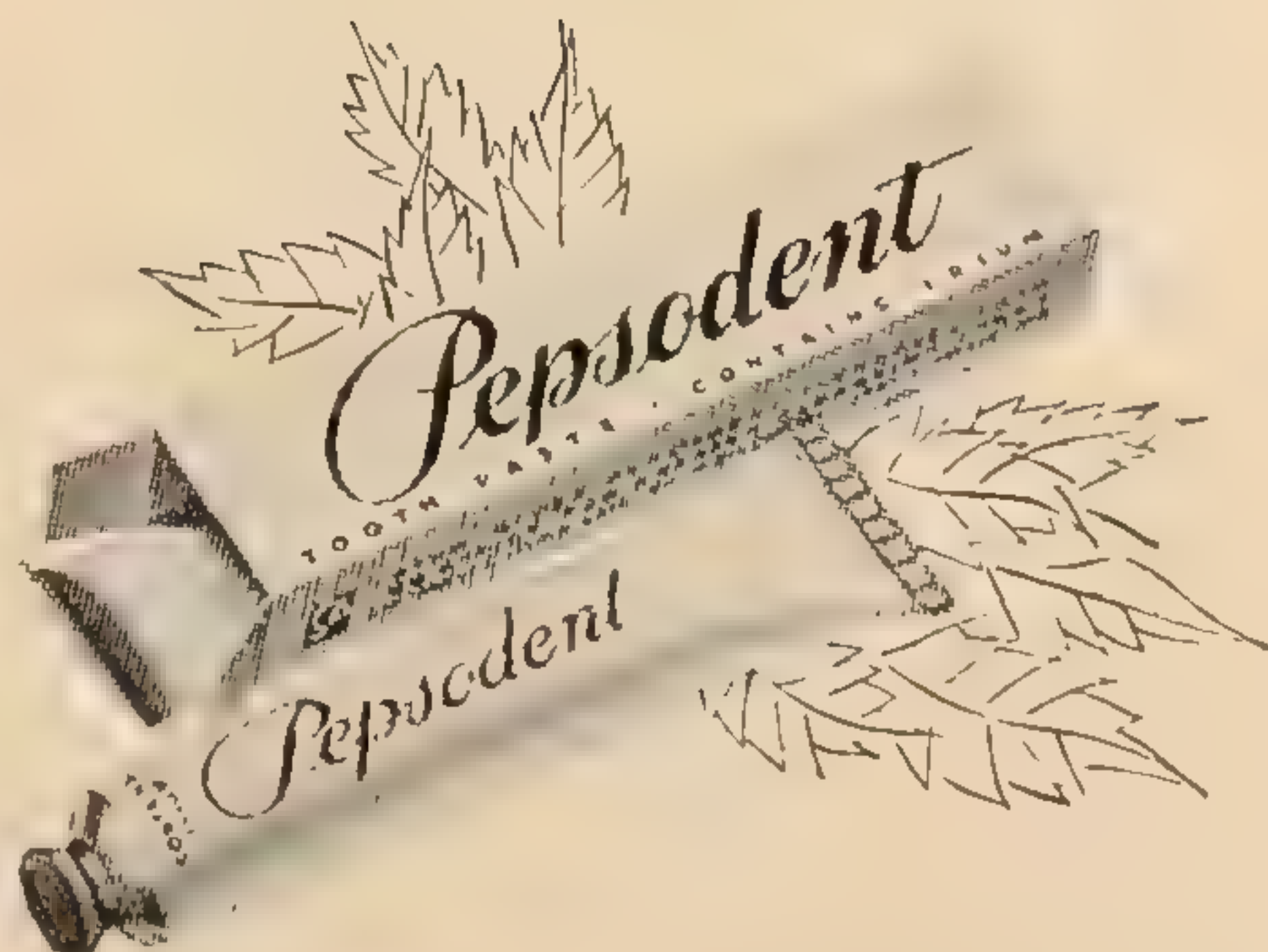
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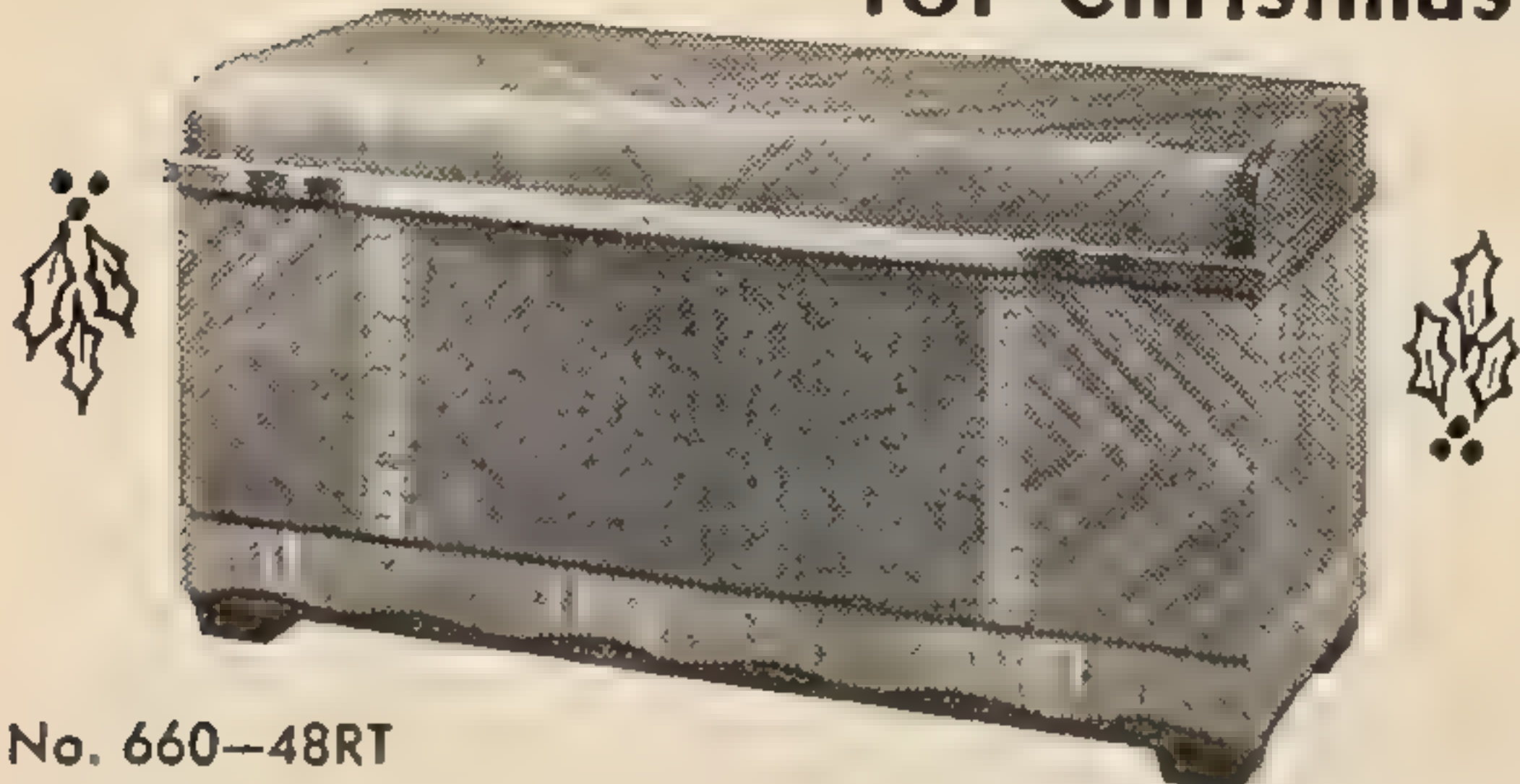
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City. Her daughter's the apple of her eye and the flower of her heart—along with the other member of her family, her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom.

Ingrid has no close relatives left in the world—her mother died when she was two, and her father when she was 12—and she centers all her affections on those two hungrily. You don't hear much about the private life of Ingrid and Peter (this has been the Number One topic on Ingrid's list of things she won't talk about) but I know they're idyllically mated—and pretty sentimental, too.

For instance, last New Year's, when Ingrid was East in *Joan of Lorraine*, Peter grabbed a plane and flew East to see her, arriving the afternoon of New Year's Eve. They stepped out that night at the Cotillion Room of the Pierre and danced the New Year in. The next afternoon, Peter was flying back to his Los Angeles hospital job. He'd made the trip because New Year's Eve is their very special night and has been ever since they met.

Ingrid has always been fiercely proud of her husband's profession and she's always sized it up as being twice as important as her own. Peter has just been appointed resident neuro-surgeon for the Los Angeles General Hospital, a mighty important post.

Sometimes their two completely different careers make them strangers for days, Ingrid said. Sometimes Ingrid's husband drags home at 3 A.M., sometimes he leaves earlier than that. He often works Christmas and holidays. But whether Ingrid is deep in a picture part or not she's always wrapped up in what he's doing. His doctor friends are the most regular guests at their home and she's even watched one operation of Peter's—on a nine-year-old boy, to remove a brain tumor. (She told me she steeled herself for hours before, not to be squeamish, and she worried far more over how she'd act at that event than she ever did over a movie scene.)

Then Ingrid gave me an intimate little sidelight on her relationship with Peter. "There's one thing my husband is always kidding me about," she smiled. "I've overcome a lot of things since I've been in America, but I still hate to be stared at. I'm always sneaking into little cafés and having a good time until somebody says 'Look!' Then the whole room, it seems, bends its eyes on me and I have to leave. I've fled stores so many times, just as the shopping was getting interesting, because a crowd collected."

Ingrid laughed, "My husband kids me a lot about that. 'You don't like people to stare at you,' he says, 'yet you're always staring like a hick at other celebrities yourself.' That's true. I'll grab his arm and say, 'Look, look—there's Bette Davis!' or someone when I should know better."

"Well, I'm guilty. I stare. But I don't see why people have to stare at me so long."

so here goes! . . .

"Anyway, at Sun Valley it used to be a nightmare for me to start down that slope on skis. The sides were always lined with people and I knew I would be so bad. I could see amateur cameras pointing my way and I could picture myself upside down, pointing six different directions awkwardly in a spill, or wobbling wildly while movie cameras kept grinding, grinding. So I just stayed at the top being miserable, when I was dying to learn to ski."

"But one time not long ago it suddenly occurred to me that, stared-at or not, I must live my life—and I wanted to ski. So here goes, I said! I slipped and slid and wobbled down—but after a time or two I didn't care who watched. I cured myself of that and I had a grand time."

Ingrid's full of little surprise items like that when you warm her up and get her talking. I dragged out another one when I asked her why she was still such a homebody, if she's blunted the edges of her self-consciousness. "Don't you like to go out at night?" I asked her. (I know she's a divine dancer; Ray Milland told me once Ingrid was light as a feather.) And although I never see her in public much around Hollywood, it was getting harder and harder to picture Bergman as the Alice-sit-by-the-fire you usually hear about.

"I love to go out," Ingrid came back at me. "In New York I never ate dinner until midnight, after the show. Then I was always asking, 'Where do we go now?' There were so many interesting places to go and things to do. I adore New York," glowed Bergman. "Hollywood is an ideal place to work. There's absolutely nothing to distract you. But as a place to enjoy—well, Hollywood has little that attracts me. And so I just stay home."

no ivory tower . . .

But hugging her hearth does not mean that Bergman is living in an ivory tower, remote from the whirling world. Not at all. She's very sociable and keeps her house crowded with her good friends—among them Ruth Roberts; Signe Hasso (the Swedish actress who went through the Royal Dramatic Theatre in Stockholm ahead of her, and who has always been Ingrid's acting idol); Alfred Hitchcock and his wife; Lewis Milestone; the Charles Boyers, and the Gary Coopers. Larry Adler, the harmonica player, and Jack Benny, both of whom traveled with her through Germany on a wartime GI entertainment tour, drop by often. Ingrid likes concentrated conversation. She loves to pump people who can tell her things she doesn't know about art, philosophy, medicine, politics. But she can also be bright with small-talk. She can even be whacky if she gets an idea. Her witch ride Hallowe'en before last proved that beyond any doubt.

It started when Victor Fleming, directing Ingrid in *Joan of Arc*, caught a cold and stayed home in bed. After a couple of idle days, Bergman called him and quipped, "If you don't hurry and get well, I'm coming over like a witch and scare you out of bed! This is Hallowe'en, you know."

Walking away from the phone she thought, "Why not?" So she hustled to her makeup man, Jack Pierce, and soon was the most horrible-looking hag you'd care to shudder at. She drove to Bel Air—and rode her broom into Vic's house, clawing and screaming. He got well fast.

Then Ingrid decided her makeup was too good to waste. She buzzed over to Leo McCarey's to give him the terror treatment, and on to Al Hitchcock's to scare him out of bed, too. Along the way, plenty of Hollywood citizens got a startled eyeful of Ingrid Bergman in her fright-wig.

But quieter joys are her real recreation. She reads three and four books a week, working or not. She's absolutely greedy about seeing plays, too. Once Ingrid was in New York for an 11-day visit. She saw 14 plays—one a night, plus three matinées! In Hollywood, she loves to shop at the Farmers' Market. She also loves to eat, but hates to cook.

Ingrid stacks on weight rather easily, so she goes light on breakfast with coffee, fruit and a muffin, a cottage-cheese lunch and then a whopping dinner. If she can stave off her weakness, nibbling throughout the day, she's safe. Her figure looked super-trim the day I saw her, and she's dressing much more smartly since being

exposed to Manhattan styles last year. Incidentally, we've seen more of the Bergman silhouette in *Arch of Triumph* than the camera had hitherto exposed, and if she does *Adam and Eve* for Leo McCarey (she said she probably will—but the script's not written yet), well—Bergman in fig-leaves—could you take it?

Ingrid has no prudish complexes whatever about how she appears, if it's in line with her art. You hear she never wears makeup. I asked her and she blasted that fiction pronto. "Of course I'll wear makeup, all that's needed, if the part calls for it."

Ingrid's as curious as a cat professionally, too. She was in New York once when Mae West was starring in a bawdy burlesque, *Katherine Was Great*. Bergman told some friends she wanted to see it. They shuddered.

"Why?" they asked her. "It's a lousy play. You'd be bored with it. And Mae West—she's not your type at all!"

Ingrid shook her head. "She must have something," she persisted. "I'd like to know what it is. Maybe I can learn something from her." So she went.

Ingrid seemed a little wistful to me when I asked her whether she had any other great goal or ambition to take the place of *Joan of Arc*.

"No, not yet," she said. "How could I? When I started the picture, it was like someone handing me a shining castle, one I had dreamed about forever. But," she said, "one of these days I'll have to find something."

She will, I'm sure—because Ingrid Bergman is not only a great actress but a human being, warm with feeling and the capacity to love ideals and her fellow man.

I looked at my watch. Two hours of frank talk with the bashful Bergman! Uncooperative? I couldn't help but wonder how long I'd have lasted with the unsociable Greta Garbo.

On the steps, I couldn't resist the question, "Ingrid, have you ever met Greta Garbo?"

She blushed and shook her head. "No—well, yes, once," she corrected, "but so briefly. I was in a store and someone quickly introduced us. She just said, 'How do you do?'"

"Then what happened?" I wanted to know.

"Why," laughed Ingrid, "she disappeared."

Then I reluctantly did a Garbo myself. But I was happy. For I'd learned a number of new things about the mystery woman (huh!), the shy (my eye!) recluse (pooh!) that we've long ago unofficially crowned queen of Hollywood stars.

And I'm happy to be able to pass them along. It's a shame someone hasn't before.

THE END

I SAW IT HAPPEN



This was the last Sunday for Roy Rogers at the Boston Garden. When he came to the microphone he asked for the spot-lights to be dimmed. Three of the lights went out, but the fourth stayed on. The other men at the microphone backed away when Roy took his gun out of its holster, shot out the lights and went back to his song. He certainly has good aim!

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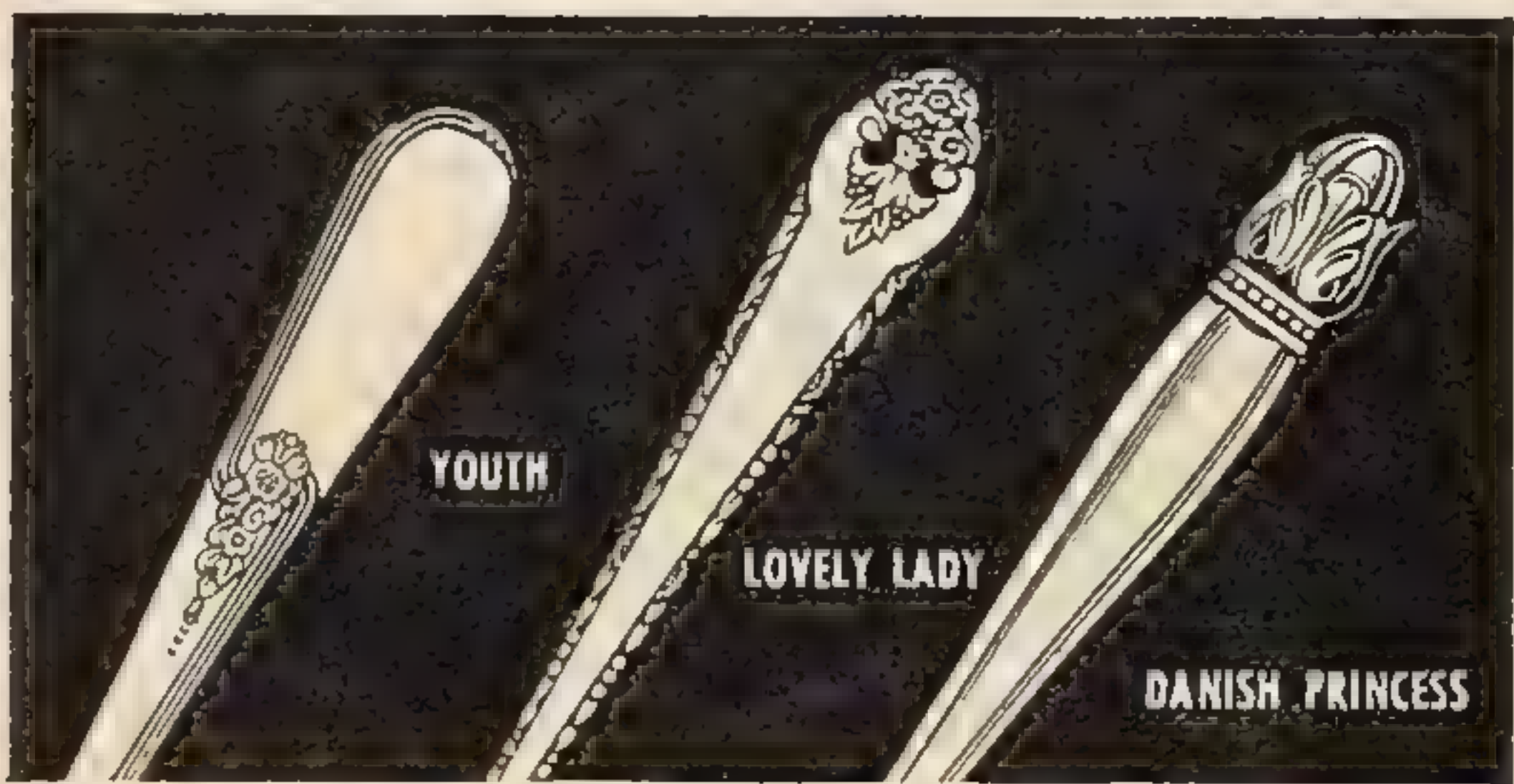
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HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY ROMANCES

(Continued from page 56)

an Eastern columnist's item about her switch to dates with Lew Ayres, Myrna choked on a giggle and said, "That would be the most unusual romance I never had. You see, I've never met Lew Ayres."

All this confusion is one thing that makes life interesting anywhere, whether in Hollywood or Popopolis, Nebraska. It's impossible to state emphatically when an emotion will sail into the heart and mind of any boy or girl and upset the entire future as seen in the crystal ball.

Only one thing is certain. When a man carries a torch, his dates are going to be as scattered as a double shotgun blast. That's the case with Ronald Reagan. Columnists haven't been able to get it out of their minds that Ronnie will go back to Jane Wyman because their marriage seemed to be so perfect.

For instance, on a recent evening Ronnie came into the pint-sized restaurant known as the Bantam Cock alone. This charming little cafe is now the gathering spot and kick-off place for bachelors, romances and romantic bust-ups. On this particular evening, Ronnie was more cheerful than he had been in weeks.

hot tip . . .

"Watch," a columnist said to another. "In a couple minutes you'll see Jane Wyman come in. I've been tipped off that there will be a reconciliation."

Sure enough, Jane did come in. She and Ronnie retired to a corner booth. They sat close together. As he talked he touched her hand.

"See?" the columnists declared in triumph. "It's just like I said—they're getting back together. Boy, I've seen all I need for a sure-shot prediction tomorrow."

The columnist left, happy in the thought of his little scoop. But what a dope he was. He should have stood around, for ten minutes later Jane and Ronnie were joined by two other individuals—both male. Ronnie didn't look too happy. After a while, he left. After a longer while, Jane left with the two escorts, both unknown to the movie world.

The answer? Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan tried one reconciliation. It didn't work. The chances are heavily against another attempt. Frankly, Ronnie is carrying a torch—one that could be used on the Statue of Liberty, it's that bright. But what almost everyone overlooks is that Ronnie's torch is lit as much for the state of matrimony and the incomparable happiness that comes with daily association between a father and his kids as it is for Jane.

And now? Well, Ronnie has taken out Doris Lilly, Nancy Duke, Betty Underwood, Ann Lawrence, Patricia Neal, Ann Sothorn and most recently Monica Lewis, the lovely singer who has just returned to New York. He appears to like Monica better than any of them, considering he had four dates in a row before her departure, but who's to tell what's going to happen when he finally puts down the torch for good?

By then he may have found the girl he wants to marry next—and it is a safe bet that Ronnie will marry again (if he doesn't do the unexpected and go back to Jane) long before such stalwart characters as Clark Gable and Jimmy Stewart are ready to settle down.

Not that Ronnie isn't stalwart. He's a real guy and the best husband material loose in these parts, but don't try to figure his next move or believe everything you read.

Sometimes these torch-carrying situa-

tions bounce with dramatic effect and no one thinks to look backwards to find out what really happened.

Consider the case of Bob Walker. He took his divorce from Jennifer Jones hard. Like Ronald Reagan he had a tough time forgetting his former bride but a much worse tussle taking the loss of daily association with his children in stride. It's not funny when a man is the good father type.

When Bob Walker put down the torch, he put it down for good. He still spent long hours with his children at every opportunity. They are crazy about him and vice versa, but in his personal life, Bob became a cynic. He'd make a date with a girl and stand her up. He'd be at a party and just walk out on his date. He was confused and his subconscious seemed to be bent on proving that he didn't care a darn for any female. The old policy of hurt rather than get hurt. So Bob eventually married Barbara Ford.

It was a sad mistake.

A mistake which perhaps might be rectified if the love between the two were strong enough. The trouble is that they hadn't known each other long enough—long enough, perhaps, for Barbara to fully understand Bob, and for Bob to have resumed a completely normal attitude toward women in general.

At any rate, two days before they were married, Barbara spent a long weekend on the yacht where she's lived most of the time since childhood. Her father, John Ford, is a quiet, stern-visaged individual, known for his deeply religious convictions and his big heart. He didn't want Barbara to wed a man who'd been divorced. Barbara thought she knew better and so did Bob.

They didn't take into consideration the truth—that a man who has had one or more unfortunate romances is not sure of what he wants. Actually, Bob was on the verge of falling in love with someone else shortly before he married Barbara, and that girl was Ava Gardner. They had been seeing a lot of each other, until an accident happened that put an end to the budding romance.

Actually, the climax to Barbara and

Earl's Pearls

■ Lois Andrews, married but separated from a Hollywood actor, doesn't plan a divorce just now, and explains it with this logic: "I do not want to get unmarried because you see, as long as I'm married, then I can't get married. . . ."

■ Dick Wilson: "The single girl looks for a husband every day and the married woman looks for one every night."

■ Groucho Marx, now filming *Love Happy*, insisted that publicity for stars was needed. Without publicity, he said, people say, "Groucho Marx? Never heard of him." With publicity, they say, "Groucho Marx? That bum!"

■ "I saw a movie so old," says Milton Berle, "it should be on television. . . ."

■ "An income tax reduction," says Jackie Gleason, "is the kindest cut of all."

—Earl Wilson

Bob's romantic troubles began a long way back with a series of emotional accidents, none related to the other. There was Ava Gardner who had been hurt by two previous marriages, with Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw. Until then Ava's own personality had been a light hidden under a bushel of male dominance. When she emerged, she was determined never to let it happen again.

Then Howard Duff entered the picture. Few people know it, but he was on the verge of marrying a girl before the war. He made up his mind that she was the one while he was on Saipan. His declaration of intentions was almost on its way when the girl married someone else. A year later, Howard emerged from the war to become the famous Sam Spade of radio. From there he stepped into pictures. He wanted no part of one woman. He was playing the field. He met Yvonne de Carlo. They dated steadily, but not exclusively.

One day he dropped into the dressing room of Burt Lancaster. By accident, Ava Gardner was there. They liked each other. A little later people stopped talking about Bob Walker and Ava Gardner. Now it was Duff and Gardner. What happened is not known in detail because Howard Duff and Bob Walker have a solid virtue in common. They are not lippy.

emotional climax . . .

But the emotional atoms were at work. One bounced off another until a climax was reached in the Walker-Ford wedding.

Of course, after the fashion of people who wake up with hangovers, there are always those among us who wake up after a broken romance and declare, "Never again!" That's the way Howard and Ava and Bob all felt, and the only conclusion that can be drawn when it's all summed up is, "It shouldn't have happened to a nice girl like Barbara."

There's nobody to be censured, for like the ancient defense against crimes of violence, when it comes to people in love the verdict must always be, "Not guilty and not guilty by reason of (temporary) insanity."

Obviously, because it is true that sweethearts everywhere are in a state of coma, the alert press of Hollywood cannot be blamed for not reporting anything but conflicting stories when those involved in romances don't know the answer themselves. Except for certain "pat" situations, Hollywood heart situations are like a closely contested basketball game, the answer to which is in doubt until the final whistle. And even then a tie score may result in an extra period.

Of course, there is the old business of "publicity romances." Rory Calhoun had one with Vera-Ellen.

They seldom rush off to get married and the resultant friendships make for interesting reading. It's no one's fault if impressionable people go off the deep end and figure that a hot romance is going on. That's why everyone—almost—was amazed when Rory suddenly upped and married Lita Baron, formerly known as Isabelita (see page 44).

The facts are that Rory for many weeks had been dating the pretty singer four-to-one to the times he saw Vera-Ellen. On the other hand, the Guy Madison-Gail Russell romance which started out to be purely a publicity gimmick seems to be moving toward a permanent cementing.

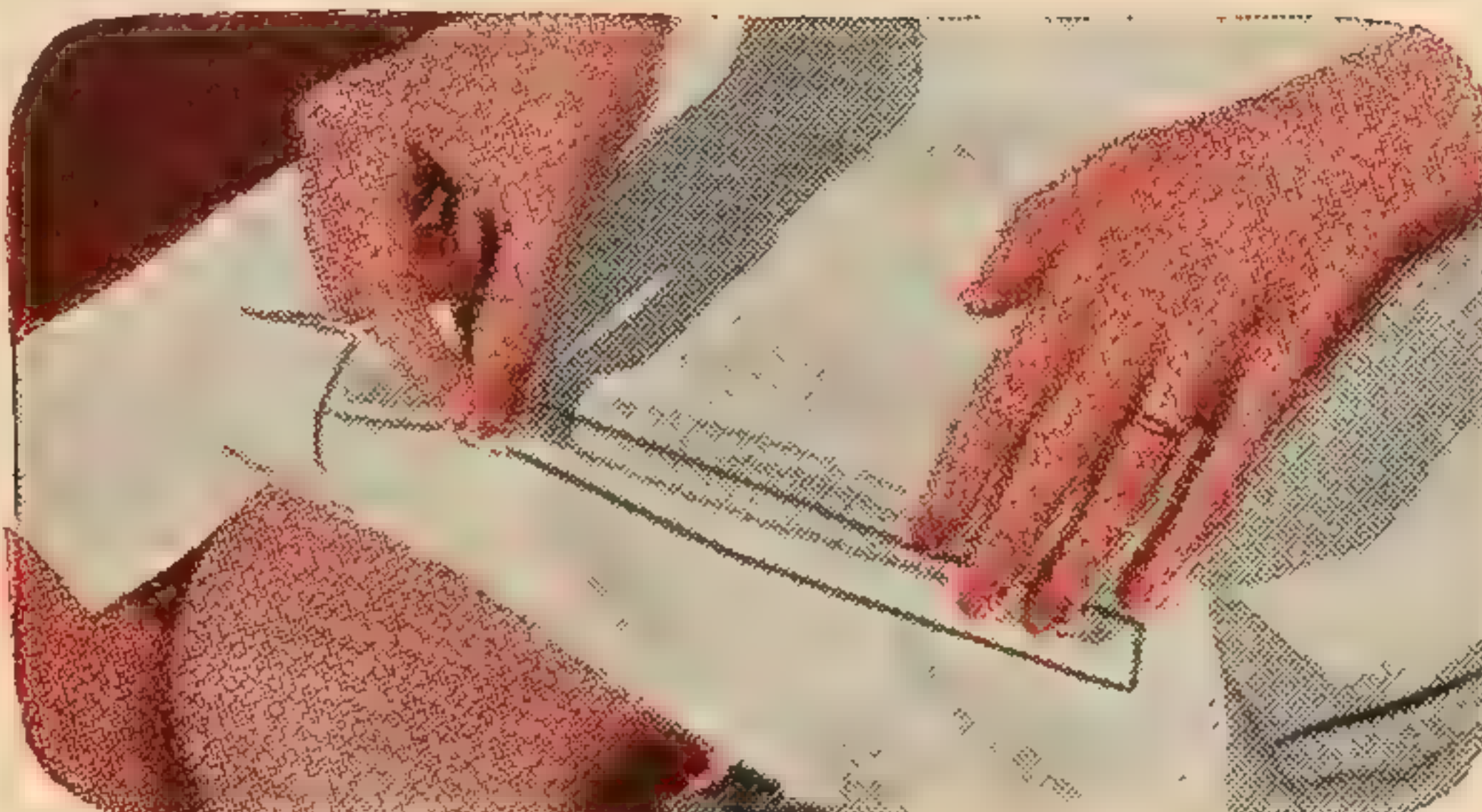
Dating for publicity's sake is an old and honored practice in Hollywood. Consider Pete Lawford. Pete is a very ambitious fellow. A few years back he used to cheerfully complain, "What's the matter with me? I'm not such a lousy actor. I get good parts, but nobody knows me. I might as well be Peter the Hermit."

"The thing for you to do," he was told



"As soon as Daisy gets to know you better, we'll take off the 'Scotch' Tape."

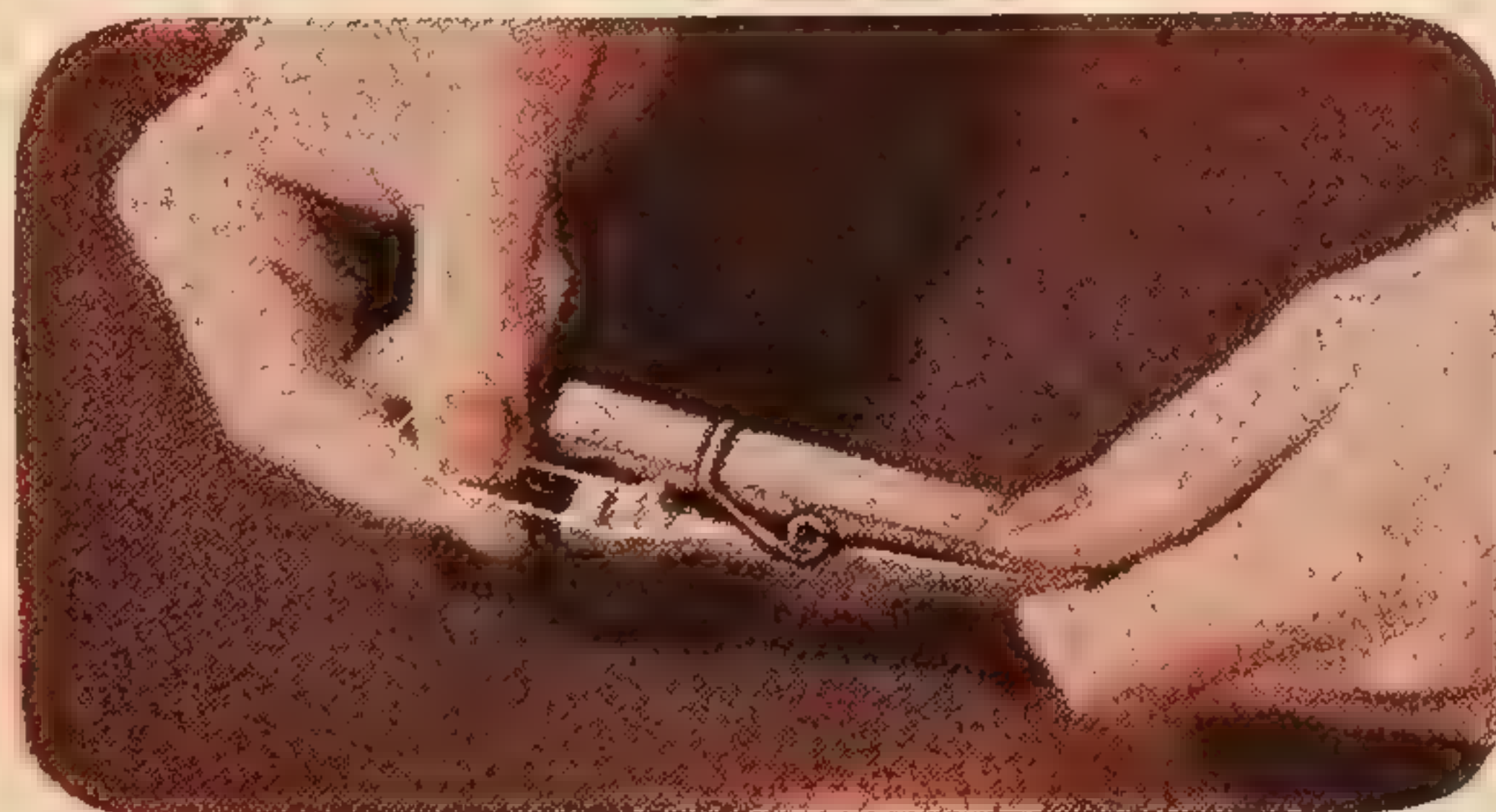
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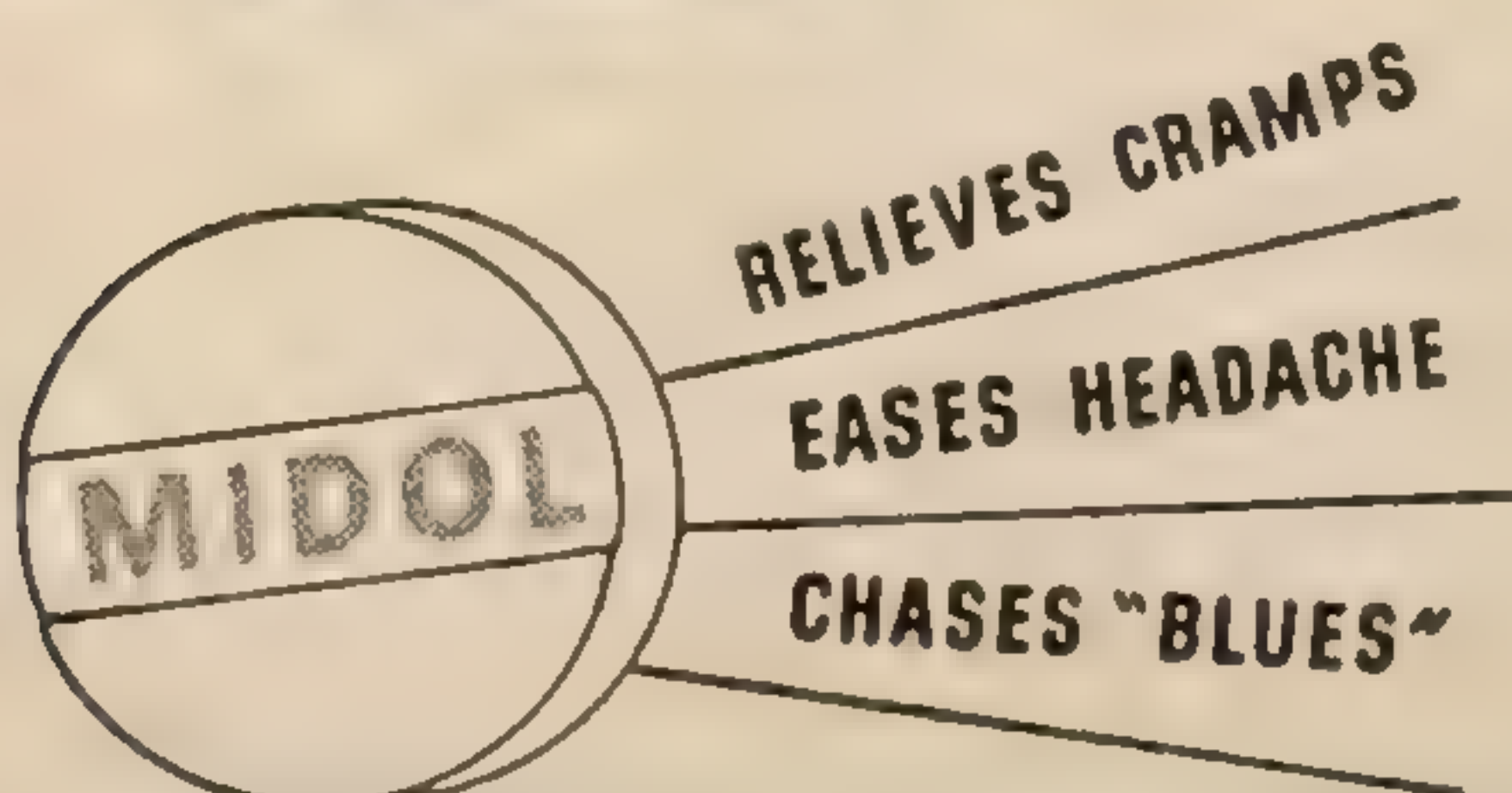


"PAIN" DAYS CAN BE PLAY DAYS

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"What a difference
Midol
makes"



by a studio friend, "is to whip up a little romance publicity."

Pete went to work on the idea. At the time he had very little money, so he didn't go the Mocambo route. But before very long his name was linked with popular names, one after another. The results were pleasing. Every time you picked up a newspaper, Pete's name was in the gossip columns. The same for magazines.

Today, Pete doesn't have to date for "sweet publicity's sake." Nevertheless, when he takes a good long look at what happens to the general run of marriages, he's a wary boy and he is not exactly allergic to the thought that he is one of the few remaining bachelors in Hollywood who make romantic news. It's part of the business.

That's why, when you see Pete's name linked with Jane Wyman, he's not to be considered the reason Janey doesn't go back to Ronald Reagan. The same goes for his dates with Ann Miller, the couple of dates with Rita Hayworth. The time to wonder what's happening with Pete is when his name is *not* in the columns as sparking with this girl or that. It will mean that Pete has "gone underground" in the Hollywood romance field and he's about to come up with a bride.

permanent bachelors . . .

Of course, Pete is not in a class with bachelor characters like Bruce Cabot. A suave, handsome oldtimer who can still spot any of the new glamor boys eight phone numbers and never get lonesome, Bruce doesn't bother with "serious" intentions to start a romance. He's a fellow who's not trying to prove anything. Either a girl wants to date him or she doesn't and everyone knows he's a permanent bachelor.

The same thing goes for Cary Grant, who has long enjoyed an acute attack of single-itus. Newspaper predictions that he would marry Betty Hensel—who is now one of the most beautiful models ever to be stared at on the floor at Adrian's in Beverly Hills—would fill a book. It's happening all over again with Betsy Drake. Of course, Cary can weaken, but less impressionable friends of Mr. Grant's are already insisting that the star is more fascinated with Betsy's promise as a future star than he is about a possible career for her as his wife.

Lew Ayres also ceased to be the marrying type a long time ago and he is such an habitual bachelor that the columnists have even ceased to revive that old one about Lew not having been able to forget Ginger Rogers. His dates with Jane Wyman are not serious.

Similarly, the talk about Deanna Durbin and Vincent Price may be marked down as a large cut of whole cloth.

Not so in the case of Greer Garson and Bud Fogelson, the Texas oil man. Greer's dates with Georgie Jessel were for laughs. She was a lonesome gal until she ran into the enterprising Fogelson, one of the most likable characters ever to hit Hollywood.

It is Fogelson who several years ago revealed himself to be a big-time man of action when he was puzzled by the question: "Why is it that grey horses don't win as many races as other horses?"

"That's easy," a jockey told him. "There aren't as many grey horses."

This sounded reasonable. But Fogelson decided to test it. He did so, spectacularly. He began to buy grey horses. Before long he had more grey horses than anyone else. In fact, he had as many grey horses as the average stable owner had other-colored horses. He began to race them at Del Mar back in 1938, and sure enough, it turned out that if a racing stable had as many grey horses as other stables had brown and black horses, there'd be many grey winners.

Fogelson met Greer at a party. His sense of humor matched hers. They have no

bankroll problem. Hence they have no career problem. They have no problems, period. As a result they are an exceedingly good bet in the future book for marriage.

But what of Richard Ney? There's no question but that he still is deeply fond of Greer. For a time, whenever Ney walked into a restaurant or a theater and discovered Greer present, he did a fade-out. This is a normal reaction because no two recently divorced people get any laughs out of sitting in the same restaurant and being stared at. In the meantime, Richard Ney apparently is not too happy. His dates are scattered and not serious. Studio people took notice of the fact that he had dinner a couple of times with Madeleine Carroll before she left to do a New York stage play. They took note because Madeleine is older than Ney and the suspicion is that Ney is generally more attracted to older women.

But there can be nothing more than friendship of the acting sort between these two because Madeleine is married. Her husband is in Europe, or was at the time, and she naturally had dinner with several friends. Perhaps Ney and Miss Carroll had something in common to talk about because her marriage to Sterling Hayden began to flounder originally because of the disparity in ages. The allegation of the experts was that Madeleine couldn't forget that Sterling was a bit younger, although he continually protested that this made no difference. If this is true, it may be equally true from the male standpoint with Richard Ney and Greer Garson.

Back of all these mysteries and the constant microscopic examination of the stars' private lives is considerable heartache which none of them desire and few of them deserve. True, movie stars differ from other people in the size of their bankrolls and the glamor of their lives—but their heart problems are the same as those of anyone else.

Meantime, we will all go on reading the daily puzzle columns. We'll find out that it's now really serious between Diana Lynn and Bob Neal—as indeed it isn't but could be . . . that Joan Crawford has quarreled with her attorney, Greg Bautzer—as indeed she sometimes does, except with less frequency as time goes by . . . that Roddy McDowall is interested in Ann Blythe and something will come of it—as it well might if Roddy continues to grow up, as he will . . . that David May is jealous of anyone who pays too much attention to Beverly Tyler . . .

Fascinating people, these romantic Hollywoodians. THE END



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Our movie reviewer wrote of Bing Crosby's performance in *Sing You Sinners*: "The Groaner has always been a likable screen personality, but now for the first time in his career he really acts. . . . Bing will probably never win an Academy Oscar for his histrionics, but he does play a drunk scene . . . beautifully."—From a 1938 issue of *Modern Screen*

MY ONE AND ONLY

(Continued from page 44)

when she was brought to this country from Madrid . . . who first sensed the immensity of America in the shadow and noise of the giant automobile plants at Detroit . . . who wanted to grow and learn quickly to become a part of this new life . . . but took such long years about it.

I wanted to tell him that this girl had dreams . . . dreams that she thought were answered when she got a chance to sing, to travel, to find for herself a place in the world of music and art. But that she was wrong. All this was not the answer to her dreams. That answer was . . . well, that was what I was singing about. I had finally found the answer!

Up to now he had been coming in with friends; sometimes men, sometimes girls. Then, one night in March he came in alone. He was dressed in his dark blue suit—that, I found out later, he calls his "Diamond Jim Brady" outfit. It was a night in which he had started out by dining alone at the Bel Air—in a booth usually reserved for Greta Garbo. And he had come to the Mocambo planning to talk to me.

no introduction needed . . .

He didn't send someone to ask if I would come to his table. He didn't ask anyone to introduce us—though he was aware that many people he knew there, knew me as well. No. He waited until a moment came when I was walking by his table, and then he rose to his feet and spoke right out. For a second I only knew that he was tall above me . . . and that he was he . . . and he was actually talking to me!

"Hello," he said. "I've been wondering if you would sit with me."

Quick things went through my mind. I remember thinking, "That's not really a question, Isabelita. He has actually merely made a statement. All you have to do is say, 'Oh, have you?' and walk on."

But the next second I was sitting down. It wasn't at all what I had expected to find myself doing. And then he was giving me a glass. "What are you doing?" I asked myself as I took it. "There is champagne in that glass. Don't you know you never drink . . . ?"

Of course I knew. I distinctly remember telling him that I never drank. And then I was drinking the wine and neither one of us noticed it because he was saying something so earnestly that it seemed not only to take all the saying he could put into it—but all the listening I could give him.

"I know you've noticed me here all the time looking at you," he said. "Maybe you've wondered why I never tried to meet you. I avoided it on purpose, because I knew that when it did happen I would fall in love with you the same instant."

After a moment I realized I was staring. And it came to me that he had said, ". . . fall in love with you the same instant." He went on from there.

"Tonight I want just that to happen," he said simply.

So this is what we both couldn't take; this is when we found it a relief to laugh and kid each other. He acted as if he were terribly disappointed with my speaking voice, and said that maybe it would have been better if I hadn't taken elocution at Wayne University in Detroit.

"I thought you would talk the way you sing—with a Latin accent," he said. "You know, like Carmen Miranda."

"You mees thees?" I asked, as Latin as



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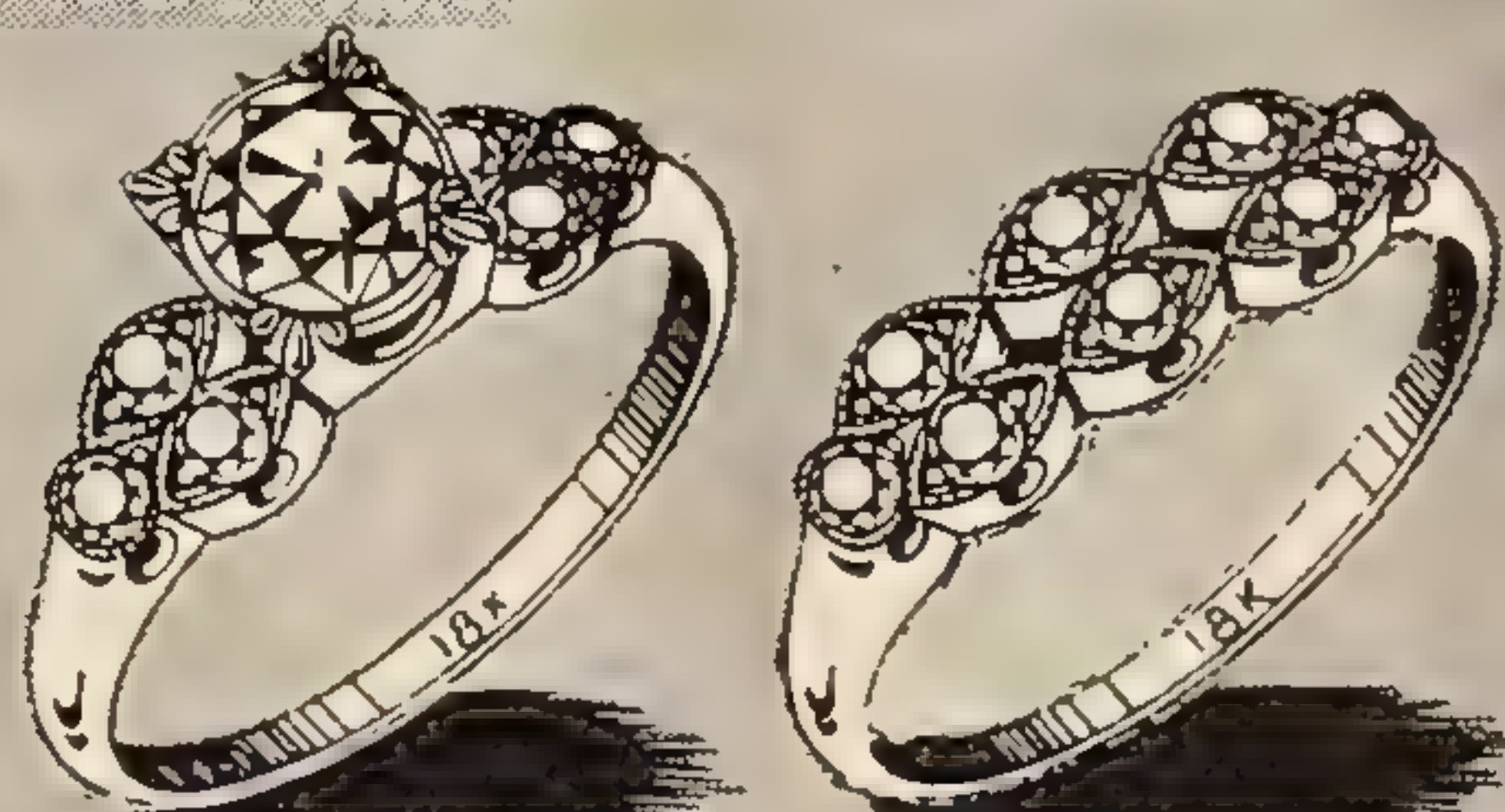
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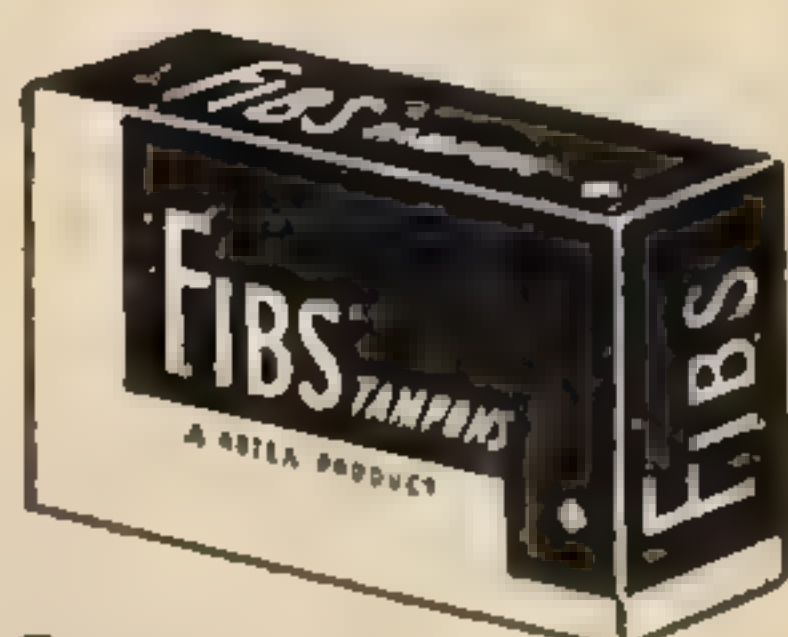
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I could make it. "Eef you do, I can talk like that—but, believe me, señor, eet ees hard for me without music."

We laughed and he said, "No! I like you better without the accent. It's as if you had a double personality."

Later, he asked if he could drive me home. Naturally, I accepted. I saw some pictures of him in the back of his car and told him I would be one of his strongest fans if he would autograph one for me. He wrote something swiftly and I read, "For Isabelita, a wonderful, sweet person and it is my pleasure to know you." It was nice... but perhaps written a little too swiftly, too formally?

On the way home he seemed to hunt up all the traffic lights in the city, managing it so that he stopped for the red light at each one. Then he stopped at a drive-in. Then he stopped so we could see the lights of Hollywood below. Then he thought we should stop at another drive-in. And then... well, he just stopped!

getting serious...

I never saw a man who seemed to care less for driving and more for stopping! But each stop and each talk brought us closer together and when at last I ran inside my house I felt that maybe such a wonderful thing could happen in Hollywood after all!

There were other nights afterwards, and mornings and afternoons—whenever we could be together. Little by little we found out that we were getting to be very serious.

One night we talked about the other people we were dating. I talked about the men I knew. He talked about the girls he knew (and whom I had read about and seen with him so often). We kept on talking about them—and then one night, as if someone had thrown us a cue, we started referring to them in the past tense!

What had happened struck us both at the same time. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"Did—did you notice something?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," I answered.

A big smile spread over his face and another one, even bigger, was on mine.

"Gee, that's swell!" he said. "You know, I've been wanting to get into that subject—about the others we go out with."

"Used to go out with, you mean?" I asked.

"That's just what I mean!" he said.

So, from that it wasn't long before the afternoon when Rory's arm went reassuringly around my shoulders as I nervously prepared to enter his home and meet his father and mother... and the night when he met my parents and I covered his awkwardness by constantly handing him things, taking them away again, and practically chattering my head off.

There was a special night when Rory and my sister Mary Lou barred me from a room, while they both worked on something, to emerge later with my second autographed picture from him. This one he had written in Spanish, with Mary Lou's help. This one was much better than the first. Translated into English it read, "For Isabelita... we are made for each other... with all my love and affection... always yours, Rory."

Much, much better!

We learned things about each other. I learned that with Rory's absence does make the heart grow fonder. I learned that when he was away on location at Durango, Colorado, making *Sand* for 20th Century-Fox, he did not stop thinking about me. The proof was in a package that came for me one day. When I opened it I saw a silver fox cape; six of the most

beautiful, unusual skins I have ever seen. But it wasn't the furs that thrilled me as much as a hint of what was on his mind in the form of the initials he had chosen to be sewed on the inside of the cape.

They weren't just the initials "I. C." that would stand for Isabelita Castro, my real name. The initials were "I. C. C."! Could that second "C" stand for Calhoun—or could it?

"No," said my sister, kidding me. "The furrier has to put that on to show the fur comes from Colorado."

"That's not it," volunteered my brother, Peter, who knows all about everything now that he is in the middle of his college career. "All goods shipped from one state to the other are under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and that's what the 'I. C. C.' stands for!"

Our first big formal date almost never came off, because he rushed me and I wouldn't be rushed. He arrived all shining and black-tied, to find me still in rolled-up jeans and knockabout sweater! He poked at me to get started and I balked. We began fencing with outstretched arms for weapons, carrying on the fight through living room, out to the backyard, past the incinerator and in and out the garage. When at last the duel was over, Rory looked a mess—his tuxedo smudged, his shirt wilted and soiled. No party. We had our dinner in the kitchen.

The first big mystery of our romance concerned his former girl friends whom I never seemed to meet at any of the first half-dozen affairs we attended. And I had thought there were so many of them! Then I learned that it wasn't just chance that caused this... it was Rory's diplomacy.

About that time we had our first experience with one of Rory's fans (something I knew I would have to get used to). It started off badly but Rory saved the day—or, rather, night.

We were leaving Cairo's one night when he noticed a 15-year-old bobby-soxer whispering to her pals along "autograph row." But she didn't run forward for an autograph. She stood perfectly still while Rory's car was brought up and while he held the door open for me to enter. But when he had entered his side and we were slowly pulling away, the youngster leaped up to him and screamed a "wolf call" right into his ear. He couldn't help being startled and the car jumped badly, almost hitting a pillar before Rory could straighten it.

happy fan...

For a minute he was angry—and then he saw the girl standing in deep dismay, her hand to her open mouth as she realized what she had done. Now her friends began to jeer at her and her eyes began to fill.

Rory leaned out of the car and, acting as if she were someone he knew, said, "Oh, it's you!" and blew a kiss to her. As we pulled away her mouth was still open... but on her face was the happiest look I have ever seen.

We learned, as we got to know each other, that our instincts matched each other, in idea and practice. Many times we met for a date, to find ourselves with the same inspiration about where to go and even wearing similar combinations—he in his white flannels and blue jacket, I in my white wool, pleated skirt and navy blue coat with sailor collar; or, if we were to "rough" it, he in levis and baby blue shirt and I in my powder blue seersucker skirt and deeper blue blouse.

We had an attunement on the matter of our careers. I shared with him his close attention to all facets of his screen work—and he was delighted that the

screen was becoming my own major activity when Columbia gave me one of the leads in *Jungle Jim*, starring Johnny Weissmuller. (The studio also gave me my nice new name—Lita Baron.)

All this was what we had lived together and known about each other when, one night late in summer, we sat parked on the hill outside my house, the front of his car pointing up at the stars rising in the east, and the orange-colored beams of the Hollywood Bowl searchlights playing over our heads.

He said the many things that a girl wants to hear . . . and remember for the rest of her life.

He spoke of other girls he'd known, saying that in each of them he had found one thing or another to attract him: unusual beauty, a smile, a sense of humor, a way of talking or a way of doing; but in only one girl had he found all of the qualities he really thought important.

He spoke of plans: of a house, and of what kind of house; of the kind of life he wanted to live in it.

He spoke of all this and then he said that I was the girl and the plans were for us. . . .

mind made up . . .

One night, after our marriage, we dropped in at the Mocambo together and Johnny the waiter grinned as he seated us.

"You never had a chance," he kidded Rory. "The minute you walked into the Mocambo last January your goose was cooked. Isabelita and I went after you. It was two-to-one—a cinch!"

Rory laughed—but as if he were especially tickled by something.

"You mean," he said, "that you and Isabelita laid plans to put shackles on me, eh? Well, that works both ways."

"Well . . ." said Johnny. "You know I was only kidding."

"Sure," said Rory. "But I wasn't. Long before you and Isabelita saw me, I saw her."

It was my turn to talk.

"Where? When?" I wanted to know.

Rory leaned over the table and took my hand. "A couple of years ago in my home town, San José," he said. "You sang there with Cugat one night, remember?"

I thought quickly and then recalled the time. "In a theater?" I asked.

"That's right," said Rory. "That's when I fell in love with you. But you were a singing star on the stage and I was just a guy in the audience. What chance did I have? But I made up my mind. Someday—somehow—I would meet you . . . and I did!"

Now Johnny, who is ordinarily so suave, so sure of himself, stood there with his mouth open. Both of us looked at Rory—wondering that something like this could happen, not in a book, not on the screen, but in real life.

And Rory, leaning back in his chair, winked at us. He was enjoying himself hugely.

I hope he always will.

THE END

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- Q. What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?
- A. The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?
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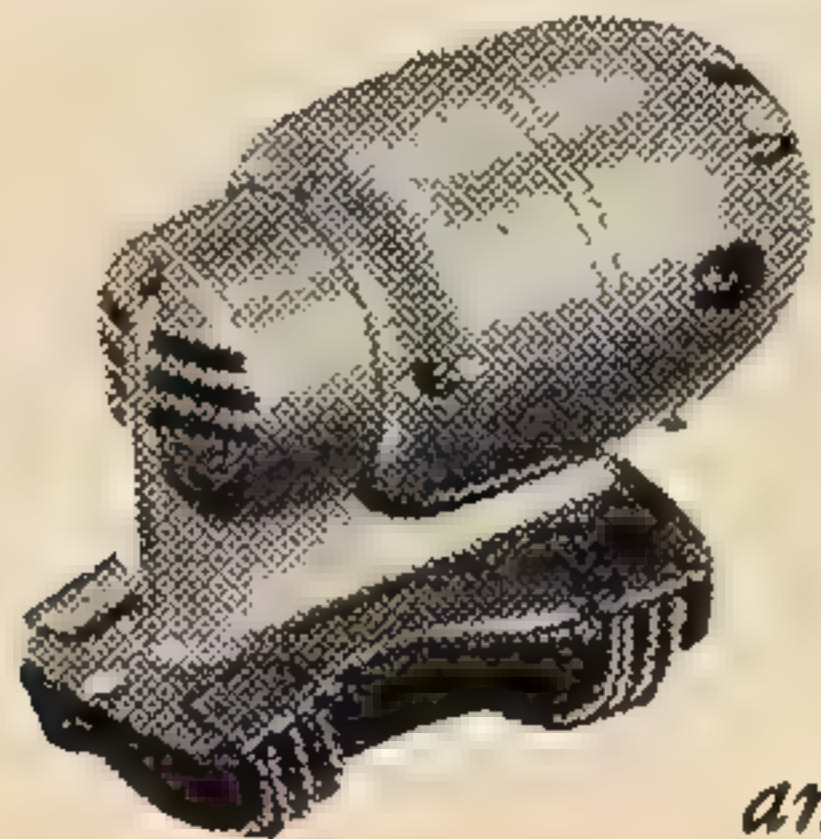
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PICTURE OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 58)

British prisons, but he insisted that the man who whipped him really lay it on. (Incidentally, the British refused to send over any research about the cat-o'-nine. They had to find a picture of one in a French crime magazine.) Burt was so welted the next day that he couldn't comfortably wear a shirt, but he feels strongly that scenes of that intensity cannot be faked. He wanted to show four shifts in his character's response to the whipping. First, complete surprise that the first lick could even ruffle his feelings. Second, real hurt as the next few cracks broke down his bluffed bravery. Third, the shift from simple pain to mental imagery of the crime which he is being beaten for. Fourth, complete breakdown as he considers that his guilt is being repaid.

On the screen, the scene is powerful stuff and they were afraid that it might be too much for the public. But it will be left in, almost untouched.

Being a psychological study of a bully,

this picture didn't have much of the usual set horseplay during the shooting. The funniest thing that did happen was the day Fontaine outran Lancaster. They were doing a scene in which Burt was supposed to catch Joan just in front of the camera after a long chase. She took off like a deer and Burt, running like a track star, couldn't catch her. Both ran right by the set-up and the take was ruined. Burt, who gets up every morning at six to work out on the UCLA track with his friend and former acrobatic partner, Nick Cravat, decided he'd better add another couple of miles to his workout.

Burt startled everyone on the set by climbing up a 40-foot steel scaffolding one morning. He explained when he got down that "I just felt good and wanted to see how fast I could do it." His friends (and Burt) are hoping that he can soon do a circus picture to get some of the acrobatics out of his system.

Suggested title: *The Unafraid*. THE END

BOB MITCHUM'S OWN STORY

(Continued from page 33)

telephone is to blame. The reporter calls the actor and says he hears there's going to be a divorce. The actor explains. Yes, he admits, they *have* had a little trouble. But divorce? No. No divorce. So the next day the paper says, "Too bad about that actor, Joe Flotsam, and his wife. Looks like they're breaking up over that trouble they had." Of course, Joe Flotsam didn't say that, exactly. He said things on both sides of it which would explain. And it's not the reporter's fault—he can't write the life history of everybody who gets his name in the paper."

The words came back to me vividly two days later when the news of Bob's arrest on a narcotics charge broke into print. I didn't believe everything I read.

I recalled the stories that broke a few years back when Lew Ayres went to a conscientious objectors' camp rather than bear arms, and I remembered his later distinguished service in the front lines with the wounded.

Then there was the case of a Marine by the name of Fitzgerald. A hero of Guadalcanal, he married a fine young actress named Gloria Dixon. Their home burned down. She was killed. He was picked up as a deserter, given twenty years' hard labor. On reported "facts" alone, he didn't have a friend left in Hollywood. But two months later I saw him again, back in uniform, and advanced to the rank of sergeant. There had been a mistake, but it had finally been rectified when the payroll record of his 10c a day as a prisoner reached Washington. There the honorable discharge he had claimed all along had been discovered.

I thought of something else: Bob Mitchum left me at Lucey's that day to go house-hunting. I stayed for a few more drinks with friends. When we left, any one of us could have jumped a stop signal, smashed into a car, hurt someone seriously and wound up in jail facing serious charges.

But Fate was fond of us. Fate gave Bob Mitchum a kick in the pants.

Strangely enough, in the hours of sadness into which Bob plunged, he was pursued by the ringing of the telephone he hated. Perhaps he should have answered, for hours before his ill-fated de-

cision to stop in at the little house in Laurel Canyon, a friend was trying to reach him. Someone had called to say, "I don't know what it's all about, but I've had a call from someone close to the law. He says he was tipped off that they are going to try to pick up Bob for something tonight—maybe you'd better tell him to stay home."

I wondered about that. I guess everyone has friends, in a pinch. Did Bob have enemies, too?

Certainly he had made mistakes. They might have been swept away by a reconciliation on Dorothy's return. But would there have been such a reconciliation? In the notes he wrote for me, Bob said, "I have spent eight years trying to get this girl alone for a while so that we might discover each other. In eight years we grew so fast that we had little time to talk, and depended too fully on psychic sympathy." The two of them were struggling to reach each other, yet going in opposite directions at breakneck speed.

Actually, what appeared to be tragedy was an abrupt, if brutal, climax which could provide them with a fresh start. When Dorothy did return to Hollywood after Bob's arrest, she rejoined him publicly. As this is written, they are alone together at last.

Will the shock they have withstood undo the damage of so many years? To present that possibility honestly, let me relate an incident as Bob told it to me.

Weeks ago, he signed a contract to do some personal appearances in New York.

"Dorothy," he said in that clipped manner of his, "I have to do this trick. Pick up some nice money. Then we'll take a vacation."

"A vacation?" Dorothy exclaimed. "That's wonderful. We can pile the kids in the Buick and drive across country."

Bob's face lit up. "Yeah, that's it. See the Grand Canyon. Talk to people. Be a couple of average fellows for a change. I'm jittery. Seems I can't even shave any more without some guy looking over my shoulder and trying to sell me something. Yeah—get ready. We're driving."

They got ready, but the telephone rang. Telegram for Bob Mitchum. The date in New York was moved up. No time now

for a leisurely jaunt across the country. "Can't do this to us," Bob told Dorothy. "We're going anyway—the whole gang. We'll fly."

Dorothy was alarmed. After all, their savings had been wiped out only a few months before. They'd had too much confidence that someone else would do the right thing. She knew that the worry over this loss had cut deeply, undermining Bob's confidence in his own judgment, upsetting his faith in other people.

"The boys and I had better stay home," she said. "It's too expensive."

Bob exploded. "To hell with expense! This is important. We'll sell the car. We can pick one up back there when I've piled up some money. You and the kids can go down to Delaware. No, we'll all go to New York, and when I'm through with my work we'll go to the country together."

That's what they did. They had been in a \$30-a-day hotel suite in New York for three days when dispatches from Hollywood were still speaking of impending divorce!

Then came the trip to Delaware. It, too, shows how the odds were piling up against them long before the headlines broke.

"—An epitaph to friendship," Bob wrote of that trip in his notes for me. "The weather was bad, and everywhere you looked was trouble, standing in cold, deep puddles—in New York—in Connecticut—in Delaware, the people had troubles, and they sat indoors out of the cold rain and told their troubles to you. I was much too tired to resist, and so escaped into it—like a runaway in a swamp."

Bob Mitchum didn't intend it to be this way, for his family's sake.

He and Dorothy went to a few parties, fewer night clubs, but they couldn't turn down all invitations graciously. Bob ran smack into trouble. Trouble like this: at one party a blonde, somewhat over par in alcoholic content, wanted to muss his hair. She did. Bob got sore and didn't say anything. Mrs. Bob got sore and did, later. It wasn't so important, but it was typical.

"I thought you said you knew her," Mrs. Bob commented.

"I guess I know everyone," Bob said, wearily.

They argued a little and then forgot the episode. They were both tired.

A few nights later, Bob decided to take a walk, prowl around on his own. Everything was all right. He was talking to



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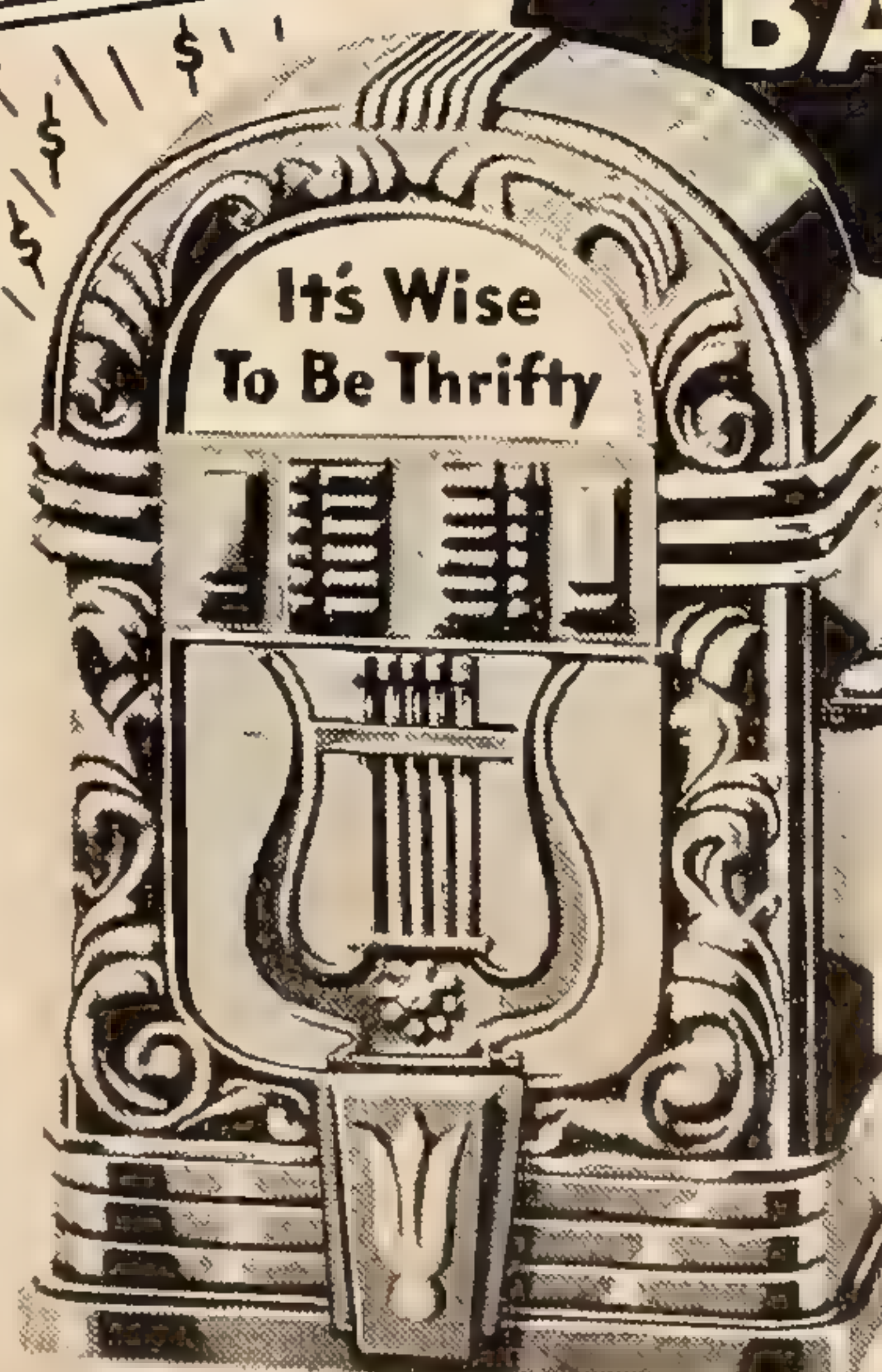
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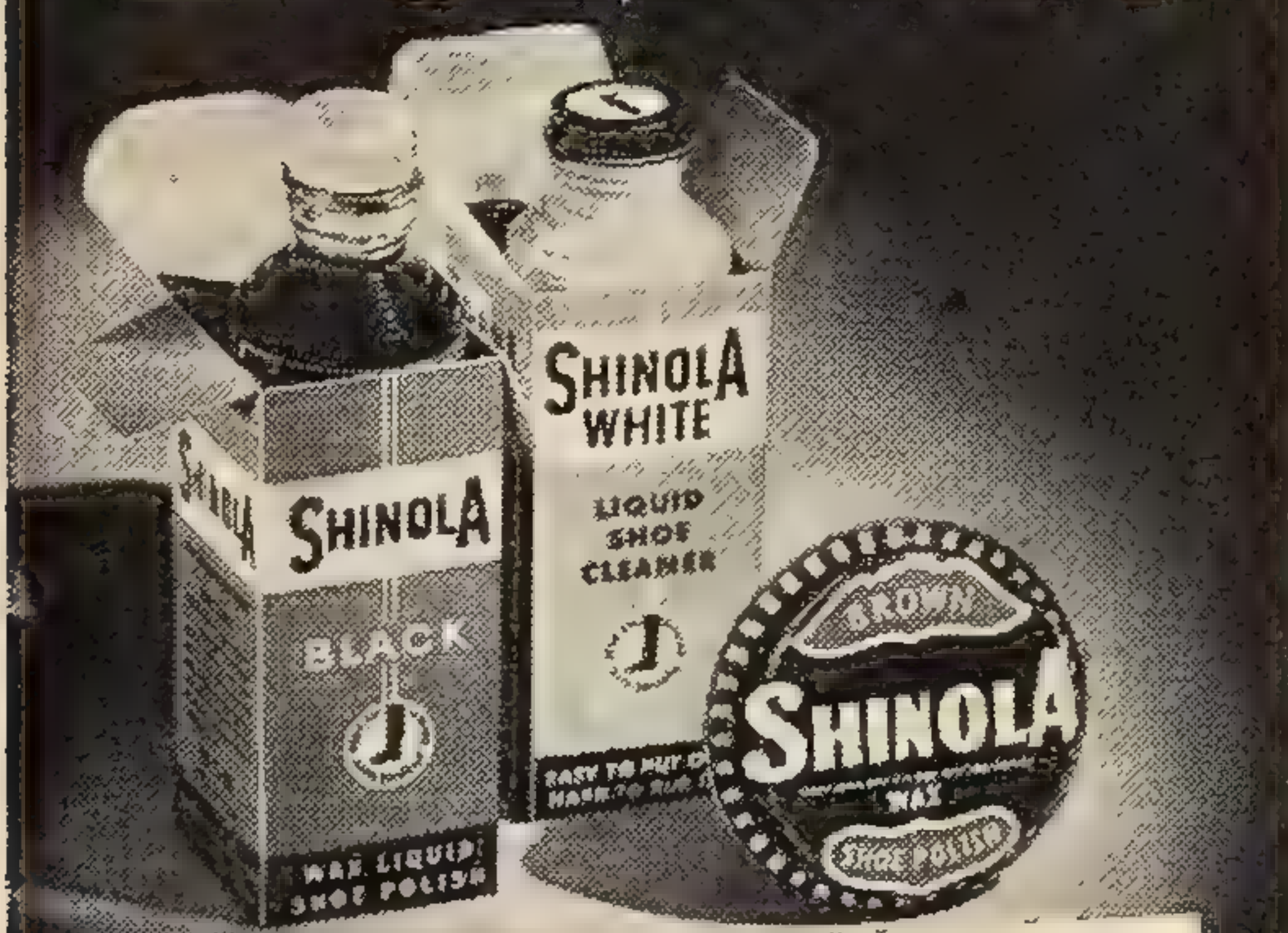
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somebody who'd known him when. All of a sudden, a few feet away, a little guy was punched by a big guy. He went flat. He got up. The big man poked him again. He went down, permanently.

"Don't do that," Bob said.

"Who said don't do that?" the big man asked.

"I did," Bob answered. "Now stop it."

"Don't worry, actor," the big man said. "This won't take long." He started across the room.

"I'm going to do it again," Bob said to himself. "I've got no right hand. Everybody tells me that. Why do I always have to try once with the right? Oh, well, maybe I can roll over by the little guy and we can sleep this one out."

The big man threw his punch. Bob's right hand moved. Somebody fell on the floor.

"Well, whattya know," Bob muttered. "I did it with that no-good right. I'd better go. When this character gets up he'll kill me. I could never do it again."

He turned. The police were there. Two men were on the floor. Bob knew better than to explain, so he did anyway. "It was like this—" he began.

"Never mind what it was like," one of the officers snapped. "We saw the whole thing. Now get out of here before some nut claims it was your fault."

Bob walked to his car. He was about to go inside and talk to Dorothy. He felt ridiculous. Things like this had to stop, that was all there was to it.

take a ride . . .

The thing to do was to take a ride and cool off. Pretty soon he was on the highway—the one to New York. He remembered the play he had been discussing with the Theatre Guild—a thing he'd written when he was eighteen years old.

Go to New York, he thought. Dorothy knew he did the unexpected, knew he wanted to spend a few days alone incorporating some changes in the play, changes that were suggested to him by Eugene O'Neill and others. He'd be there in a couple of hours. Then he'd wire her.

He stepped on the gas. Later he saw a sailor on the highway. "Can you drive?" he asked as he stopped. The sailor could. Bob crawled into the back seat and fell asleep. When he woke up he felt like he'd dozed off on the BMT during rush-hour. There were six sailors in the car. Nice guys. They liked him. He liked them. They stopped off for a nightcap.

Bob reached the hotel near dawn. Instead of wiring, he called Dorothy.

The short story was a long story now: Yes, of course, he'd be back in a few days. Sure, he'd be there for the county fair. Wouldn't miss it.

And in a couple of days he did go back, did go to the fair. Then—

"I guess this vacation isn't working out," he told Dorothy. "I'm not making you or the kids happy." They talked for a long time and it was late at night.

"I'll drive on up to New York," he said.

"But about the car," Dorothy said, trying to head off his flight, "I'll need it to get around with the children."

"That's right," Bob agreed.

Dorothy drove Bob to New York, almost two hundred miles.

They were understanding each other better when they reached the Holland Tunnel. Dorothy thought about staying over. Bob already had rooms.

"Right there our troubles could have been over," Bob told me later. "But something perverse always seemed to be nudging me. Instead of asking her to stay, I said she could use the phone in my room to get a reservation. I hated myself while she called around. Then she left. Drove all the way back in a heavy fog.

"I was the one in the fog. I'd been there a long time. Dorothy is the best. Intelligent, beautiful, loyal, a wonderful mother. I don't know what's wrong. Maybe it's the place, this Hollywood. Maybe it's me. The money? I earned \$25,000 a week once and got to keep \$376 net. . . .

"If I sound like a fool, I am, but I'm my own fool. Nobody else's. I don't want this marriage to end. I don't want a lot of things to go on as they have been, and these things have nothing to do with my wife. Maybe I'll find out when I have that so-called freedom. Anyway, we'll find out in a few days. . . ."

He didn't know then that everything was going to explode the next day. . . .

I had a morning paper with me when I stopped in at the corner gas station. The attendant indicated the headlines. "I suppose you writer guys will really give it to Mitchum now," he said.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Look," he said. "I don't know him. But I know about myself. A few years back I got off on the wrong foot. One thing led to another. I didn't really do anything wrong, but I drank myself right out of a job and I lost my wife and two kids in the bargain. It took me two years to get them back. Now I really amount to something. I take collection in church. I work with a boy's club. You'll see, Mitchum will turn out all right."

I had a date then to talk to Red Skelton. "Mitchum?" Red said. "Too bad about him, you say? Look, I haven't seen the headlines yet, so don't tell me. First, let me tell you something about him."

Red went to the files in his office. He brought out a folder with some pictures. "See these pictures?" he asked. "They belong to the Pacific Boys' Lodge. All those boys have been in court for one reason or another, but they aren't sent to any reformatory. They go to the Lodge. A lot of outstanding citizens support the Lodge and a few motion picture people have helped in getting funds and inspiring these kids.

a lot of good . . .

"We had a basketball game to get funds for a new building, and some other events too. None of it ever got into the papers. Some of the people we expected to show up never did. But Bob Mitchum was there. He's done a lot of good."

Then Red and I talked about Bob. It was Red's thought that Bob was lucky, strange as that may seem. "Think how close he can get to kids like these now," he said. "He can do more than a hundred men who lecture kids and don't know what it means to be in trouble."

Up at the little house on Glen Oak Drive the newspaper watch was waiting for Dorothy Mitchum's return. A line a newspaper columnist had used came to mind. It had been published two months before and was strictly a guess. "Bob and Mrs. Mitchum have mended their troubles."

In his notes, Bob had commented on this item. "Like a girl mends her stockings?" he wrote bitterly. "By buying more? Troubles of the heart are agonies we keep passionately guarded, and they are highly salable secrets He (the columnist) fervently hopes there will be no divorce for a long time—I hope forever."

Mrs. Bob Mitchum drove up with the kids. She went up the walk. Bob opened the door. His arms went around her.

"Bob," she said.

The dialogue was not intended for a third act curtain line, but it was the real climax to the story of Robert Mitchum.

The door closed, and I thought of what Bob had scribbled on that miserable evening so short a time before:

"We want very much to be alone together."

THE END

THIS LITTLE VOICE WENT NO, NO, NO!

(Continued from page 61)

forget some irksome promise, perhaps even one made in thoughtless haste, let her try to neglect some obligation, and it starts wiggling until she decides to remember.

People have been known to rebel against their consciences. But they can't win, Loretta is convinced, if they have "wiggling, loud" ones. Take the case of the time she tried to overcome that inner voice once during the war. One morning she was scheduled to make a promised appearance at a Lockheed employees' bond rally. As she sat down to breakfast, she suddenly felt light-headed and dismally ill. Which was certainly natural, considering that Loretta was a prospective mother. And it was also natural that, feeling as wretched as she did, she should shrink from the prospect of struggling through a speech at that rally. At her elbow was a telephone. A quick call and a quick explanation and she could lounge back and "enjoy her misery quietly."

The tussle between her physical misery and her conscience raged for a quarter of an hour. "The only sensible thing to do is call off the date," cried her misery. "No!" came back the conscience. "You've promised. Lying still won't make you feel any better. I will see to that! You'll hear from me, if you don't go. You'll hear from me all day long!"

That noon Loretta was at the rally. Not long afterward came a most gratifying reward for her fortitude. Loretta is chairman of the board of directors of St. Anne's Maternity Hospital, an institution founded to give haven and care to unmarried mothers. A drive for fifty thousand dollars in new funds was under way. Since everyone was contributing to war efforts, the drive was making slow headway. But

at Lockheed the employees had formed what they called "The Buck of the Month Club" for the purpose of making contributions to worthy causes. To St. Anne's there soon came a substantial check from the club. Substantial enough to help St. Anne's well along the way toward its goal.

Since to be a star in Hollywood is to be one of some 200 persons who vie with each other for the favor of millions of their fellow citizens, the stress on self is apt to be fierce. But in order to keep thinking of one's self all the time a certain degree of deafness, blindness and a dulled sense of touch is required to keep the outer world from intruding. When you properly achieve such a state it is termed absent-mindedness and taken as a mark of genius. Here is where Loretta fails badly. With as much right as anyone to be egocentric she has little chance with that unsleeping conscience of hers.

And Loretta is awfully interested in the little things of life; things your true, moody artist, surrounded by his or her mental wall, would hardly know existed. Is the cook's brother-in-law going to get married? Why are the people who own the house on the hill adding a new room? Have they got a new baby or is someone coming to live with them? Why are those fences up on that corner property near the market; are they going to build there? What is it going to be? Why do the leaves on the Chinese Elm fall continuously? Don't they know there is such a thing as seasons? And so on for all the days she has lived, and all the days before her, as far as she knows.

Most often this all-embracing curiosity of Loretta's works out along fine, beneficial lines. When she was ready to start in *The Bishop's Wife*, for example, her stand-in came to her looking deeply troubled. Gregg Toland, the camera chief—whose untimely death occurred this September—had told her she was not suitable for the job; her face was too square, her color wrong. Much as Loretta's sympathies were with the girl, how could she oppose the man responsible for the photography of the picture?

But something made her go see Gregg anyway. She didn't know quite what she had in mind, but that old conscience was working and she went to see him anyway.

The first thing she told Gregg was that he was perfectly right in refusing to use the girl. But, she went on, she found herself wondering just why a differently shaped face or variance in color interfered with good camera work. Would Gregg explain?

What happened then should have happened to a physics student—not Loretta. Gregg started away back with Newton's work on optics. He gave her light, light reflection, the coefficient of light absorption, and the albugineous properties of various types of human pigment when struck by light. What he was trying to say was that a fair skin needs less light than a dark skin, but that wasn't the way Loretta heard it.

Nevertheless, she thanked him and said it was very interesting and to the point. He was so right. He was so right that she was going straight to her stand-in and explain everything he had said so she wouldn't feel so badly about losing her job, what with a mother to support and all. With a sad, sweet smile, she turned to leave.

"Just a minute!" exclaimed Gregg. "What was that about the mother?" Lor-

what's the name?

Like to juggle words? Here's a game to test your skill. Following is a list of forty names—the first names of Hollywood actors and actresses. If you match one with another you'll get the complete names of twenty famous personalities. Try it—then turn to page 105 for the solution and your rating.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| 1: ABEL | 21: ARTHUR |
| 2: ERWIN | 22: EDWARD |
| 3: JOAN | 23: STUART |
| 4: SHIRLEY | 24: WARREN |
| 5: RAYMOND | 25: ARNOLD |
| 6: TONY | 26: CHESTER |
| 7: HARRY | 27: WALTER |
| 8: PATRICK | 28: EDDY |
| 9: FRANCIS | 29: RANDOLPH |
| 10: JAMES | 30: GENE |
| 11: RUSSELL | 31: BENNY |
| 12: MELVYN | 32: BRUCE |
| 13: VIRGINIA | 33: GAIL |
| 14: JEAN | 34: LESLIE |
| 15: HAROLD | 35: ANNE |
| 16: KAY | 36: LLOYD |
| 17: MORRIS | 37: DOUGLAS |
| 18: NELSON | 38: SCOTT |
| 19: WILLIAM | 39: MARTIN |
| 20: ROSALIND | 40: JACK |

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etta repeated it. Gregg thought a moment—and then said that while the proper stand-in was important, maybe it wasn't that important, and—well, maybe the girl would be acceptable to him after all.

"Despite Newton?" asked Loretta. "And that albig stuff and everything?"

Gregg nodded. "I think there's something in Einstein's work which will handle everything," he said. "I'll—I'll look it up right away."

Loretta thinks she got into the habit of letting her conscience get the upper hand when she first started work in the studios. At 15 she was already a star and greatly in demand. One of the things that used to irritate a certain producer was the fact that Loretta, since she was under age, was under the constant supervision of a state teacher and permitted to work only a limited number of hours a day. He made a suggestion to her one day and Loretta, in love with the romance of her work, agreed.

At five-thirty every afternoon she would leave the set in the company of her teacher and go home. At her front door they would exchange farewells.

"Good afternoon, Loretta," the teacher would say. "Study your homework, get a good night's sleep, and I'll pick you up first thing in the morning."

"Yes, ma'am," Loretta would reply politely.

Whereupon the teacher would go on and Loretta would enter her house—to emerge from the back door, get into a

waiting studio car and go back to work in front of the cameras until three in the morning!

A tiny little voice used to pipe up inside of her someplace those days—the as-yet-undeveloped wiggler—but she would beat it down firmly. And then one day the three A.M. routine caught up with her and Loretta found herself lying in a hospital exhausted from overwork. She was weeks recovering and her only comfort was that, at least, she had helped this producer and he would be appreciative of her herculean efforts.

But when she returned to him she discovered that she had been off salary every day she was in the hospital! All the time she'd thought she'd been fooling her teacher, she'd actually been fooling herself! And the only voice which had warned her had been the little one from within.

From that day on it has been the voice she's listened to, not only in connection with her career but as a guide to her everyday actions.

It has been a good mentor. It has directed a lot of splendid decisions for her. Wiggling and loud though it is, her attention to it has not become a burden—her sense of humor and clear sense of values keep it in its constructive place in her life. A life of work and home and family which makes her a fulfilled woman—a constantly finer actress—and, for all of these things, a grateful human being.

THE END

ARTANIS KNARF

(Continued from page 47)

said his hair was turning white. He said for us to get on a train before he collapsed.

"Before you collapse!" I said indignantly. "You're safe in New York, you're not flying around the country with these maniacs. I'm supposed to be navigator, but this map they've dreamed up looks silly to me. Just a lot of crooked lines."

"Oh, Lord!" George said in anguished tones. "Put Bob Lee on the phone."

Bob reassured him, and we got started again eventually. When we reached Columbus we called George again. "Take it easy," Frank told him. "We'll be in before you know it. Keep in touch with the control tower at LaGuardia. Here's our plane number."

Actually it wasn't too long afterward that George, pacing the soles off his shoes at LaGuardia, heard our number announced. Then he really started getting panicky, because about ten planes were over the field, waiting to land. The control tower gave us our landing number. The plane ahead of us was a DC-3 and the one behind us was a Constellation.

"You have 25 seconds to land," the tower informed our plane and George gave a moan of anguish.

As we came down toward the field it felt like a power dive. I covered my eyes—and darned if we didn't make a fine landing. Frank was very pleased.

"Only way to travel," he declared largely. That's Frank. If I'm an old man before my time, blame it on Sinatra.

Let's go back a few years to the time he first came into my life.

In 1939 I was Tommy Dorsey's manager. I'd been with him for three years. One day in Chicago he came around to me and said, "Bobby, I'm thinking about taking on a new singer. A guy by the name of Sinatra."

I'd heard Frank in person and on records and I thought he was just what we needed.

"He's with James at the Palmer House," Tommy said. "Give him a ring and see if he can duck over here tonight between shows. Just for a little talk."

You know what happened. Harry James gave him a release, and Frank joined our band the next week in Milwaukee. When he first got there, Tommy took me aside.

"Say, Bobby, kinda look out for the kid, will you? He doesn't know anybody in the band and it might be a little tough for him at first."

That's how it happened that Frank and I roomed together for the next three years whenever we were on the road. But Tommy needn't have worried about Frank. Frank makes friends faster than a dog gets fleas.

What really gave me a boot was how hard the kid worked. He knew he could do a good job for us, but he knew he couldn't do it just by sitting around. Right then was when he started to wear me out and he's been doing it ever since.

Look at the schedule we had on the road. Play till two in the morning, grab a quick meal, get on the bus and ride till noon next day. Get a few hours' sleep, then some food and play all evening. But was that enough for Frank? Never! He spent half his sleeping time learning new arrangements. He made appearances with Tommy and the Pied Pipers in record stores. Whatever anybody asked him to do, he said yes. That's a habit I've been trying to break him of for darned near nine years now. I guess I'll never succeed. If I did, he wouldn't be Frank.

In a year or so, we got a chance to go to Hollywood and make a picture. We were all pretty pleased with the idea. We had visions of lying in that warm sun, eating avocados, and walking with beautiful starlets in the moonlight.

Visions is just what they were, too, except for the avocados. Because we were booked to play at the Palladium at the

same time we made the picture. Brother, Mexican jumping beans weren't in it with us.

But Frank had had a neat little vision of his own, and *his* came true. He wanted to meet Bing Crosby.

"That Bing's the greatest singer in the world," he'd say to me, wistfully. "Do you think I might get to meet him, huh?"

I'd say I didn't know, which was the truth. Sure, the picture was being made at Paramount and that was Bing's studio, but Bing wasn't making a picture now. He was away somewhere, only I hated to tell Frankie that.

He found it out, of course, as soon as he got to the studio. So he went around for a week looking like a small boy when Mom says, "No cookies today."

Until one day. We were shooting a long sequence of the band playing and Frank making with the tonsils. I happened to glance over my shoulder and practically froze in that position. Because there was the Groaner himself, lounging in the door back of us, and looking as if he liked what he was hearing.

He got hold of Dorsey as soon as the scene was over and said, "This Sinatra. Very good, Tommy, very good. I think you've got something there." Then Tommy introduced Frank to him, and I thought the kid was going to faint.

Later Frank grabbed me and rushed me outside. "Bobby, you mean he was there all the time? Listening? Gee, I hope I sang all right."

"Bing seemed to think you sang okay," I told him, grinning, "and I understand he's a pretty fair judge."

After we left California we traveled all over the country. And we all had one pet gripe. Tommy had bought a bus for the band to ride in. Painted silver it was, and a very fancy-looking job. But the seats wouldn't tilt back, and the thing bounced all over the road and when you got through a long trip you felt as if every bone in your body was broken. We used to beg Tommy to let us drive our own cars, but he was afraid we wouldn't make the next stop on time if we did.

One night Frank and I did miss the bus, because he'd been calling Nancy long-distance. Ordinarily, we could have hired a car to catch up in, or taken a train. But this time we were both broke and that's for sure. Of course Frank was always broke, because he lent so much dough to the other guys. Anyway, we decided to hitch-hike.

Ever try hitch-hiking along a strange road at three in the morning? Oh, a few cars go by, but that's just what they do—go by. We were hungry, too, and we finally swiped some raw corn out of a field and ate it. Before long, we did get a ride that caught us up with the bus, but by then it was too late. That raw corn made Frank so sick that he might as well not have been there at all that night when it came to singing.

One time Tommy started for New York from a place we'd been playing in Pennsylvania. He drove *his* own car, natch, and the rest of us were supposed to start four hours later on the bus, for he had business to attend to in New York before we got there.

So we slept an extra four hours, and then piled into the bus. Frank climbed into the driver's seat. "Let's beat that car of Tommy's to New York," he said suddenly. "Hold your hats!" And he started down the road like a bat.

At first everyone yelled at him that he was nuts. Then they began to laugh. "Tommy keeps saying what a wonderful bus this is," somebody said. "Let's prove he's right."

We rocketed along that road like a sardine can rolling downhill. Not that Frank was driving recklessly, you understand. But he sure did kick that crate along as briskly as the law allowed. And when we finally got on the New York ferry, the car ahead of us belonged to one Mr. Thomas Dorsey!

I thought he'd have apoplexy when he saw us. Especially when he found out we had burned out various essential parts during the trip. He had to sell the bus after that, and allow us to drive our own cars. But let me say in our favor that we were never late.

Well, those days ended for me when I went into the Army. Naturally I didn't know when I'd see Frank again—if ever. Then I was sent to a camp near Hollywood. I knew Frank was out there—he'd become pretty famous since I'd last seen him. I got a yen to talk about old times, and I wrote him a letter and said so. But I thought maybe I'd get back a note signed by a secretary saying, "Mr. Sinatra is too busy."

Instead I got a phone call. "Bobby, you old so-and-so, get yourself a pass as soon as you can and come up here for a week end. Boy, do I want to see you!"

He wanted to see *me*! Things like that explain why Frank has more friends than any guy in the world.

I spent a lot of weekends at Frank's house after that. Nancy is the kind of wonderful hostess who lets you relax completely and do as you please, instead of trying to fit you into her plans.

"What you going to do when you get out of the service, Bobby?" Frank asked me one day.

"I don't know yet. I've had a couple of offers."

"Well, here's one I'd like you to give a little special attention to. I'd like you to come and work for me. I need somebody like you."

It took me about one-fifth of a second to forget those other offers.

One day I said to Frank, "I sure wish you could be best man at my wedding." After all, we'd worked together off and on for eight years. When a guy is your best friend as well as your prospective boss, you naturally want him around when you take the big step. But Frank was involved in a million things. "I know how busy you are . . ." I said, trying to sound casual.

"That busy, I never get," Frank said, grinning. "If you're going to climb into a straitjacket, I want to be there to lace it."

I laughed. I always laugh at Frank's

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Curvaceous Esther Williams was wearing a bathing suit of lamé on an M-G-M set. "Hmmm," hmmm'd an extra, "thar's hills in them thar gold . . ."

Greer Garson gets giggles displaying a clipping reporting an accident she suffered. It's from the Monterey Peninsula Herald—which read: "The area in which Miss Garson was injured is spectacularly scenic . . ."

Dick Haymes' definition of a glamour girl is probably as good as any: "A girl who has what it takes to take what you have . . ."

Irving Hoffman in
The Hollywood Reporter

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jokes. He claims I do it to be polite, but that's not so. I think he's one of the funniest guys in the world.

"When and where's the wedding?" he asked.

"The day of my Army discharge. Right at the camp. But of course that's eighty miles from Hollywood."

"I know that, you dope. I've been down there often enough in the last few months."

He had, too, entertaining the boys, and usually bringing along his whole radio show to help.

He was considering me now, thoughtfully. "Might need a little help, being best man. Okay if I bring Phil Silvers or somebody to help hold us both up?"

I said that would be fine. The days skidded by and all of a sudden it was my wedding day.

Frank was a little late that afternoon. Finally I went out by the gate and paced up and down waiting for him, just for something to do. I was watching for his convertible and hardly glanced at the big Greyhound bus marked CHARTERED that swung in beside me.

Then a voice yelled from the bus, "Hey, Burns. I can see your knees shaking from here!" It was Frank. It was also half the rest of Hollywood. Phil Silvers, Axel Stordahl, Nancy, a whole set of musicians from the old Dorsey band. Any room that was left was taken up with wedding presents. Seemed like a million of them. I really felt myself getting all sentimental inside.

Know what Frank's wedding present to me was? Honest, that guy is terrific! Here I was, just out of the Army, no civilian clothes and none available. So he had had his tailor make me a whole new wardrobe! It was really a thing.

After the honeymoon in New York, we came back to the Coast and I went to work for Frank as a combination secretary-manager-timetable.

I knew him so well by that time that it wasn't like taking on a completely new job. But Frank was a different proposition now from what he had been in the old days. He was a figure of national interest. Not only was he the idol of a million bobby-soxers, but he was doing important work in the campaign against racial intolerance. He was giving benefits by the dozen. He was a picture star as well as a radio singer.

All of that affected my job. Because Frank was still saying yes to everything. I found I had to act as a buffer between him and all the requests he got, or he would forget and make dates to be in three different places at once.

I soon discovered one thing about Frank. His mind is always occupied. We'll be driving along in the car, me with my mind on nothing except maybe where we could pick up a hamburger. But Frank, quiet for a long time, will suddenly come up with something.

Like "I think we oughta make a short for the Cancer Fund. I've been working it out in my mind. It'll go like this..."

And, sure enough, there it is, all worked out for presentation. I've come to have a lot of respect for those silences.

Maybe I'm giving you too serious a picture of the guy. Maybe I'm making him sound angelic, and he isn't. He clowns more often than he's serious, and sometimes he does things that just about drive me crazy.

Like his getting into the habit of calling me "Burns." Around the studio, Frank will let out a yell you can hear from here to Harlem—"Hey, BURNS!" And now the rest of the gang has taken to doing the same thing. I hear "Hey, BURNS!" in my sleep.

I mean that literally, too. Because Frank loves to stay up late—the later,

sweet and hot

by leonard feather

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***Recommended**

No Stars: Average

FROM THE MOVIES

A SONG IS BORN—Stealing Apples: **Benny Goodman (Capitol). A Song Was Born: *Louis Armstrong (Victor). Daddy-O: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); *Page Cavanaugh (Victor). Blind Barnabas: *Golden Gate Quartet (Columbia). Flying Home: *Lionel Hampton (Decca). *Benny Goodman Sextet (Columbia). Redskin Rhumba: *Charlie Barnet (National). I'm Getting Sentimental Over You: *Tommy Dorsey (Victor).

If you're a jazz fan, this department advises you not to miss the picture, even if it isn't Danny Kaye's best.

NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES—title song: *Vic Damone (Mercury), Art Mooney (MGM).

PALEFACE—Buttons and Bows: *Betty Rhodes (Victor), Betty Garrett (MGM).

SO DEAR TO MY HEART—Lavender Blue: *Dinah Shore (Columbia); Jack Smith and Clark Sisters (Capitol).

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME—By The Way: *Jo Stafford (Capitol); Dick Haymes (Decca); Art Lund (MGM). What Did I Do: Margaret Whiting (Capitol); *Helen Forrest (MGM).

HOT JAZZ

COLEMAN HAWKINS—*April In Paris (Victor).

ALBUMS

GENE KELLY—*Song and Dance Man (MGM).

PIED PIPERS—*Harvest Moon (Capitol).

the better—while I am strictly a Cinderella type, all for getting in the sack by midnight. But when we're living together, which is frequently, just let me start to doze off, and—

"Burns! We gotta talk. Let's not have any sleeping around here at this hour."

Then another thing. He loves to make me sing. I can't sing a note, can't carry a tune even one bar, never could. But every once in a while, Frank will put on that hypnotic smile of his and say, "Bobby, sing 'I'm An Old Cowhand.'"

Like a dope, I do it, and Frank laughs so hard they have to dump cold water on him to keep him from having a fit of hysterics.

Nobody minds things like that from Frank, though. He's just as willing to be kidded himself.

Frank's children are one of the chief attractions for me in that household. That little Nancy. She'll call me up on the telephone.

"Uncle Bobby. When are you coming over?"

"Maybe this evening, sweetheart."

"Well, that's good. Because I have a new jigsaw puzzle and I don't want to start it till you get here."

So I rush over and spend the evening lying on my stomach doing a jigsaw puzzle with Nancy. When it's her bedtime, I talk to big Nancy awhile and then probably Frank and I get involved in a long discussion about the split-second timing we will need to get everything done the following day.

I suppose it's sort of a strange life I lead, and it's the kind of job that goes on 24 hours a day. But when you're working for a guy like Frank, who cares?

THE END

...azine, Variety.
...ter and director, was
...ready to launch a road com-
...his hit play, *Born Yesterday*. Gar-
son Kanin . . . She had met him once.
Four years ago. Maybe . . .

Impulsively, she reached for the tele-
phone. She dialed Long Distance and
placed her call—and then she began to
quake, and a little chill skipped along her
spine.

She was always doing the wrong thing,
she reflected shiveringly, and this—this
could be her prize boner. Why, any fool
could tell you that it wasn't the thing to
do, calling a big shot clear across a con-
tinent to tell him you could act. Maybe if
you hung up real quickly nobody would
know—but now it was too late, because
already Garson Kanin was on the line, and
you *had* to say something. . . .

Such was the beginning, however im-
probable, of today's boom for Shelley Win-
ters, Hollywood's "wrong-way kid," who
has achieved the eminence of Discovery of
the Year by doing the "wrong thing" at
practically every opportunity. Five-foot-
four, her 115 pounds dynamically distrib-
uted, Shelley at 25 is the screen's newest
femme fatale, a torchy little honey whose
impact made critics yip as they did for
the early Bette Davis. And she's still
exuberantly jumpy and impulsive, obeying
those impulses and having them somehow
turn out right.

Like that telephone call, for instance.
She didn't dream it then, but that spur-of-
the-moment dialing was to set her small
feet squarely on stardom's path. It was to
lead to her memorable role as the little
tramp of a waitress whom Ronald Colman
strangled in his Oscar-winning *A Double
Life*. She was to parlay that small role—a
death scene, plus thirty lines of dialogue
and a few sequences of insolent sultriness
preceding her demise—into a career that
sizzles with promise. This cute youngster
who thought she was "so ugly," has already
moved ahead rapidly in four more films:
The Cry of the City, *The Great Gatsby*,
Larceny and *Criss-Cross*. Along the ex-
citing way she has signed a Universal-
International contract, chosen from a wel-
ter of studio offers. And she has known
the thrill of hearing producers mutter,
"Yes, but can we borrow Shelley Winters?"
Some of the same producers, too, who had
helped convince her she was the homeliest
critter this side of Dogpatch!

And all because of her positive talent for
"the wrong thing."

Consider that call to Kanin. Having
made it, knowing it wasn't the thing to do,
did she state her case and ask for a job?
Not Shelley. No.

The dialogue ran like this:

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Garson Kanin."

"Oh. Mr. Kanin, this is Shelley Winters."

"Oh, yes . . ."

Pause—while Kanin tried to remember
who in blazes Shelley Winters might be.

"Mr. Kanin, I wonder—I mean—er—
how's the weather back there?"

"Fine. And how is it in Hollywood?"

"It's—it's fine here, too. Well—er—well,
goodbye now."

That was all. Her nerve completely
wilted, Shelley hung up in confusion, feel-
ing very, very silly. Imagine calling Long
Distance to talk about the weather! What
would Kanin think?

But the call probably impressed Kanin
by its very pointlessness. At any rate,
when Shelley followed through with a

...promptly. No stage
job for her, he said, but he and his wife
Ruth Gordon had just written a movie.
His brother Michael in Hollywood was
filming it, so why didn't Shelley go see
him?

The movie was *A Double Life*, and
Shelley was on her way—to fame, fortune
—and more *faux pas*.

She came from a stage career barely
notable enough to win her the most meager
of passports to pictures—train fare and a
short-lived Columbia contract. Once ar-
rived, she spent three years being told how
sensationally undecorative she was. At
first, nobody seemed to know anything
about her or why she had come, although
some vague reference had been made to
a part in Rita Hayworth's *Cover Girl*.

When she was finally noticed, the atten-
tion was most disheartening.

A makeup man studied her blue-eyed
blondeness for a while, then shook his
head. "You need to have your hairline
raised," he sighed despondently. "You
need your teeth braced, too, and—oh yes,
you ought to have your nose bobbed."

Shelley ducked the second two sugges-
tions, but shelled out \$400 for electrolysis
aimed at a higher brow.

"Then," she recalls, "they gave me pink
hair and a wide mouth, to look as much
as possible like Rita Hayworth. I didn't—
I looked a fright. They put me to work,
after all this makeup, in *A Thousand and
One Nights*—with my face hidden behind
a veil."

Taking the hint, Shelley laid aside one
U. S. savings bond a month against the
time of her departure from steady salary.
The time came, and she embarked on a
free-lance career which caused nobody to
dance in the streets. She ate one bond a
month, and she took screen tests, feeling
uglier with every test.

At 20th Century-Fox they gave her hair
a Betty Grable up-do and applied other
cosmetic treatment, but vetoed her chances.
"You're hopeless, your voice is all wrong,
and you have three left feet," they said.
(Recently she played there in *The Cry of
the City*.)

At M-G-M they made her up like Lucille
Ball. "Ye gods," the makeup man an-
swered her mild protests, "you don't want
to look like *you*, do you?" Squelched,
she played a small role in *Living in a Big
Way* while her personal living dwindled
along with her savings. (M-G-M wanted
to borrow her, not long ago, for a movie
life of Jean Harlow.)

At Warners, she got an Ann Sheridan
treatment, and another brush-off that made
her feel as glamorous as Gravel Gertie.
(Warners, since the Winters boom began,
also has tried to borrow her.)

Everywhere it was the same. She had
one of the most thoroughly disparaged
faces in town, and her ego was flatter than
last year's slang. She was convinced that
she needed at least a ton of makeup to
brave a camera.

But when she landed her role as wait-
ress-hussy in *A Double Life*—

"No makeup," said George Cukor flatly.
Shelley tried to fool him. A gal *had* to
have glamor.

"Wipe that lipstick off, Shelley," he or-
dered day after day.

When she still persisted pleadingly, a less
patient man might have fired her. But
Cukor just ordered the mirror removed
from her dressing room. He just collected
all stray lipsticks and combs on the set,
and put them under lock. He just made
Shelley forfeit all her own cosmetic aids.

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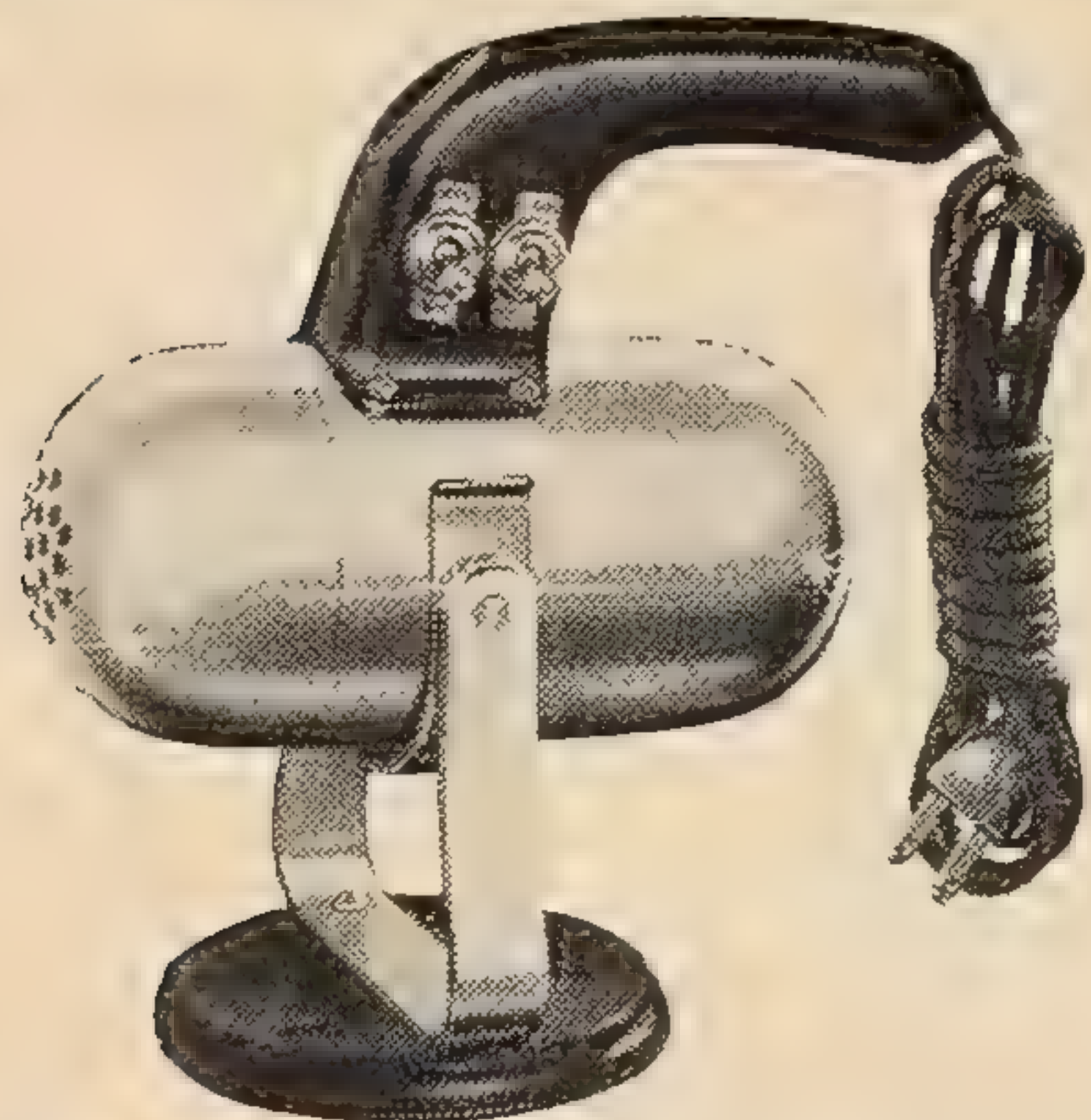
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"But I'm so un-
believing it. "I

"Stay away
plied. "That"

But to the v
was a challenge:

Shelley smuggled herself into a projection room after the others were seated. She thought she'd escape unnoticed before the lights went on again. But it was so-o-o-o interesting that she forgot. And in her excitement she began telling Producer Michael Kanin how he should cut his picture. She must have been very cute about it, because ordinarily that's a good way for an unknown actress to buy a ticket to oblivion.

"I guess," Shelley muses now, "I shouldn't do things like that. But it seems to me that movies are so departmentalized. I mean, everybody attends to their own business and you're not supposed to make suggestions outside your own department."

She was so tense and nervous in her first scenes (thinking of her "ugliness") that she almost lost the part. But Shelley soon relaxed enough to make a few suggestions about her dialogue. When Cukor liked one of these, she was elated and made more. One day Author Garson Kanin memo'd: "Shelley dear, I know you've written many distinguished plays, but do you mind saying my lines as I wrote them?"

That cured her. "Since then," she avers, "I've never tried to improve my lines."

But her zeal for "un-departmentalizing" the movies has found outlet in other directions. It reached dangerous proportions on *Larceny*, for instance. Here Mr. Lane (Shotgun) Britton, her makeup man, admirer and confidant, had to rush in to smooth out a "situation." Seems Shelley, eager to help, was telling the veteran cameraman how she preferred to be photographed!

"You just don't do that, Shelley!" warned Shotgun, after tranquillity was restored.

"Oh," said Shelley, contrite, "I didn't know."

Fortunately for her future, the girl makes these voluntary contributions to cinema uplift with a friendliness, zest and enthusiasm that soon win forgiveness.

Even in her theatrical beginnings, Shelley violated that prime rule of the stage trouper: "Never overstay your welcome." As a moppet named Shirley Schrift, she made her way to a theater's Shirley Temple contest in her native St. Louis. She shrieked "On the Good Ship Lollipop" and kept on shrieking it until they finally had to remove her from the stage. She won a consolation prize.

Apparently she never recovered, because by her 'teens she was persuading her father, a designer of men's clothing, that his future really lay in New York. Her mother, the former Rose Winters of St. Louis' famed municipal opera, was sympathetic. They moved to Brooklyn.

Highlight of Shelley's dramatic career at Thomas Jefferson High there was her performance as Katisha in *The Mikado*. The school had two orchestras, which joined forces for this production without prior rehearsal as a unit. The resulting cacophony had reached a nice frenzy by the time Katisha entered for her aria. As Shelley recalls it, the chorus was singing something the orchestra wasn't playing, and poor Katisha was stumped. This time she did the wrong thing—stepped out of character—and made a hit.

"Excuse me a minute?" she asked the thousand faces in the audience.

Then she turned to the orchestra: "Let's start over and get together!"

The thousand faces roared and cheered. Her professional debut was as a model in a metropolitan garment center. And it went of course all wrong.

sational. Shelley sang and danced in music to keep her in doughnuts and family home to go it alone. Almost enough, that is. There was one time when she ushered at the Belasco Theater for \$8 a week during an "at liberty" period—and impulsively spent all her cash on a fancy bathing suit in which to audition for a part. She didn't get it, and went two days without food.

The stage career was not, however, without distinction of a sort—the wrong sort.

In the musical *Rosalinda* Shelley had a good singing role. Rather lost in the music's complications, Shelley connived with the orchestra's oboe player (who carried the melody in her important number) to cue her. He would throw his head back, they agreed, as a signal that she should sing.

"It worked fine," she reports cheerfully, "except the second night—he threw his head back too far, lost his balance, and knocked down half the orchestra."

Despite this Winters-connected catastrophe, *Rosalinda* sent Shelley to Hollywood, with results partially foretold. The whole results, at this writing, are still unfolding.

After completing *A Double Life*, she took time out to go to New York for a part in *Oklahoma!*

She returned from New York and *Oklahoma!* still unaware what *A Double Life* would mean to her. In practical terms it has meant a contract for three times the money she might have had if they'd signed her before the film's release. Nearly a thousand a week, with more promised.

Meanwhile, the Winters life has settled down to routine confusion. She used to share a small apartment with mother, father, and sister Blanche, a pediatric nurse. An aunt and uncle were close neighbors—"and all my relatives moved out from St. Louis, and—oh, yes, the baby . . ."

The baby, it developed, was a "borrowed" one from a motherless home upstairs. It spent the day at Shelley's while its father worked. (Shelley's own marriage, an impulsive wartime union now dissolved, produced no offspring.)

Recently Shelley moved into her own small apartment in Hollywood, but bedlam moved with her. Oversupplied with energy and vitality, she creates her own—"just by being in a room," as someone observed. She keeps on the go. She works. When not working, she dashes breathlessly through her days, usually half an hour late for appointments, always with fantastic but legitimate reasons for her tardiness. She telephones friends, endlessly, for advice which she usually, and impulsively, ignores.

And equal to her talent for doing the "wrong thing" is her gift for saying, without thinking, what she thinks. Recently, for instance, at a Jack Warner party the big man was reproaching Shelley for signing with U-I rather than with WB. Shelley, ever outspoken, told him of her Warners test.

"But why didn't I see it?" he protested. "You did see it," said Shelley blithely, "and it was *you* who turned me down."

Reminded later that it is *lèse majesté* in Hollywood to recall a big shot's oversights, Shelley was unmoved.

"Well, he *did* turn me down, didn't he?" she demanded innocently, as if that made any difference.

But when you can be a "wrong-way kid" in the Winters way—who'd ever want to be "right"? **THE END**

caused her illness as pressure and a general condition. He kept her tucked in bed for more than a week.

Coming out of the hospital, Rita spent most of July just resting and getting well. So far, she had acted in a predictable manner. Nothing sensational. Nothing for the headlines.

On July 23 she was in Cannes, registered at the fashionable Eden Roc, apartment Number 34. On that date Orson Welles arrived at Eden Roc and registered in apartment Number 29.

The word went out, the newspaper columnists moved in and there immediately began the story of Rita Hayworth's adventures on the French Riviera.

The August 1 issue of *France Dimanche*, Parisian weekly, carried a picture of Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles dining together.

"Orson Welles says, 'I shall never remarry Rita Hayworth,'" whooped the headline.

"Orson Welles, the youthful genius, and Rita Hayworth spent a night at Cannes... but strictly honorable," the story went on to say.

"Gilda (Miss Hayworth was called by the name of the character she had made known throughout the world by her portrayal on the screen) did not appreciate the pleasantries. She is still very much in love with her ex-husband...."

"The night of his arrival, Orson Welles invited Gilda to dine with him at Chez Francis at La Garoupe.

"He truly treated me as if I'd never been his wife," sighed Miss Hayworth."

France Dimanche neglected to say to whom "Gilda" sighed.

"After dinner they had a drink at La Jungle, a cabaret in Cannes. On leaving around four o'clock in the morning, Orson, who was feeling very gay, embraced Gilda *a la Francaise*." (Meaning, of course that he kissed her noisily on both cheeks.)

"At five o'clock in the morning," you could almost hear the France Dimanche

Now, it is necessary to point out that the French papers have a typical Gallic approach to romance items and sometimes go to far greater lengths than their American cousins in reporting affairs of the heart. It is well to remember that everyone in France, from diplomats to the least shopgirl, wanted the glamorous American star to behave in a manner befitting French ideas of movie star behavior

It's possible that Rita and Orson spent an exceedingly gay evening together—and it is also possible that the evening was no more exciting than an excursion to the local bistro of Cranberry Corners, Idaho. Whatever the case, the newspaper stories were unfortunate. They established Rita as a type, m'sieu, that the Continent had not seen since pre-war days—gay, beautiful, dashing, careless of reputation, typical of those mad Hollywood beauties portrayed in American films.

echoes at home . . .

The story created such an uproar that echoes were heard in New York. Paris reporters for American newspapers were asked where they had been wasting their time when Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles announced their plans to marry again. It isn't difficult to understand why the newspaper boys began to watch Rita with the worried expression of men with a bomb in their midst. The pressure was on. From this point forward, Rita would be big news.

Orson Welles went back to Rome on the day after his "reunion" with Rita. And Rita retired to the quiet of her apartment. It is possible that she should have talked to the press; her seclusion only added fuel to the fire of rumors.

Rita's self-imposed retirement was brief. It was in the fashionable club Paradis a short time later that it was decided Rita had completely recuperated and was once more in "great form." This deduction was obvious when, in stocking feet, Miss Hayworth demonstrated a wicked samba. The eager partner was Alberto Doderio, Venezuelan millionaire. Although often referred to as "the pompous Señor Doderio," he didn't hesitate to discard his white dinner jacket, the better to match the antics of his spirited partner.

Even Mohammed Rega, the Shah of Iran, during 48 hours of liberty allotted him by protocol, spent his precious time pursuing the most sought-after woman in France. Shah or not, he was the recipient of a Hayworth brush-off. It seems he did manage to say hello to her, and was under the impression that she was to dine with him at Eden Roc on his last night in town. But Rita didn't show. After a two-hour wait, he finally gave up and consoled himself by having two of the prettiest of the pretty Viseux sisters join him for the evening.

It is now time to introduce Ali Khan, a character in the pageant of Rita's holiday. He takes a bit of introducing. Ali Khan, be it said, is son of the Right Honorable Aga Sultan Sir Mohammed Shah (better known as the Aga Khan). The Right Honorable is probably the richest man in the world. Every year his people, the Ismail Mohammedans, pay their beloved leader an amount of gold equal to his weight. On the fiftieth anniversary of his reign, they made it diamonds—and that year he tipped the scale at a neat 272 pounds!

Prince Ali Khan, with that sort of inhe-

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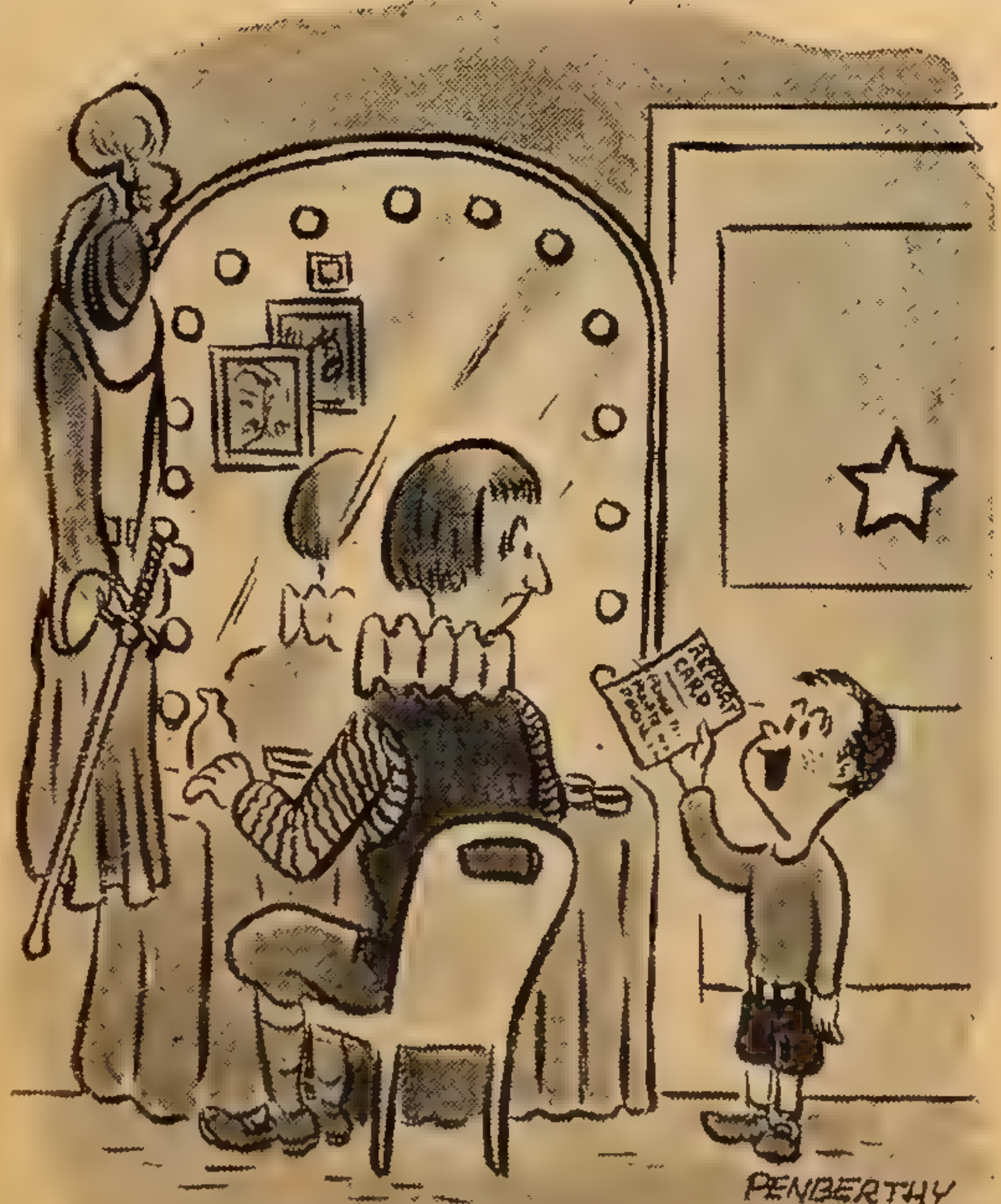
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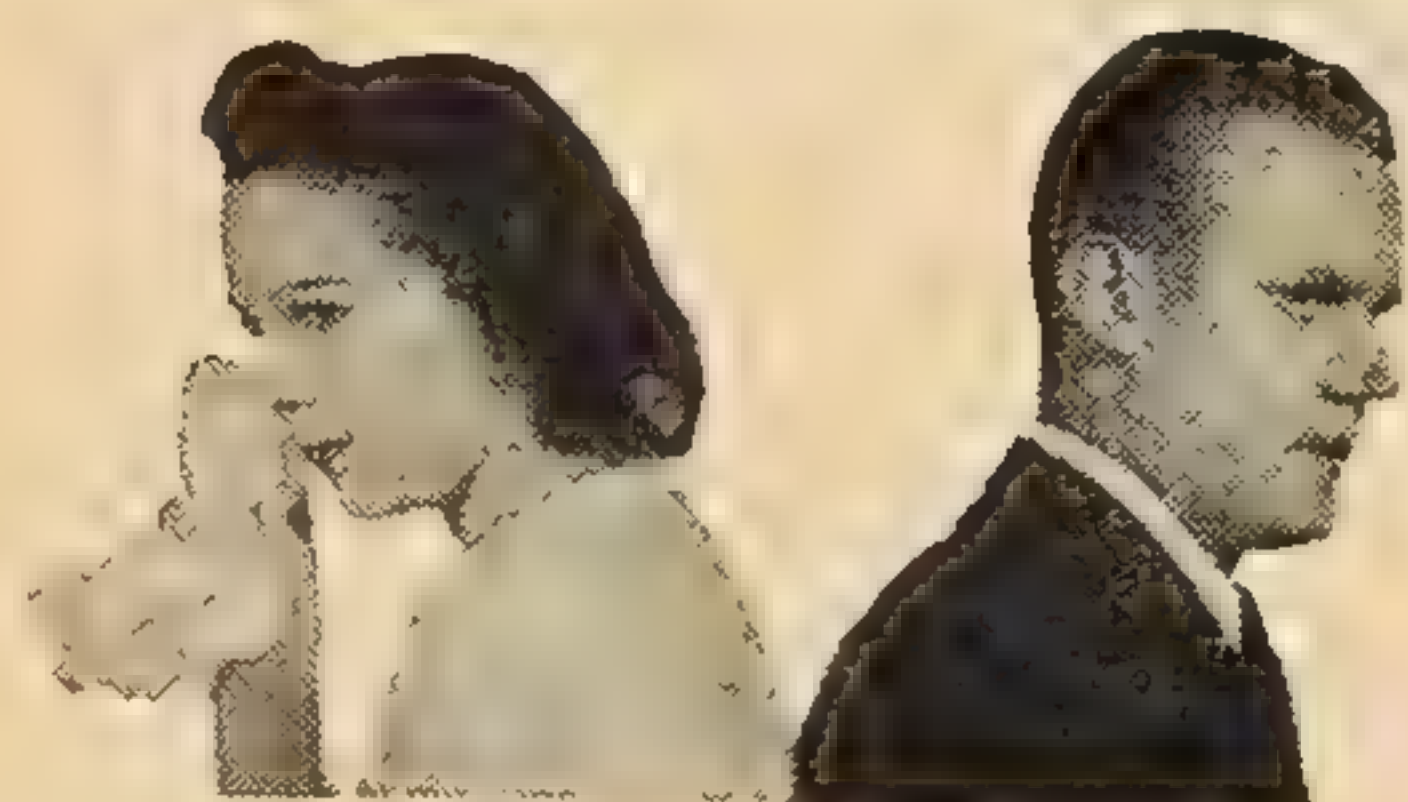
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of Wales romance.

Khan, accustomed as he may be to having beautiful women swooping down on him in droves, was not immune to the Hayworth charm. He first sized her up appreciatively at a party organized by Elsa Maxwell to celebrate the tenth wedding anniversary of Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz. Rita was wearing a ravishing rose-colored gown, purchased during her short stay in Paris. During the evening, when Prince Ali Khan stepped out on the dance floor, the partner he embraced was usually a girl in a ravishing rose-colored gown.

It was after Orson Welles had left for Rome and there was gossip of a reconciliation that Ali Khan met Rita again. This time it was at a party given by Alberto Doderio at his fabulous Chateau des Pins.

However, it was not until the end of the first week in August, the time of the opening of the summer Sporting Club at Monte Carlo, that the romance of Rita and Ali became apparent. It took a great deal of perseverance on the part of the young prince, but by the time the Gala had ended it was obvious to those who had witnessed the public flirtation that the Prince was first contender in the Hayworth holiday sweepstakes.

The opening of the summer Sporting Club of Monte Carlo is one of the biggest events of the season on the French Riviera. This year, in addition to the satisfaction of seeing the Edward G. Robinsons, Maurice Chevalier and Sacha Guitry, the famous French actor-playwright, the guests were caught up in the excitement of watching and commenting on the attempts of Prince Ali Khan to captivate the beautiful Rita.

The word was whispered around that Ali Khan was out to steal a kiss from this girl of his princely dreams. One observer reported he had tried but had been rebuked in the restaurant. Others reported watching similar futile attempts in the entrance hall and in the cabaret.

prince's reward . . .

Five hours after the quest for a kiss had started, or at 3 o'clock in the morning, to be exact, interested spectators—and the persistent Ali Khan—were rewarded. Under the spell of the languid rhythm of "Clopin, Clopant," Rita embraced her prince charming and kissed him.

This may or may not have been unwise; whatever the case, it made news. (When Molly Jones kisses her escort at the Fireman's Clambake, no one is more than mildly interested except Molly and her escort. When Rita Hayworth kisses a prince at what, fundamentally, is a Fireman's Clambake on a somewhat larger scale, columnists quiver and the news strikes into remote corners of the world.)

After the Case of the Kiss, everyone was certain of Rita's selection of a vacation companion. As one well-known French scribe summed it up, "Rita took a long time to make a choice among her numerous admirers, but now it's official. Of all those who sighed after her, it is the Prince Ali Khan who has won her company."

It had been too interesting a yarn, however, for the scribe to write such a definite *finis* to it, so he continued with this gem of speculation: "Naturally, she has made

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many others jealous, the principal one being Orson Welles. Since his first visit to Cannes to see Rita, he has made several trips between Rome and the French Riviera. He arrives unexpectedly and then acts embarrassed about being here at all.

"It is said that if Rita left the Hotel du Cap to live at La Reserve de Beaulieu, where it is quieter, it was only to keep from getting involved with Orson Welles."

The correspondent explained the two rivals' attitudes and editorialized as follows: "Orson and Ali spy on each other and dodge one another. A fight between the two would provide great sport. Orson is a colossal specimen, and Ali, though not quite so muscular, is nonetheless in good physical shape. He exercises a lot and is quite a sportsman. He is a fighter. This young man, immensely rich, to whom life refuses nothing, loves a fight and provokes it."

It was undoubtedly a great disappointment to those who had hoped for a violent physical encounter between Orson Welles and Ali Khan that the fight didn't come off.

Instead, by August 20th, the United Press reported that Rita Hayworth and Ali Khan were motoring through Spain. The UP dispatch from Madrid said:

"Rita Hayworth is the most popular movie star in Spain today. Everyone knows her by her maiden name of Margarita Carmen Cansino. Nevertheless, she refuses obstinately to receive journalists and has given strict orders to the hotel that no one is to disturb her. A Spanish reporter remarked, 'She doesn't even speak Spanish any more, but there is not a possible error—with her temperament and disposition, she couldn't possibly have been born anywhere but in Spain.'"

It was a bad guess on Rita's part, this refusal to receive journalists. But the error is an understandable one. Because of the prominence of her escort and Rita's own fame, her every move had been watched by the press. The reporters had dramatized the slightest flicker of an eyelash and Rita, a girl who simply wanted a vacation, had found herself sharing headlines with the French Cabinet. Irritated by the wild and sometimes spicy items, she made the mistake of underlining them by avoidance of the press.

From Madrid, Rita and Prince Ali motored to Lisbon where they stayed at the fashionable resort of Estoril. Besides Rita, the Associated Press reported, "the prince is accompanied by Mr. A. Williams, his secretary, whose chief task is to keep

and strolled of Biarritz.

a brief trip to San Sebastian Rita showed up on the passenger list of the *Queen Elizabeth*. Now she's home. Prince Ali? He's down at Mayfair, his Côte d'Azur villa, reportedly planning an early visit to Hollywood. (Whether or not the "romance" will flame again in that more workaday atmosphere is anybody's guess.) Orson Welles, it is said, may marry an Italian girl named Lea Padovani.

Rita has her memories of a vacation that involved a Prince. And normally this story could be expected to end here.

It doesn't.

In addition to flashing across the horizon of European society with Ali Khan, Rita did some things that were not emphasized by the press. She attended a Paris premiere

At about this time, her secretary announced: "She doesn't want anything printed about her illness because she's afraid people in America might worry."

Rita's romance with Prince Ali made the headlines. Rita's appearance at a children's benefit, although noted by the European papers, received quiet treatment. It didn't fit the preconceived pattern of movie-star behavior.

Certainly Rita romped around Europe with Ali Khan. It's in the record, it happened and perhaps it was unwise. But any other star of Rita's prominence, if paired with Europe's most eligible male, would have received a comparable amount of gossip attention. Rita's mistake—if, indeed any mistake was made—was that of forgetting for a few weeks that she was Rita Hayworth. And the reporters never forgot it.

THE END

MRS. BRISKIN'S DREAM HOUSE

(Continued from page 50)

organdy, are bounded by blue draperies. The bed is white with a quilted headboard of pink satin, and a duplicate is in the nursery for little Lindsay. An identical one is on order for the littlest Briskin, Candice, whom everyone calls Candy. So all three Briskin women will soon sleep in beds of the same design. . . . Which brings to mind the loudspeaker attachment in Betty's bedroom that picks up the slightest sounds from the nursery. In most Hollywood homes, the loudspeaker is located in a nurse's room. But not in Betty's! If one of the children is crying, she wants to be awakened, and in a hurry.

Something else she likes to keep close tabs on is her clothes. And to this end all her wardrobe closets are equipped with glass doors so she can see at a glance where every garment is. Her closets are so designed that each item of dress has its own compartment. For example, there's a separate space for short blouses and lingerie, one for long blouses and sweaters, one for hats and bags, one for gloves, and so on.

Compared with some other actresses who practically live in Adrian's and Howard Greer's, Betty doesn't have an extraordinary amount of clothing. She has a few dressy things and one new Sophie wardrobe—which consists of 17 outfits. She bought them all in one day on the spur of the moment when she was shopping with her secretary, Susan Hawkins.

She was very much pregnant with Candy at the time, and she couldn't stand the sight of maternity clothes any longer. She and Susan went down to Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills and politely asked for a private showing of the new Sophie creations. In one fell swoop, Betty ordered 17 of the 24 outfits shown. Then she had her Paramount dress form sent over to the store, and the dresses were made to fit her regular figure. This served as an added incentive to regain her pre-pregnancy outlines when the time came.

Lindsay and Candy have a nursery room which is all sunlight and moonbeams. Windows form two sides of the room and the white walls are covered with nursery-rhyme murals. These were painted by a Walt Disney artist and so cleverly executed

that they extend along the toy cupboards, and the knobs on the cabinets constitute Humpty-Dumpty's eyes.

The crib in the nursery is a copy of Betty's bed, but its sides are removable and it will become a youth bed before long. In the hall outside the room are two store cabinets which hold the Briskin girls' wardrobes. Like their mother, they'll have to hang their clothes neatly, because the closet doors are made of glass.

If you were to judge Betty Hutton's home life by her screen roles, you'd imagine it to be wild, zany, slapstick, raucous. Not so! The Briskins lead a typically American middle class life. They're both early risers. Ted, who is a camera manufacturer, gets to his factory by nine, and Betty, even when she doesn't have to report to the studio, is up by seven. For years, when she was playing the night-club circuit, she went to bed at three in the morning and slept till noon; now she turns in at ten and awakens each morning a little after dawn.

Ted comes back to lunch each day, and when Betty is working he lunches with little Lindsay.

After dinner when the children are abed, the Briskins frequently slip away to their guest house, which is furnished like an old English cottage. Here Betty can study a script while Ted reads, or they both can play gin rummy, or they can hold a little poker party away from the house and the sleeping children. The guest house is equipped with a fireplace; an early English breakfront which displays a china collection; a day bed; and a cock-fight chair made and given to them by George Montgomery.

Betty says she hopes to have at least three children, and if she does, the present house will be too small. When the third Briskin is en route, she and Ted are going to buy a larger house. "One with two stories and a colonial front."

"When I was a little kid," Betty says, "and used to visit my school mates, I found out that the happiest families always seemed to live in two-story colonials."

If happiness is any criterion, the Briskins deserve just about the largest colonial house in America.

THE END

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At about this time,

her secretary announced: "She doesn't want anything printed about her illness because she's afraid people in America might worry."

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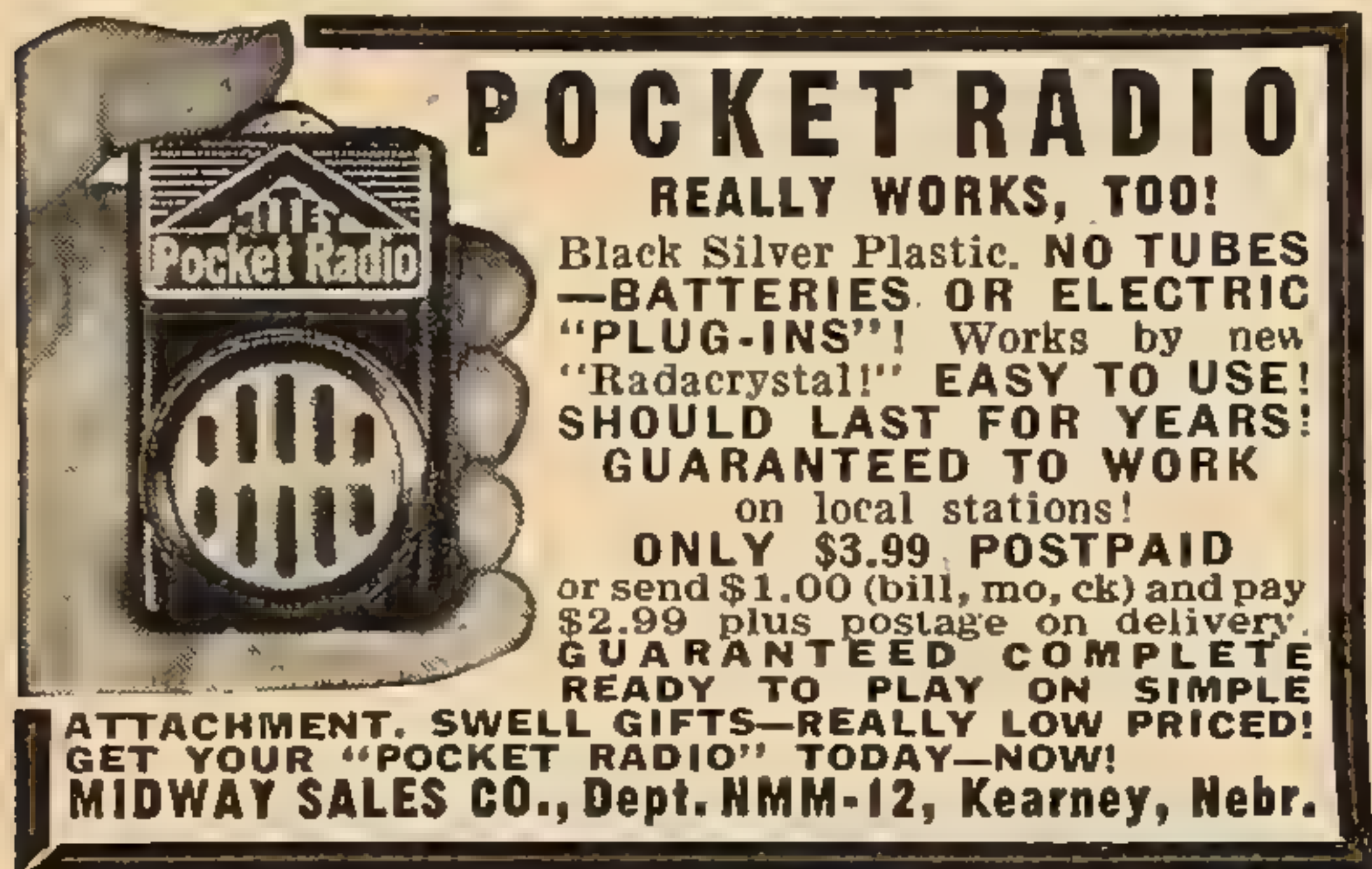
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(I don't know what none of my business.) They what they can in government bonds. They support me. When Betty's father lost most of his money and came out here to retire, they gave him an allowance. But retiring just about drove him crazy, the way it does most men. So Harry and Betty made him supervisor of their ranch, and if they'd gone into the open market they couldn't have found a better man for the job.

But what I was going to say, before I got lost in all this chatter, is that it just wouldn't make sense for a girl to think about retiring when she was earning that much and enjoying herself in a career that doesn't interfere a bit with a happy marriage.

As I remarked, Betty's never been the terribly ambitious type, no matter how much she likes her work. I'm the one who was ambitious for her. I kept pushing her, encouraging her—when she was little, I made all her costumes, went to every darn rehearsal, sat on those hard benches from eight in the morning till ten at night.

I've never seen Betty very disappointed over parts she's lost. And before *DuBarry Was a Lady*, believe me, she was up for plenty that she didn't get. "What of it?" she'd shrug. "There'll be another one coming along."

Today she behaves like anything but a movie star. Never reads reviews, doesn't wait to see rushes—she's in too much of a hurry to get home. Loves to tell stories on herself. Like when women at the market take a gander at her legs, and their voices carry farther than they imagine. "Oh, I don't think her legs are so wonderful. . . ."

So there's my daughter, who doesn't take herself too seriously, married to the kindest, sweetest, most thoughtful man in the world—and if you want to put that under the head of bragging, don't let me stop you. Harry's a fellow who will not fight with people. He wants things to be pleasant, he wants peace. If he's not satisfied with a boy in the band, he'll do his level best to iron things out. If that's not possible, he'll tell the manager to let the boy go. You can't get Harry to argue—especially with his wife.

Betty used to have a quick temper. She'd fly off the handle and say things and be sorry. But not any more. I don't even try to account for the change. All I know is that once right after their marriage, some little thing happened, and Betty flared up. Harry said, "Excuse me, Betty," and got up and left the room.

"I feel so ashamed," she said.

I've never seen another two like the Jameses—never heard them quarrel. They still act like a couple of honeymooners—oh, nothing mushy—just the way they smile at each other, the way she slips her arm through his in the car and pats his hand. He even wants her to eat everything he eats—and how he loves those rich desserts! When Harry's home, Betty just can't help gaining. Not long ago they ran *Springtime in the Rockies* for us at the studio, and we laughed our heads off. Harry looked like a matchstick—135 pounds! Now he's 185, thanks to home cooking. When he's away, Betty simply tells the cook to skip the starches, and takes any extra poundage off rehearsing.

Her one aim in life is to please her husband. When Jessica arrived five weeks early, she worried herself sick because the house might not be in apple-pie order

she's who hates makeup, so she has no lipstick. And she hasn't colored nail polish on her hands. They were married. On her toes she uses it, which strikes me funny.

"How come you don't like it on her fingers and you do on her toes?" I asked Harry once.

"I don't look at her toes," he grinned.

They're both grown-up. They both know that something has to be sacrificed to their work and they don't act childish about it. Harry's as pleasant and nice when Betty's on a picture as any other time—doesn't complain about her being tired or having to go to bed early. Betty understands that an orchestra leader has to travel, that the public wants to see him. Naturally she misses him. She expects to be lonesome. He calls her every night and how eagerly she waits for that call!

Otherwise, they've got things down to a kind of routine. Arrange so they can have their vacations together, and that's when they just thoroughly relax down at Del Mar. Betty used to make three and four pictures a year, and the schedules are so long she hardly had a breath between them. After they were married, she fixed it with the studio not to make more than two a year, and one of those she does while Harry's off on his long trip—six weeks to three months. This fall she'll start *That Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend* soon after he leaves. She'll be busy all day and dead tired at night, and I don't know any better medicine for loneliness. It's no cure but it helps.

At home they're Betty and Harry James with a couple of kids. The name Grable means nothing in Vicki's young life. Ask what her mother's name is and she'll tell you Betty James. Of course she knows what her parents do, same as any child does, but it's all in the day's work to Vicki. Her favorite line used to be: "Daddy's blowing his brains out to make money to buy shoes." And though I've taken her to a couple of Betty's pictures—*The Dolly*



critic's corner

WHAT PAPER DO YOU READ?

With all due regard for Rita Hayworth's abundant and evident charms, bestowed upon her by nature and the makeup department equally, it must be surmised that the lady simply hasn't got what it takes to play the role of Carmen, Prosper Merimee's classic gypsy vamp. For an emptier lot of posturing and posing, of slinging hips and general emoting of passion you're never likely to see, than that indulged in by Miss Hayworth in *The Loves of Carmen*.

Bosley Crowther
The New York Times

Rita Hayworth dancing in *The Loves Of Carmen* is one of the movies' true bewitchments. A lovely thing to contemplate whatever they call the dream-like creature, as Carmen she's a natural, at ease, on earth—at last.

Cecilia Ager
New York Star



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him how it went, he has three expres-
sions: "Pretty good" or "pretty good" or
"pretty good." "Pretty good" means what
some other man might call "terrific" for
an hour and a half.

They both have the same idea about a home. It's for the people who live in it — grown-ups, children, dogs, no matter who. If Betty's terrycloth robe slips to the floor and Punkin and Wow, the poodles, want to sleep on it, they sleep on it. "Why have dogs," Betty wants to know, "just to give them complexes?" Two years ago she fixed up the garden with beautiful old-fashioned white wicker furniture. It looked heavenly. Then she had a fence built round the pool, which maybe didn't look so heavenly but, more important, it kept the children safe. Last year Punkin and Wow chewed up the furniture, so now there's a chicken-wire fence to keep them away from it. There's also Jessica's playpen, a swing and slide and merry-go-round for Vicki, toys for the children and dogs and I don't know what all. Any resemblance between what it looked like two years ago and today is purely accidental. But they should worry, the family's happy.

And it's not just the outside. When Jessica came, they gave Vicki the upstairs music room. It was too small for her doll house, so that went down to the living-room. So did about 9,000 records, which they stuck under the piano. Then I walk in one day and here's this shuffle-board smack down the middle of the living-room, and so long that it sticks out into the hall. All over the walls they've got signs tacked up about how to play the game, and a towel hanging from the end of a mahogany desk.

"Interior decorating by the Jameses," said Betty. "How do you like it?"

"I like anything you two do. But pardon me if I mention that this room was once beautiful."

"Sure, but we never used it. Now we have fun."

They don't mind the clutter of garden and living-room because there's a reason for it—it makes for happier living. Otherwise they're both bugs about order. Harry can shave and shower and you'd never know he'd been in the bathroom. Betty's clothes and dresser drawers are immaculate. She's forever fussing around and straightening things. That she always did. But if you want to know what really amazes me, it's the wonderful housekeeper she's turned out to be.

Makes me laugh sometimes, the differ-

solution to what's the name (page 95)

Give yourself 5 points for each correct answer. A score below 65 is poor; between 75 and 90 is good; over 90 is excellent.

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 27-1: Walter Abel | 12-37: Melvyr |
| 23-2: Stuart Erwin | Douglas |
| 3-34: Joan Leslie | 13-32: Virginia Bruce |
| 35-4: Anne Shirley | 14-21: Jean Arthur |
| 30-5: Gene Raymond | 15-36: Harold Lloyd |
| 6-39: Tony Martin | 26-17: Chester Morris |
| 7-10: Harry James | 18-28: Nelson Eddy |
| 33-8: Gail Patrick | 24-19: Warren |
| 16-9: Kay Francis | William |
| 20-11: Rosalind | 22-25: Edward Arnold |
| Russell | 29-38: Randolph Scott |
| | 40-31: Jack Benny |

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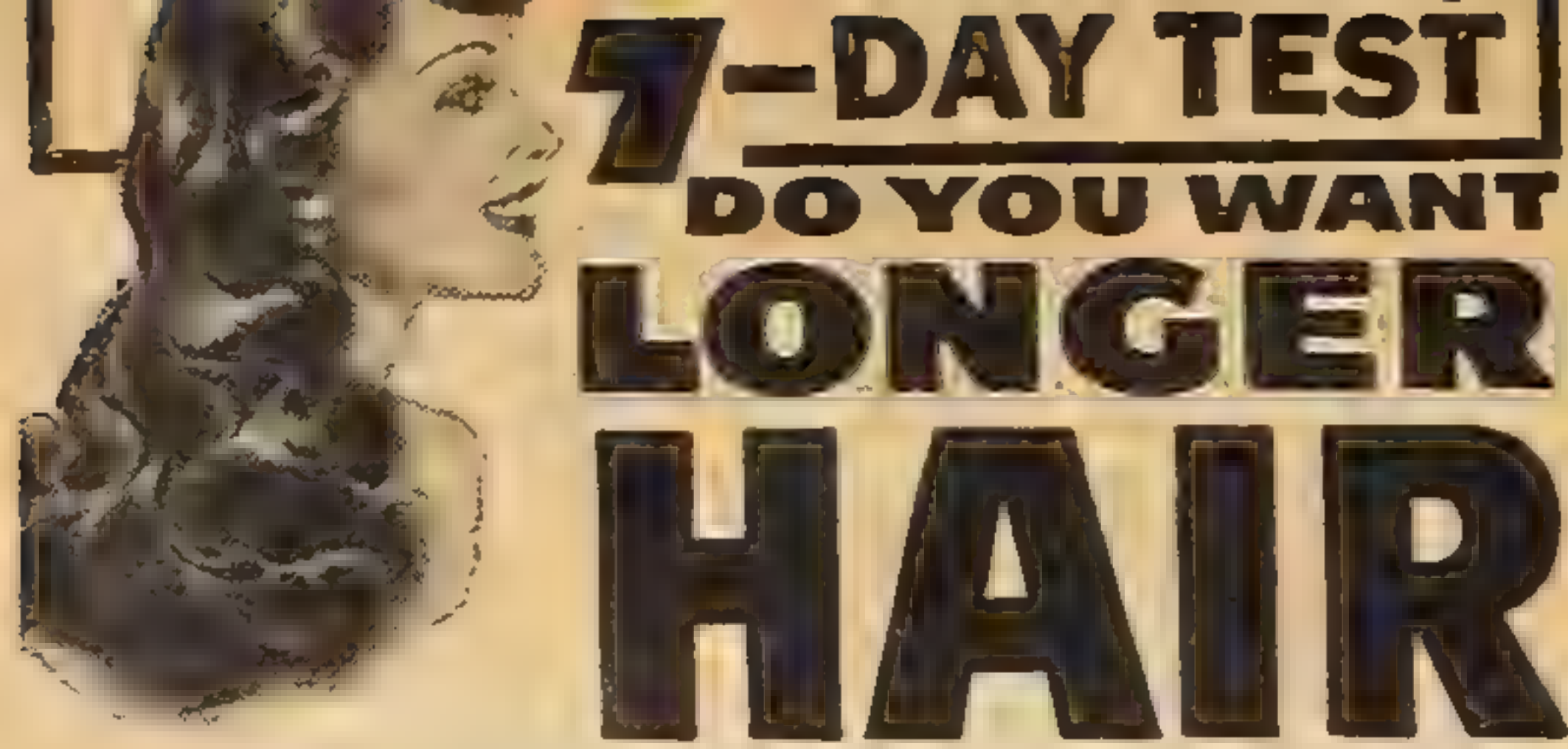
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dancing see her s she insist up to hel piece by pie or that a bu ing, believe me, si folks say, "Don't tell things" they're not glamorous." And I say, "Bosh!" It's true that during the war we sent out 90,000 pin-ups of Betty. But the minute Vicki was born, we got so many requests for the three Jameses together that we had to have new photos made—and the same with Jessica. Which proves to me that Betty's fans are interested in her as a human being—in the fact that she's got a husband and kids and sorts her laundry like any other woman.

And while we're on the subject of children, let me say this. Betty realized from the start how easy it would be to spoil them, and that's one thing she won't stand for. "A spoiled child," I've heard her say, "means a self-indulgent parent." Vicki and Jessica get all the love and security they need, but when Betty says no, it's no, and that's the end of it.

On the other hand, both Betty and Harry hate this business of shunting children off to the nursery. As soon as she was old enough, Vicki started eating with her parents—her own kind of dinner, of course, but at the same table. Jessica comes down now and stays in the room with them for half an hour before bedtime. That's so they'll know they're part of the family. Then when Vicki's ready for bed, Betty and Harry go up and she sings these two little songs her nurse taught her—"God Bless America" and "Jesus Loves Me"—and says her prayers.

And at Christmas she's mistress of ceremonies. Betty tells her whom to take each package to, and everybody waits till that one's opened and admired before she brings the next one. We're all there—Betty's sister Marjorie, and her husband Peter, Mr. Grable and myself—so it takes forever, but I don't know a pleasanter way to pass the time. Last Christmas Harry was Santa Claus—stood waiting at the foot of the stairs when Vicki came down, and boy! was she thrilled. Then she started calling for Daddy—Daddy had to see Santa Claus.

"Think fast," muttered Harry.

"Now you know Daddy's on a show this afternoon, Vicki, and he's out rehearsing." So the situation was saved.

Betty and Harry don't give big parties or go to 'em—except maybe once in a blue moon like the party Jack Benny throws on New Year's Eve. They just seem sufficient unto themselves, and it's their life, and who's to tell them not to enjoy it their own way? On a free evening Harry likes to have friends in for gin or poker. As a rule, men can't stand playing poker with women, but Betty's an exceptional player and gives them a run for their money. Or they'll call the studio and ask to have a picture run off. Once in a while Harry'll go for a good musical—apart from Betty, Judy Garland's his favorite. Otherwise, it's always Westerns. Or they'll just sit home and listen to records and the radio.

Outside of music, they're both crazy about horses and baseball. That's nothing Betty got from Harry, though of course being married to him makes it more so. From the time she could climb on a horse she adored riding and, coming from St. Louis, we'd take her to see the Cards every time they played.

As for horses, I suppose you've read time and again how they bought the ranch so's to have a place to ride, and the thing gradually grew. Harry had a chance to

other a... days. They've got four right now, and my! the excitement those foals are born. Usually in the middle of the night, just like human babies.

Before she married Harry, Betty used to go out dancing all the time. So did Harry, for that matter. The Palladium once ran a jitterbug contest between musicians and bandleaders, and Harry asked Betty to enter it with him. Not knowing him very well at the time, she refused, and he won it anyway. Well, believe it or not, I have never seen Betty and Harry dancing together. Not once since they're married. Also I've got a pretty good notion why. Because if my daughter hates the limelight, my son-in-law hates it worse. Quite a few times I've been in New York with them. We'd go to some night spot, and the headwaiter'd say, "I've got a ringside table for you, Mr. James."

But oh, no! Mr. James had to get clear off in a corner somewhere, and me, who wanted to see everything, I'd just trot along, keeping my mouth shut. As for those two getting up on the floor together, you'd have thought there was some law against it!

Now, I wouldn't be surprised if Betty'd like to go dancing now and then. But people might say, "There's Harry James and Betty Grable dancing!" Maybe even stop and stare. Which would embarrass Harry, and spoil any pleasure he got out of it. Well, dancing's not that important to Betty. Her husband's comfort is. On all the important things they agree. The trifles don't matter. That seems to me the basis of a real marriage. Unless her husband's happy, Betty can't be. First, last and always, she's Harry's girl, and I'm glad.

Glad? You know that silly song about I want a girl just like the girl that married Harry James. Well, here's a twist on it. When the time comes, I couldn't wish anything better for Vicki and Jessica than to marry a man just like the man that married Betty Grable. **THE END**

MODERN SCREEN



"Frankly, you shouldn't go in unless you understand lip reading."

...up in this Western
...coach days as a completely
believable hard-hitting, gun-toting secret
service man. It's a shock to see him out of
pin-stripes and into levis and a ten-gallon
hat, but we think you'll like his new look.

The story with all its twists and angles
and vast numbers of indistinguishable good
and bad hombres is incredibly complicated,
but the gist of it is this. Two soldiers have
been murdered by bandits while guarding
a shipment of gold from the mining town of
Rock Pass. Lieutenant John Haven of the
Military Information Service is sent out to
look into it. Haven drifts into town in civilian
clothes, goes into a saloon and deliberately
picks a fight with his friend Lieut. Stelman
(Steve Brodie) just to let the customers know
how little he thinks of the U. S. Army. He
flirts with the saloon proprietress, Charlie
(Jane Greer), and in due time is told off by
her strapping bouncer, Mick Marion (Guinn
Williams).

There's a fight (and it's a honey) during
which Haven KO's Mick, impressing the sloe-
eyed Charlie (whom Haven has shrewdly
sized up as the town's Big Wheel) no end.
She offers him a job running her stage coach
line, and Haven, suspecting that Charlie is
involved in past and present skullduggery
around the gold mine, accepts, hoping to
learn something. He does—the hardest pos-
sible way.

There's a brief, doomed love between these
two, but that isn't the big thing here. What
will hold you from beginning to end is the
action: the fights, the chases, the warehouse
fire at the end.

Agnes Moorehead, prettier than we've ever
seen her, is fine as the fiancée of Haven's
commanding officer (Tom Powers). Jane
Greer is lovely, but a little bit wooden. Burl
Ives, as Orville—Haven's guitar-playing hotel
clerk—is—well, don't you love that man? This
is an excellent Western, full of the stuff that
makes your heart pound. Go see it.—*RKO.*



Stations West: Army officer Dick Powell solves
a Western mystery, meets tough Jane Greer.

MUSKETEERS

MGM has put just about everybody but
Peter Lawford and Louis B. Mayer into
this glorious Technicolor epic. For example,
D'Artagnan is played by Gene Kelly, Lady
De Winter by Lana Turner, Constance by
June Allyson, the three musketeers by Van
Heflin, Gig Young and Robert Coote, the
King of France by Frank Morgan, the Queen
by Angela Lansbury, Cardinal Richelieu by
Vincent Price, and the Duke of Buckingham
by John Sutton, to mention one or two. With
that many stars, who could ask for anything
more? You get more, whether you ask for it
or not. Hours more. You get the story of
D'Artagnan's trip to Paris (he's a country
bumpkin, but an artist with a sword), of his
joining the three musketeers, of his love for
Constance. Then you get the story of Riche-
lieu's power over the king, and you discover
how Richelieu used the infamous Lady De
Winter to wheedle state secrets out of recal-
citrant gentlemen. And you get the story of
Lady De Winter's past life—she was once
married to one of the musketeers (Heflin)
and she was also once a common thief. The
love affair of the French Queen with the
British Buckingham is explored; there's a
war; there are more horses than you'd find
in three Republic Westerns, and enough duel-
ling and loud music to last you for years.
Some of the duelling scenes are graceful
and exciting (since there's no opportunity to
dance, Kelly's been given plenty of leaping,
bounding action to occupy his agile feet)
and some of the duelling scenes are revolt-
ingly suggestive of pig-sticking. After you've
watched eight or ten men get run through
the body with swords, you more or less have
the idea. Still, it's a question of taste.—*MGM.*

LUCK OF THE IRISH

What might have been a fearfully routine
story (about a poor but honest young jour-
nalist going to work for a rich but crooked
old politician, and sweating it out until, at
the end, he regains his ideals) is saved and
even made delightful by the magic of Cecil



Luck Of The Irish: Newspaperman Ty Power
goes to Eire, finds Anne Baxter and romance.



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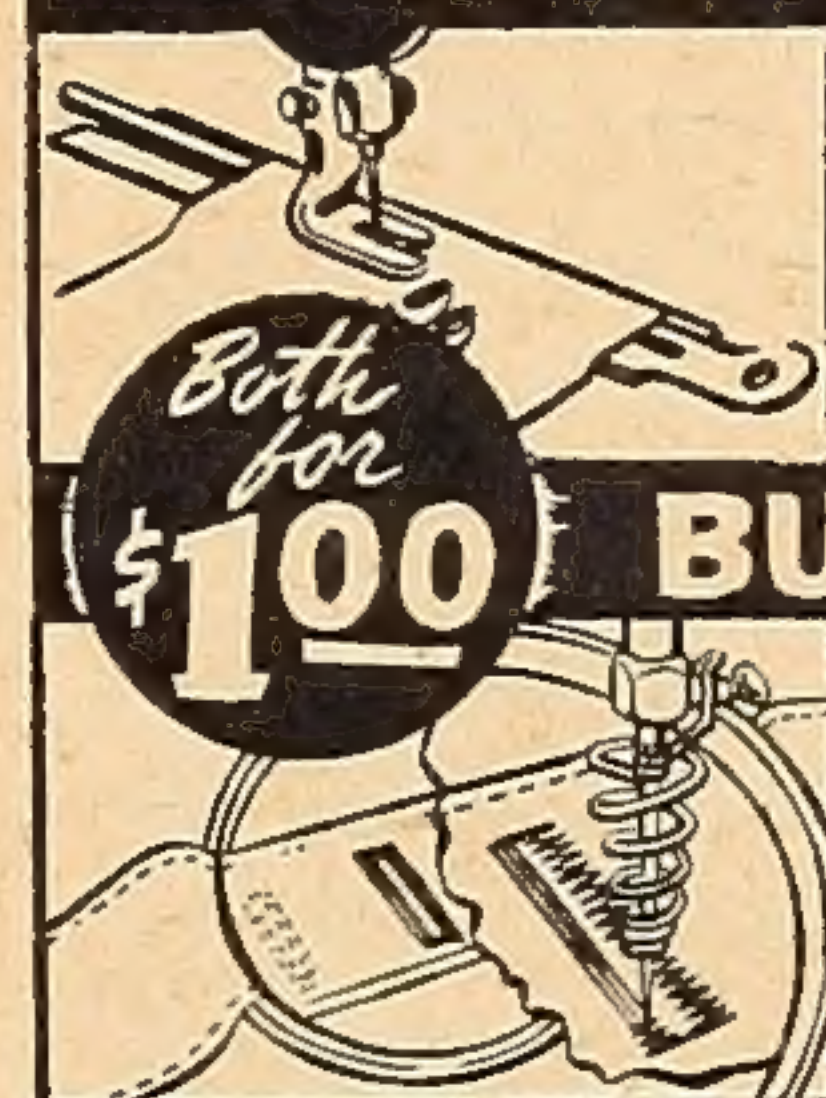
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is Tyrone Power, who's been in Ireland, but is returning to the States at once to go to work for a man named Augur (Lee J. Cobb). Augur wants to be a senator, and he's buying Ty's brains to run his campaign. Anyhow, Ty gets lost in Ireland, and meets up with a real live leprechaun (Cecil Kellaway) whose chief shame is that he's so big. Leprechauns have a reputation for being petite. Ty wins this leprechaun's undying affection when he returns to him the pot of gold which he wrested from him in the first place. (He didn't mean no harm, gov'nor, just never really believed that story about leprechauns having pots of gold before.) Ty goes on his way, with Cecil blessing him cordially, and up at an inn nearby he meets an Irish girl named Nora (Anne Baxter) in whom he realizes he could be interested. But Augur is waiting, and off to the States Ty goes. He's been home one day (Frances Augur, the boss' daughter, has fixed him up with an apartment already) when who should appear at the door but the leprechaun. He denies that's what he is; claims the employment agency sent him. "What's your name?" Ty says. "Oh, call me Horace," says the little man. "I've always had a fancy to be called Horace." Horace develops quite a hate on Frances Augur (Jayne Meadows), once it looks as though Ty's going to marry her (after all, us leprechauns have to stick up for nice Irish girls) and first thing you know, Anne Baxter is suddenly in New York on some legal business. Magically enough, Ty bumps into her. From there on, Anne and Horace battle with Frances and her father for Ty's immortal soul, but don't you worry for a minute. Ty's the sort of guy who'd rather have Anne



Apartment For Peggy: As Mr. and Mrs., Bill Holden and Jeanne Crain, meet problems.

Baxter in a cottage on the auld sod than Jayne Meadows wrapped in mink at El Morocco. If you think he's crazy, that's your business. The girls are charming (Anne has a brogue), Tyrone is handsome, and Cecil Kellaway's "What an actor!"—20th-Fox.

APARTMENT FOR PEGGY

I'd heard this was another *Miracle* on 34th Street, which made me curious. I missed *Miracle* myself, but half the people I know thought it was great, warm, human, etc., while the other half thought it was ham. And not even fresh ham at that. Well, *Apartment for Peggy* can stand on its own, for my money. It exploits a few trite situations for tears, and some of its solutions are too slick, but it says some things that most movies don't kill themselves saying these days. It says that knowledge is good, and that all men who teach aren't absent-minded dodos not quite bright enough to

concerns a young couple. Jeanne Crain. He's a veteran. He goes to college under the GI Bill, because he wants to teach some day. He figured it all out when he was hanging on a raft in the Pacific. He figured the reason he was hanging there, to begin with. Ignorance, and therefore fear, and hence hatred, and so, wars. But always the ignorance coming first. So he'd decided to be an educator if he ever got safely home. He and his wife have their problems at school—they need a place to live, they're going to have a baby, he'd like to be able to buy her nice things. They meet Edmund Gwenn (he got an Academy Award for his performance in *Miracle*), an elderly retired professor about to kill himself. He feels he's outlived his usefulness. You can plot it from there. He takes them into his house, they give him something to live for, and everything moves along nicely until Holden, in a fit of aberration, suddenly decides to go off and sell used cars in Chicago. After all, he says, why is it his responsibility to be a sober, hard-working, do-gooding fellow when the whole rest of the cock-eyed world is playing black-market in a great big way? This, though logical enough, is a little hard to take in such a nice boy as Holden, but you know it's not going to last, and it doesn't. See *Apartment for Peggy*. The brightest thing about it is by no means its Technicolor. —20th-Fox.

also showing . . .

A FOREIGN AFFAIR (Para.)—Jean Arthur, a strong-minded Congresswoman, goes to Germany to investigate the morals of U. S. occupation troops. Jean is superbly funny, Marlene Dietrich gives the performance of her career, and John Lund is perfect in this most unusual and down-to-earth comedy.

A SONG IS BORN (Goldwyn-RKO)—Imagine a Danny Kaye movie without Danny Kaye specialties, a Goldwyn musical without the Goldwyn Girls! Well, this is that—but still delightful. Danny is a professor who falls in with a group of jazz musicians, including Benny Goodman, Louis Armstrong and T. Dorsey. Even if you're not a hepcat, you'll have a fine time.

AN INNOCENT AFFAIR (U. A.)—A very funny lightweight comedy. Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Rita Johnson and Buddy Rogers have a field day in one of the brightest sparklers in a long time.

GOOD SAM (RKO)—Gary Cooper plays a guy who believes in being nice to all comers, come what may. Naturally, he gets into difficulties. So does this movie. Gary Cooper is expert at playing Gary Cooper, Anne Sheridan can deliver a brisk line, and Leo McCarey always comes through with bright directorial touches. Still, *Good Sam* is a long bore.

HAMLET (Univ.-Int.)—Shakespeare's masterpiece has been made into a magnificently

beautiful and exciting film by Sir Laurence Olivier and skilled assistants. A great motion picture in every respect and an unforgettable and deepening experience.

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC? (Para.)—This is a sort of poor man's *Meet Me In St. Louis*. It has its moments, some of them musical. Veronica Lake, Mary Hatcher, Mona Freeman and Roland Culver are involved. Nothing to rave about, but it'll pass the time pleasantly enough.

JOHNNY BELINDA (Warners)—Jane Wyman adds definitely to her stature as a fine actress with an extraordinary portrayal of a deaf mute in a small Nova Scotia town. Lew Ayres, as a kind young doctor who befriends her, is excellent. A powerful, adult movie.

JULIA MISBEHAVES (MGM)—Greer Garson proves she's a first-rate comedienne in this uproarious comedy. Her old teammate, Walter Pidgeon, also scores heavily as do Cesar Romero (especially!), Liz Taylor and Peter Lawford. You'll laugh yourself silly.

LUXURY LINER (MGM)—A light, pleasant musical with Jane Powell, Lauritz Melchior, George Brent, Xavier Cugat and Technicolor. All in all, delicious and refreshing.

ONE TOUCH OF VENUS (Univ.-Int.)—Department store clerk Bob Walker kisses a statue of Venus and, be-dad, she comes to life as Ava Gardner and employs her magic touch both to complicate things and straighten 'em out. An entertaining fantasy, full of chuckles and, what with Ava, beauty.

RACHEL AND THE STRANGER (RKO)—Loretta Young is a nice girl who, to eat, becomes a bondswoman—or slave—to Bill Holden on the old Western frontier. Bill's married her, but looks on her as strictly a servant until Robert Mitchum comes along. Loretta falls for Robert. The climax arrives in a redskin attack. Good story, swell acting by all concerned.

THE ILLEGALS (20th-Fox)—An exciting story of displaced Jews on their adventurous way to Palestine. All the actors are non-professionals. Frank and realistic, it's a picture you'll long remember.

THE LOVES OF CARMEN (Col.)—Rita Hayworth plays the celebrated gypsy with fine abandon in this diverting Technicolor version of the old novel. The novel, we said—it's not the opera. Glenn Ford and Victor Jory also display fire. Go see.

THE NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES (Para.)—Here's a strange one. Edward G. Robinson is a guy who finds he can predict the future, and the things he sees in the lives of his associates bother him mightily. Even if you're skeptical about the whole thing, you'll find it darned absorbing. With John Lund, Gail Russell, Virginia Bruce and Jerome Cowan.

THE SAXON CHARM (Univ.-Int.)—Sounds like a mystery, but it's just a talky and unconvincing thing about an egomaniac theatrical producer. Robert Montgomery, Susan Hayward, John Payne and Audrey Totter get all they can out of an uneven script.



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